THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 170 NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER, 1942

85th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

THE BUSINESS EARTHQUAKE

by LEO M. CHERNE

IN THE "it can't happen here" days, American businessmen would have scoffed at the idea that they would ever voluntarily close their doors at the government's request. But they have learned that economic warfare compels tough decisions. We have all been taught — the hard way — that in total war we do not have the luxury of alternatives. A war economy gives orders we dare not disobey. For the only alternative is the grim certainty of defeat.

Now comes a new control: concentration of industry. The whys and wherefores of industrial concentration are as easy to grasp as the fact that we do not have enough materials to make both ships *and* stoves.

Suppose you own a stove factory. In peacetime you never had to worry about getting enough iron and other materials to make your stoves. Today you can easily get enough orders to swamp your factory — but when you try to get iron, your order comes back marked by the priorities man: "Sorry, the Army needs this for tanks and guns. There isn't much left for stoves."

If you cannot feed your machines more than about 25 per cent of the raw material they used to get, you do not have to be an efficiency expert to see that you are wasting three quarters of your labor, machines, power, factory space. And you may well be a frightened citizen when you realize that this wastefulness prevails in the plants of all the other stove manufacturers in the country, and in the many other industries that are up against the same raw-material problem. The total is a staggering amount of waste — waste that is intolerable at a time when the country desperately needs every ounce of its productive strength.

Concentration of industry is a program designed to eliminate that waste.

But what happens to the companies that get the death penalty under a program like this — the ones that are not chosen as "nucleus" plants? Are they dead ducks? Or are they merely in a state of suspended animation? They need be neither.

A native New Yorker and graduate of its universities in journalism and law, LEO CHERNE is executive secretary of the Research Institute of America. He became widely known in the 1930's for his remarkably accurate forecasts of how the United States Supreme Court would rule on the numerous constitutional questions arising at that time. Now devoting himself principally to industrial mobilization for war, he has lectured at the Army Industrial College in Washington and the United States Military Academy at West Point. He is a member of the faculty of the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University.

Copyright 1942, by The Atlantic Monthly, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of them, of course, get over into war work, and thus live to produce another day. But many of them — and there will be a great many before the year is out — are left without a civilian or military order to stand on; and their plight would be severe if nothing were done about it.

2

England, two years ahead of us on the bumpy road of war, has developed four methods of concentration which make some equitable arrangements for the plants that are forced to close down entirely. The first method eliminates any distinction between the nucleus firms and the closed-down companies by merging the whole industry under common ownership. The owner of a factory, under this plan, may have to close his particular plant, but he is still in business as part-owner of the nucleus firms that keep going.

The second method is even simpler. The selected nucleus firms, taking all the orders of the industry and getting the entire income of the industry, pay over a definite part of the profits to the companies that go out of business.

The third method is particularly suitable in an industry where trade-marks and brand names are important. It is a kind of pooling arrangement. A company is formed in which all the firms hold shares in proportion to their pre-war standing in the industry. The nucleus plants are then leased by their owners to this new company, which thus receives all the profits of the industry for distribution. The production of the nucleus plants is arranged so that articles bearing the trade-marks or brand names of all the old companies stay on the market.

The last device is an agency agreement. The nucleus plants manufacture the articles as the agents of the closed-down companies. Those companies buy the products from the nucleus plants at cost, and sell them to the public through their old, peacetime distributing setup.

The War Production Board knows that there is dynamite in industrial concentration, and it will not be applied capriciously. But we may expect the vise to tighten, despite hardship and painful dislocation, where one or more of the following situations exist in an industry: —

1. Some or all of the companies are needed for war work.
2. Civilian production is cut down so drastically that the continued operation of all the plants in the industry results in great waste.
3. A substantial part of the production of civilian articles is being carried on in regions where military production is tripping over the big feet of civilian manufacture, because there are not enough labor, power, warehouse, and transportation facilities for both.

One of the important reasons for the urgent interest of the WPB in speedy concentration is the serious labor shortage that faces the country. There are not enough men on the farms; there are not enough men in the factories; there are not enough men in the armed forces. Concentration is an important technique of distributing labor supply and of avoiding waste of labor which is critically needed in war production.

3

The first American guinea pig to go into the compression chamber under a concentration program was the non-electrical stove industry, on August 1, 1942. Already thirty additional industries are slated for the same treatment by the War Production Board. These include agricultural machinery; metal furniture; office and store machines; oil burners; sanitary ware; plumbing supplies; boys' bicycles; bedding; warm-air furnaces; construction, dairy, and other types of machinery; sugar refineries.

What decides which firms in an industry will be allowed to stay in business and which will get the concentration axe? Just common-sense principles. For instance, since large plants are usually better equipped to handle war contracts, they will ordinarily be the ones converted to war work, and smaller plants will get the whole package of the industry's civilian orders.

Similarly, a firm is not likely to be tapped as a nucleus plant if it is in a section of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country where labor is urgently needed for war work, or where a lot of cross-hauling would be necessary. As a matter of fact, one of the important aspects of the concentration program is that the careful geographical choice of nucleus plants makes it possible to relieve the critical drain on labor, power, transportation, and storage resources.

In making up its mind as to which of several concentration plans to use, the War Production Board will be guided by certain basic factors. For instance, one question it is sure to consider is: Will this plan foster post-war domination of an industry by a few companies? WPB will also be keeping a weather eye out for any program which the Office of Price Administration may work out for the concentration of the *distributive* channels of an industry.

Concentration is a necessary development in our war economy. It is one of the results to which the compulsions of total war force us, whether anybody likes it or not.

Like us, England started out by cutting civilian production with a straight percentage slash. But then it came up against the bugaboo of waste. In the case of luxuries the answer was, "Cut them out completely!" In the case of clothing it was decided that about half the peacetime production could safely be allowed to continue. In most cases an average of some 25 per cent of pre-war production for civilian manufacture was sanctioned.

And then the final step was taken — the concentration of the allowable minimum of civilian manufacture in a few nucleus plants. If an industry did not come through with its own program of concentration, the government imposed one.

In England, the government redesigned all essential goods; products which now come off the concentrated production lines are called "utility models." Seventy-five per cent of all clothing made in England now is of utility design — and the percentage is steadily increasing.

Though we are not so hard-pressed for materials and production as England is, we are already familiar with "Victory models" in this country. It is in this direction that the American public will first feel the impact of concentration. There will be fewer goods soon, more rationing and little variety. The housewife will not have forty brands of peas to choose from. She will not have a choice of many styles, sizes, or makes of articles.

If you are a worker in a concentrated industry, the program may mean unemployment for you. If you are the owner of a closed-down plant, it is going to mean a long, hard trek uphill to recapture your markets at the end of the war. Your best bet now is to try to be chosen as a nucleus firm or to get into war production. Failing that, be sure arrangements are made for some compensation if you are forced out of business. And in order to keep your business identity for the post-war period, see if you cannot keep your sales and distribution departments intact. Either arrange for the nucleus plants to sell some of the product under your name, or arrange to act as a distributing agency for the nucleus plants, selling their output under your own name.

Concentration of industry unquestionably smashes at the foundation of American enterprise by destroying competition. For fifty years we have pursued an antitrust policy with more or less vigor. Only once before has there been official relaxation of the anti-monopoly program — during the hectic days of the NRA, when the firms of an industry were permitted for the first time to share data on prices over a conference table and agree on competitive practices without danger of antitrust prosecution. Industrial concentration will make the NRA's efforts in this direction look like child's play. It is, in plain English, America's first approach to voluntary, government-supervised *private cartels* — closed, highly centralized industrial groups. Because such cartels can, if they get out of control, spell the final destruction of America's traditional free enterprise system of private capital, concentration of industry is the most important and significant single change which the compulsions of total war have thus far forced on American business.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMBULANCE AT BIR HACHEIM

by ARTHUR MILLS STRATTON

1

THE Western Desert of Libya and Cyrenaica makes a practically perfect battleground for the generals. A sort of dry ocean of dirt, dust, stones, and sand, the flat surface is broken only by steep, gray-white chalk cliffs — islands and continents that rise up abrupt and dazzling under the desert sun. It is a place of bleached white snails and whiter bleached empty shells, of khaki-colored scorpions hiding and scuttling like reduced monsters among the dugout stones and escarpments. A few little gray and dust-colored ringed snakes crawl out in the night mists from their flat rocks. And beetles, camel ticks, and flies find what they need to live on. The war has certainly fed a lot of flies. And lately a lot of mechanical monsters (please allow me that phrase) have taken up their positions on the desert. The waste is no longer trackless.

When we first arrived, just after the rare and violent rains that turn the dust to impossible mud, all the wadies were in bloom. Desert flowers are astoundingly beautiful; small white and yellow daisies bloom, and a kind of dandelion, and pink and purple flowers like cups, and more which look like butter-and-eggs but are purple and white, and then more pink and magenta flowers which are dry and long-lived and exquisite. On windless mornings the air is full of the perfume of these short blossoms growing among sparse, tough grass which is green and already seeding.

Bir Hacheim is on a high place. The Italians had a desert outpost there, a square stone fort just as in the movies. The British and Fighting French made a strong point of the place by planting deep mine fields around a square of the plateau. From here an unbroken chain of mine fields went up to the shores of the Mediterranean, fifty miles away. The fort was the anchor on the chain, and here the Fighting French dug in.

Artillery on the hill — but do not picture a smooth hill. It was a kind of spine for the place. When we dug down, the pick struck rock. It is smooth and creamy yellow, and looks like petrified cheese. Split it and you discover fossil shells like scallops and augers and limpets, redder in color than the stone. The *Groupe Sanitaire Divisionnaire* was placed in the hollow between the artillery and the southeast angle of the mine fields. The various battalions of infantry, the small armored sections, and the headquarters were placed over the twelve or sixteen square miles of the surface framed by the belts of mines. And anti-aircraft guns and crews were scattered strategically.

We had a tent — of sorts. It was old. It was square, perhaps eight feet to a side. It was set up on a square hole dug and picked and scraped about four feet deep. Around it, fifty yards apart or so, the ambulances were parked nose down in holes dug for the purpose.

When a sand storm blew up, the tent

A graduate of Thome School and Bowdoin College, ARTHUR MILLS STRATTON, who is now in his thirty-second year, was living in Paris, at work on a play, when the war broke out. In January, 1940, he enlisted in the American Volunteer Ambulance Service, and in April of that year received the Croix de Guerre with Palm for his "bravery in evacuating the wounded under heavy machine gun and artillery fire." After the fall of France, Stratton enlisted in the American Field Service and was with the Fighting French when they were encircled by Rommel's forces at Bir Hacheim.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wasn't much protection. At Bir Hacheim this is the way a sand storm behaves. Just before the sun goes down, you look north and shiver, for rolling directly across the wind down from the north is a high boiling cloud of dust, tawny and gray in color and thick as a wall. It progresses slowly. You see the tiny cars scuttle about, getting set before the storm engulfs them. It cannot be coming faster then ten miles an hour. You could take out the camera and photograph that relentless passage. It comes at supper time, so you eat in a hurry, and then sit down to wait. The dust settles in your ears and in your hair. In five minutes you are filthy. Before the storm I shove my wet shirts into a tin cut like a bucket, and cover the bucket with another tin; but the mud will be two inches thick on top of the washed shirts inside the bucket next morning. The storm lasts all night.

Sometimes the surface of the desert is hard rock, sometimes jagged stone, sometimes knee-deep powder. In places the thorn bushes grow as thick as forests of foot-high trees, and sometimes you hit a stretch as good as the very best graveled roads.

2

In the middle of May it came my turn to go out on patrol. We drove all morning in a convoy strung out wide across the desert so that a plane could only get one vehicle at a time. From time to time we stopped.

Early one morning a plane crashed a mile or so away, and I followed the Commandant in my ambulance in case the pilot had managed to escape. The plane turned out to be a Kittyhawk, one of ours, and it was burning too fiercely to see much.

We stood around for a few minutes, feeling useless. And then the officers went on to do their round of inspections and I turned back. The plane had crashed in a level stretch grown over with thick bushes. I saw the reserve tanks explode. The heat melted the aluminum wings, which ran in white-hot puddles on the sand. I had to pay attention to the driving, and so at first I didn't look up when the Negro rifleman with me called and pointed. He was my protection against flat tires and strafing planes, and I did not understand his Cameroon French. But I did look up, and there stood the aviator, a small man standing quietly in the bushes, waiting for me. He told me he recognized the small American flag, and the cross of St. Andrew, painted on the hood of all our cars.

"Oh," I said, "I'm glad to see you. We thought you were dead." I began to laugh, and the Negro grinned. We *were* glad.

He was bareheaded and dirty. The German guns had got him above their camp, which he was bombing and strafing, not five miles away. He thought he had fallen within their lines, and had saved his rations, planning to escape at night and walk the seventy-five miles, he figured, to safety.

At lunch the Commandant brought out a bottle of Zibdib, and then the cook brought on a real banquet. Tomatoes, eggs, lettuce, and artichokes had arrived that morning from Alexandria. The food had been consigned to us by accident, but the Commandant used it for a feast in the aviator's honor. We celebrated a man's life, and we were the Allied Nations: Fighting French, British, Canadian, American. And with the Fighting French are Poles, Dutch, Russians, — our Colonel is a Prince, — Belgians, a few Scandinavians, and even some Germans and Italians.

Later, after the pilot had gone, the Commandant remarked that the boy, for he was only nineteen, had suffered a pretty bad shock. But I found that the pilot was thinking about the bawling-out in store for him. He had not managed to save his parachute, and silk is hard to get now. And he lamented his plane. War was his life; and what we on the ground looked upon as a miracle of a close shave, he accepted as part of the day's work. And he had been up since before dawn, so he was tired. I hope he did not get called down for the lost parachute.

The next afternoon Lieutenant B. came in, in a hurry. He was on artillery patrol and had some news. All day the radio men brought slips of paper from the French post and from the British liaison. The first slip said that a dozen tanks were seen moving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

west, and the next twenty-five, and the next forty, and the next seventy-five, and so on to about a hundred and fifty. We were all ready to move at any moment.

I suppose it was 4.30 in the afternoon when we started back. I folded the stretcher, cut loose the bushes, and then drove off. I had a full tank. Everything was set. We drove in convoy, spread out over a mile or more of the desert. I got caught in deep sand once, but the English crew of a Bofors got out and pushed. Once we stopped for an hour or so while the advanced posts and the artillery caught up. We arrived at Bir Hacheim at about eight o'clock in the evening, and the attack was to start at one in the morning. Actually it started at eight.

Because of a twice-broken spring, I was scheduled to do the routine evacuation that morning, and to get the repair job done at the heavy workshop on the coast several miles from Tobruk and El Adem. Tichenor had a load of sick and wounded, too. We set out. At the gate the legionnaires swore at us. "Look," they said. "Over there are the tanks." And so they were, and then they began to shower us with little shells, which fell all around us. The men on the anti-tank guns began to swear at us some more, and so we beat it back, driving fast. That's the way it began. We were encircled.

Alan Stuyvesant and The Goat got out a movie camera and proceeded to photograph the tanks as they approached. In the desert the light and air are very pure when no wind blows. They lay in the trench-like entrance and took pictures. I leaned against the dirt wall and kept remarking that I did not like this at all. The tanks stopped short when the 75's opened up. They stopped for all time: five shells stopped five tanks, as neat as that, the closest just fifty feet from the cannon. It is hard to see even the enemy jump out of a burning tank, clothes aflame. When they hit the ground they are dead, though they burn for some time longer. The French took a number of prisoners, most of them wounded. They were Italians. It had been a crack armored division, and very courageous they were. It is not easy to attack a fortified position.

And that was our life for three or four days. The Fighting French were to hold out; for while we held, the enemy had to send all supply convoys around us. And so they did until they managed to cut the mine fields up toward the coast thirty miles or so away, toward Knightsbridge.

3

We could stand on our hill and watch the battle. It was hard to believe. We saw South Africans fight and maneuver the Germans, and watched the ponderous heavy tanks advance and deploy. Pillars of black smoke rose up in the still air all over the desert, marking for several hours an accurate aim and a good hit. The French 75's — an excellent gun — took effect on anything that foolishly came within range.

At night a burst of tracer bullets from the planes, 20-millimeter Brownings, gives you not the slightest feeling of the Fourth of July. That sudden celebration means business, and no fun. It is a rain of fire.

Then the big ack-ack shakes the ground and bursts high with a brilliant yellow flash. But the Bofors guns provide the show. Long streamers and strings of balls of red or green flames, spaced about five feet — or perhaps more — apart, but regularly and in perfect alignment, they twist and bend slowly and gracefully in the night air; and then one after another the balls of fire explode in sequence. They saw that display from Bir Hacheim that night, fifty miles away. From there it looks like a bouquet of flowers, more or less. It is very beautiful, but deadly; it rains iron fragments.

On the fifth day we had a bad air raid. I had just put a captured German ambulance in a hole — the one on the hill near a gasoline dump — when the Stukas came. They fly by threes in wedges. There were a lot of them. I ran for a trench.

Stan, the violent Polish-American, once described strafing from the air as "a great din that suddenly materialized." And that is what happens. A fearful noise turns solid and tries to kill you. But when a bomb falls on the desert you see it leave the rack and straighten out as it falls shining in the sunlight. It whistles and then you see the smoke

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and dust burst and rise up like a giant gray-white cedar tree or a fat cypress, and then you hear the noise. It is more than a huge plume of smoke and dust, and there are enough for a small grove. Always more than one of them fall. Later, when the planes came in multiples of three, crowding the sky, fifty-one and ninety-nine and more at a time, filling the air with noise and glinting silver wings against a blue sky, their landing gear like the stretched feathered legs and talons of large birds of prey — you learn that silhouette by heart — later the bomb smoke and dust fell as thick as a fog, but dry and choking.

Three bombs fell directly upon a Bofors gun and its crew of French Marines. That killed all but one of the men. They had been standing up, manning the gun, aiming and firing it, and the bombs blew them to pieces. It set fire to the munitions truck, drawn up a few moments before, and so we went into the bright bursts of the shells. The one man alive died in my car on the stretcher. His eyes were open, and he was not bleeding much though his right leg was gone at the hip. He lay in the wreckage, the other leg across the leg of the gun. In the midst of those bodies the spoiled gun still stood, pointing directly overhead.

Even the dust was burned. It was black-gray, and the bodies of the young men had suddenly aged in that instant in which they were dismembered. The faces looked old and worn, like faces that too much bitter knowledge has aged. When the munitions truck had burned out, they were picked up and buried not very far from their gun, which stood up straight like a marker on that high place in the desert.

4

The next few days we spent digging in. At least early in the morning and late in the evening, and later by moonlight, we could work fairly safely. We got some black stretcher bearers, and we set up the tent once more, to take care of the wounded.

Tich and I made ourselves a sort of dug-out, where we were very comfortable. Tich rarely said anything, but he was an ideal companion for a trench. Toward the end of the siege, up until the night we had to leave, we did talk about a lot of things. We found we knew a few of the same people. I had come across them in Paris, and he in New York. He had been a photographer and had worked in an elegant studio, meeting a very smart set of characters and names about town. Not that he boasted, for he never did that. He was, as I have said, a silent young man.

In Biarritz Tich had fallen in love with a girl, a Basque who had been through the Spanish wars. The family came from San Sebastián, I remember, and they had lost all their property. It was a romantic love affair, and Tich planned to go back there and get married.

When Alan did not come in that first night, we thought that perhaps he had run into a South African armored patrol and had joined those men. Perhaps they told him Bir Hacheim was surrounded again. But we began to doubt that comforting thought when a note came in from Rommel. He had taken prisoner a British liaison officer not far from where Alan had been, and Rommel had sent the officer's chauffeur and truck into camp with a message. It advised the French to surrender; otherwise Rommel was going to destroy us. He added that he had all the necessary material. He had brought down the heavy tanks and big guns from Knightsbridge. Besides tanks, thirty-two guns shelled us from that day on.

Alan still did not show up; so James, an American in the Fighting French GSD, kept us informed, and told us when an ambulance call came in. We worked at dawn and dusk and by night, except when a man was very seriously wounded.

One evening a nurse came over from the hospital to give James a message. He was to take the ambulance with the largest red crosses painted on it, and a white flag, and then go down to the edge of the southern mine fields to pick up some wounded German sappers. We fashioned a flag from a sheet. James went alone, I think. He said that they shot at him at first, and he reached out and shook the white flag at the gunners. Then they stopped shooting. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drew up on the edge of the mined ground, and a German stretcher bearer, Red Cross arm band showing, beckoned him to come into the mines. But James laughed, and he said that perhaps it was a dirty trick, but he made the German walk up to the ambulance, and then together they took back stretchers, stepping in the safe footprints among the buried mines.

That German stretcher bearer came back to our hospital to take care of his wounded. He was matter-of-fact and straightforward. He did his job efficiently in war conditions. I don't know whether he was killed when the hospital was bombed.

We ate burned rice, all the bully beef we could lay hands on, and whatever else we found. That was not much. The last day or two we ate nothing at all. By that time there were a lot of casualties, and the doctors and surgeons worked all night long in the operating theater — a pair of trucks banked in sandbags and sunk in the chalky rock. It was a big hole. The two double hospital tents overflowed, and our tent was full. And then two hundred Stukas bombed the hospital.

The bombs killed everybody in one hospital tent. It was deep enough so that only the roof showed. The bombs fell directly upon it. I didn't go over there. James said there was nothing to do. It was the only time we found him silent, and when the planes returned later on in the afternoon, he said, "God, if they bomb that other hospital tent, I can't take it. I cannot stand that." The men's bodies were completely destroyed, and the Negroes and the doctors took shovels and covered them.

That night we worked all night, taking the wounded back to their company and battalion infirmaries where they could be hidden in small trenches and protected. They accepted the business and made no complaint. The mist hung on until eleven that morning, which gave us plenty of time. The men of the artillery were tired and their faces showed their great effort. They were calm when they did their work, but they had taken the great part of the bombings, and the enemy cannons searched them out.

After one bombing I closed my eyes to sleep, and so missed a lovely sight. An anti-aircraft gun got a direct hit on the bomb rack of a Stuka, and the slow silver plane burst in mid-air. They tell me it exploded with a huge orange flame shaped like a candle flame, and the two wings spiraled down to earth burning. The engine fell in the middle of a triangle formed by the tents of the officers at HQ. The pilot was thrown out of the cockpit, and his automatic parachute opened; he swung down to earth, blackened, burned to a cinder.

5

The day after the hospital was destroyed we left. We had to leave. The Germans had cut through the mine fields higher up, and the Fighting French had fulfilled their part of the plans. The job was accomplished. The munitions all spent, nothing was left us except to go. Rommel had been sending in note after note. They went unanswered. We were not going to give ourselves up. We were fighting our way out.

We settled down until the sun set. Then we set to work. Equipment had to be abandoned, unless it could be tied to the fenders. We loaded hurriedly and set out. The GSD went first, our four ambulances, one English Morris, and ten empty munitions trucks, loaded with wounded. General Konig led the convoy. We drove tight together, a meter apart so that we should not miss the narrow path opened through the mines. An English column with seventy-five ambulances waited for us a few miles off. They lit a blue flare.

That night the enemy shot red and green and white flares all around us, to show us that they were on the job, and to signal one another. Sometimes giant rockets burst in the air and fell, leaving a serpent of smoke trailing. We made a slow progress at first. It was a black night with the sky powdered with stars. And of course the cannon flashed and the colored flares rose, arched, and fell. Some hit trucks, and gas dumps smoldered, and a few flames burst up from time to time. Our light sand-colored canvas ambulances showed too clearly. We were protected by all the Bren carriers and armored cars left running.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My radiator had been pierced near the top. I thought it would last out, but it did not. We decided in the end that it would be more comfortable for the wounded if some truck took me in tow. Fournier said he would. I got the cable ready, and when he came by I hooked on. Then the bad part began. It is hard to go in tow on a level road, but on the desert among mine fields it is all jerks and sudden stops and starts. I put the car in high gear, so that the dead motor acted as a sort of brake.

We got through the mines and came to the Breda emplacements. A wounded Negro kept calling for a drink, and when I could I handed him a cup of water. We saw the tracer bullets pouring out at us like water from a fire hose, but these were 20-millimeter bullets, not water. They came from both sides of us and from in front of us. But you could see them coming. They shot up into the air, or bounced along the stony surface, running the wrong way uphill. White magnesium flares replaced the pretty red and green things, and for long moments the night turned livid. Then the truck stopped. I found I had no brakes, and for the past hundred feet I had not been able to steer properly. The direction control had been shot. The tires exploded. I crashed the back of the truck, and that pushed the radiator against the fan, so the engine would not turn over. The truck started up again, and I swung behind it.

6

It happened very quickly. We were making time. I had seen one car that looked like an ambulance burning; we avoided that light. One ambulance seemed to go to the left and stop; one to the right and disappear. We went straight ahead and then stopped suddenly. A blast of incendiary and explosive bullets hit the engine of my ambulance, and the gasoline flamed up.

I had my foot fast to the floor, but the brake was gone. I reached for the emergency, but that was gone, too; and that was when we crashed the truck and the bullets hit us. One thing, as I have said, about tracer bullets is that you can see where they come from. These came from my right.

"*Je suis blessé!*" I said in a most surprised voice. "I'm wounded," I repeated in English for my own benefit. "I am, too," the nurse remarked. We threw ourselves out on either side. I found I could not walk, and fell down. It was a fearful discovery. And my left hand and arm ran blood. I sat on the ground and hollered. "Empty the car," I said. "Separate them." Or rather I yelled "*Dégagez les voitures!*" I am not sure if it is the correct French phrase, but I kept saying it. The flames had taken hold. Wounded crawled out of the truck and dragged themselves away out of the firelight. Nobody in his senses would stay or would approach so bright an object for a marksman. I thought I saw men walking, black figures in the black night outside of my firelight.

Now when I think about it, I think that my wounded had all been killed by the same Breda that shot out my brakes and tires and hit the steering gear. I hope so, for I could do nothing for them. You do not know time when things happen fast and horribly. I cannot say how long I lay and shouted. By that time the tank and reserves were burning. I got up and ran a few yards and then fell down among the camel thorn, fainting.

I lay on my back in the desert. Fournier looked for me — he and the nurse, too, whose leg was rewounded, though he managed to walk. I suppose the bushes — they were only a foot high — hid me. Anyhow, Fournier had been working on the truck and had got it going. He unhitched the ambulance and drove off perhaps a hundred feet. He stopped to gather up the wounded. I stood up again and saw the truck. A man passed by and I grabbed his arm. He was wounded, but his legs were solid, and he got me there. Everyone else was aboard when we arrived. I reached up and took hold of the tailboard. It seemed an insurmountable barrier. I hung on. It was like the wall of China. Fournier ran back to see if we were set. I laughed. I seemed to be perfectly clearheaded. I said, "I cannot climb that wall." Fournier took hold of me and threw me in. He is not a tall man. I rolled onto a pile of wounded men, and they could not help but groan. I got over against the side of the truck and lay on a pile of blankets. But they seemed to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too solid for blankets. I was afraid I lay on some unconscious man, and so crawled over onto a tool box. It was cold and wet.

We drove on all night, and at dawn we ran into an English patrol. We were glad to see them. I had slept a bit, my head on the man next to me. The English gave us hot sweet tea, as much as we could drink. They began to get us out of the truck. We lay on the ground. I remember the smiling sergeant who wrapped us with field dressings. I had had only one, and the nurse's leg was bleeding badly. My own I had stopped by pulling up my tight wool stockings which had slipped down before the pieces hit me. And I remember a young man with red hair who was naked, too, except for a heavy coat. His left leg was gone. I remember how pale his face was under his very red hair as he stood on one leg.

By now I couldn't stand up at all. I lay spread-eagled on the ground, my knees drawn up, and translated for the French and the English. They found three more dead in the truck. They lay beside me, their arms spread out, knees bent. But I only looked at them briefly. They were covered with blood. And anyhow, when I asked Fournier about the men in my ambulance and he told me that they had burned, I had to cover my face with my scarf, which served as a bandage and sling for my arm.

7

And so I didn't recognize Tich there beside me. He had been killed immediately. His ambulance took fire, and while he worked with the wounded he had been hit in the head, and had fallen across the wounded men. His body lying across them had saved their lives. One man, blinded, told me that, and later I heard the same thing from the redheaded fellow whose leg was gone, in the hospital in Beirut. He had been in Tich's ambulance.

At first I had lain on Tich's body in the truck, and I had not known it. I suppose they had thrown him in, too, thinking that perhaps he was alive. The English buried him with the two others in three graves. I remember looking at the graves side by side, and thinking that they made a mark on the desert somehow like a bar of music. Later, in the ambulance, the nurse told me it was the American with a small beard on his chin, and that was Tich. Also he showed me Tich's silver name bracelet. James came around looking for us. Tich and I were the only drivers he found. The Goat was missing; Kulak and Mac were missing.

The ambulances took us seventy-five miles across the desert that first day. Fournier was machine-gunned from the air, but his luck held, though a couple of wounded men were killed. I wonder how many lives he saved. How many men are directly responsible to him for being alive? At least thirty, I should think. And he is a munitions truck driver, a member of the *Train*, not an ambulance driver at all. Then, that night, Jeff found me. I was glad. I was on the bottom stretcher, and couldn't sit up. The other more seriously wounded men had been so bruised that each bump made them groan.

In the morning we went to Sollum, to the Hadfield-Spears Ambulance Hospital, set up in big marquees on the white sand of the beach, with the shining Mediterranean on one side and the crescent of chalk cliffs rising up in the background, white, blue, and lavender in the cool evenings. As I was being carried out of the operating theater I saw The Goat running, and called to him. It was good to see him. He had a slight wound in the calf of his leg, and his face showed how tired he was. I had forgotten that look. At Bir Hacheim we all were worn, and our faces showed how much, now that we had other faces to look at.

In a day or so I went on to Mersa Matruh, and then to Alexandria. I kept meeting the men who had shared that solitary truck ride with Fournier over the desert. That was a ride, indeed, in the munitions truck — another *radeau de la Méduse*, the redheaded young man remarked. I remembered Delacroix's fearful and romantic painting, and the wall it hung on in the Louvre. It was full of dark waves and drowning naked bodies. And I remembered Goya's etchings of the "Horrors of War." Those men, if anything, made understatements with their brushes and needles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HITLER'S SECOND FRONT

by T. H. THOMAS

1

THE gate of Egypt is in our hands, and here we intend to act." In these words Rommel gave point-blank warning that the Second Front had already been established by Hitler. Ever since the beginning of 1941 the German Command has followed through its attack against this critical point in the Allied military position. Armed with far better weapons, Rommel has prevailed over an enemy superior in numbers, and has driven forward hundreds of miles to a line some sixty miles from Alexandria. Roughly speaking, Rommel is sixty miles or so away from winning the war. There looms up close at hand the prospect of a decisive victory — one which would involve an irreparable disaster to the Allied conduct of the war.

By no possibility will the German Command relinquish the prospect of such a victory. By no possibility — whatever the stage of American preparations — can we elude or put off the danger here impending. The forty-mile front of El Alamein is the only front on which Britain and America can come to grips effectively with a part of the German Army. It is the only front on which we are in any way prepared to fight. It is the front on which we cannot avoid a fight that may be decisive.

In the mustering of forces for this battle, the enemy has now the advantage of position. At one time British convoys could still take the direct sea route to Alexandria, but German dive bombers then appeared over the central Mediterranean. By now it has actually become *Mare Nostrum*. The British forces in Africa and the British fleets had no planes with which to strike back in kind. British factories do not produce them. "We sent no dive bombers," it was explained in Parliament, "because we had none to send." Rommel was thus able to seize the short sea route, and to keep Auchinleck at the far end of a 12,000-mile line of supply. (Mr. Churchill has noted that a new British tank reaches Egypt about six months after being delivered from the factory.) In the midsummer battle, by his rough reckoning, Rommel destroyed 2500 British and American tanks — probably more than a year's effort of Allied transport. The only tank now in production which can even hope to tackle German tanks on equal terms is the American M4. How long will it take to bring up enough of these to venture on a counter-offensive against Rommel?

Last of all, the extreme peril opened out by the disaster in June hurried forward to Egypt the main combat strength of the other British armies in the Middle East. The narrow front at El Alamein has become the keystone of the whole arch of Allied resistance east of Suez. Here, as on every other front, the pressing task is to avoid defeat — the question as to how the war is to be won does not yet arise. The Army of the Nile no longer stands on a fortified frontier: its troops now constitute the last line of defense not only of Egypt but of Irak and Iran, of neutral Turkey and Afghanistan, of India, and of the last thin open door to China. If we fail in reinforcing it against the danger impending, we shall lose the war across the whole extent of land and sea from Africa to New Zealand. The most far-

A military historian who served with distinction on the staff at GHQ in the First World War, T. H. THOMAS is well qualified to appraise the developments of the war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reaching plans in the arsenal of democracy have not even contemplated the incalculable total of ships and weapons needed for retrieving so immense a disaster.

The clamor of public opinion is a poor basis for decisions on military strategy, and organized pressure drives are a good deal worse. The decisions as to reinforcements for Egypt were made long ago, and it is late in the day for public opinion to stiffen the reinforcement. Yet there is still time to wreck this effort — to "prod the military leaders into action" in an improvised effort on some rival front.

For always in the past the effort in Libya has been weakened at a critical stage by diversions of strength to other fronts. Wavell's brilliant advance across Cyrenaica was rendered hollow by the hurrying away of his troops to Greece. After Auchinleck had overwhelmed Rommel, there began the frantic shifting of forces to Malaya; the New Zealanders stayed in the war, but the Australians pulled out to the home sector. This eastward diversion did not cease: even as Rommel drove forward to El Alamein, press photographs proudly exhibited the unloading of American tanks in India. Meanwhile, aid to Russia had been drawing off the tanks and planes which would have saved either Malaya or Egypt. At the beginning of July Mr. Churchill reported: "We have sent 2000 tanks to Russia."

These diversions of strength do not imply bungling policy. Obvious political necessities required the sacrificial expedition to Greece, and Russia had to be helped without delay.

2

Yet on the very face of things it was certain that the sacrifice would not save Greece. Even more certainly, it would leave Cyrenaica disarmed and helpless. We have now before us the opportunity for a repetition of the Greek fiasco on an incalculable scale.

The second front Stalin calls for would not save Russia: the Germans are ready for it and we are not. The mere effort of improvising this foreordained fiasco would weaken fatally the front where Hitler is now preparing to do us in.

The time has come to face the fact that Britain and America together, at this day, have not available the military resources to counterbalance the general superiority of German arms in Russia. What we are involved in is not a contest between statisticians. We are confronted with a condition, not a theory. The immediate problem before us now is to hold what ground we can in a defensive war: the fiasco of a pretended second front might sink Russia and sink us. Except for fighting our convoys through to Murmansk, the plain fact is that we can do little to affect the outcome of the struggle in Russia, however vital that struggle is to us. Russia is now bearing the main burden of the conflict because Stalin attempted to shoulder that burden on us — the "us" of 1939. The whole *Lebensraum* of a new front in the West is now in Hitler's hands — far inside the coastal zone girdled by new concrete fortifications. The tragic sacrifice at Dieppe makes clear that our present resources of dive bombers cannot even dent that first-line armor.

The shortage of shipping is the most obvious vacuum in the concept of an additional second front. There is also the fact that British and American arsenals combined have not brought into the field the weapons necessary to meet a German army on equal terms. Most of our equipment is as good as the German, and some is better; but German tanks are far better armed than the British, and up to the present no British fleet or army has been equipped with dive bombers. They can be equipped only by future deliveries from the United States. British orders were placed here in June, 1940. The first deliveries had not reached Egypt in June, 1942.

In the first offensive, Wavell's force had better mechanized equipment than the Italians, and was far better trained in mechanized warfare. His light tanks were quite able to carry out the work in hand, and his army as a whole was far more mobile.

These advantages disappeared when Rommel came on the scene. Against troops depleted by the transfers to Greece, he could strike with a telling superiority of mechanized forces; his equipment was as good as or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better than the British; and his anti-tank weapons outranged the heaviest guns carried by British tanks. Under the circumstances it was no small feat for Wavell to have halted Rommel along the frontier.

These actions also brought into the field German medium tanks armed with 75's (i.e., 15-pounders) against British tanks carrying nothing larger than 2-pounders. The effective range of the German guns is said to be over three times that of the 2-pounders. This contrast has dominated the fighting in Egypt since that day. The British 2-pounder is an excellent tank against infantry positions. In the naked landscape of Libya, mechanized warfare quickly develops the situation of duels between tank and tank, or tanks against anti-tank artillery. On this footing, the heaviest British tanks were hopelessly outranged.

All this was a matter of common knowledge in England by the end of 1941, and detailed drawings in the *Illustrated London News* set forth the point clearly to the non-professional public. During the following months its military correspondent, Captain Cyril Falls, stressed in the plainest terms the heavy handicap facing the Army of the Nile from enemy tanks armed with far heavier and longer-range guns. Auchinleck's offensive of November, 1941, had to be launched against this known and certain handicap of superior enemy weapons.

This played a due part in the check suffered soon after his advance got under way, and in the heavy losses of tanks then incurred. All in all, it was a surprising achievement for Auchinleck to have won through and to have driven Rommel out from Cyrenaica. In turn, the initial success of Rommel's counter-offensive from El Agheila (January, 1942) was due in no small part to the greater range and power of his 75-millimeter tank guns. (This is no random opinion: it is the considered judgment of the most competent authorities, expressed in Parliament last July by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, whose Ministry is responsible for British tank production.)

Rommel revealed a further advantage in weapons by bringing on the scene highly mobile artillery — in some cases field guns mounted on tanks cut down for the purpose. The famous 88, with its long range and flat trajectory, was by no means the only factor in this new armament. The British as well had artillery quite able to deal with the heaviest German tanks, when these attacked British artillery in position. (Rommel's final assault at El Alamein was defeated in just this fashion.) The point was that the mobility of Rommel's new equipment gave him field artillery able to keep up with tanks and to form an integral part of tank attacks in the far-ranging thrusts which had become the distinctive feature of operations in Libya. The greater fire-power of the 15-pounder German tanks was thus stiffened by having mobile artillery in close coöperation whenever tank battles developed.

Yet the clear and specific warnings offered in the press made little or no impression on British (or American) opinion. Wavell had been replaced by Auchinleck. Auchinleck became the white hope of the British public, and the critical issue of the Libyan front was looked upon rather as a championship match between Auchinleck and Rommel. Mr. Churchill explained to Parliament as the attack opened: "The object of the offensive is not so much the occupation of this or that locality as the destruction of the army, particularly the armored forces, of the enemy." For British 2-pounders, against enemy 15-pounders, this was a large order. Mr. Churchill added a word of tribute to the British troops in the battle: ". . . feeling as they do that this is the first time we have met the Germans at least equally well armed and equipped." The crews of the 2-pounder tanks must have had different feelings.

A fortnight later, Mr. Churchill repeated the phrase as to "fighting the German on equal terms in modern weapons." He added: "Some of the German tanks carried, as we know, a 6-pounder gun, which, though it carries many fewer shots, is sometimes more effective than the gun with which our tanks are mainly armed." It was not a 6-pounder, but a 15-pounder, that allowed Rommel's tanks to take such liberties with their opponents. Mr. Churchill's error expressed precisely the attitude of the British public during the next six months. We in America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

likewise turned our eyes stubbornly away from the repeated warnings as to the telling superiority of German weapons in Libya.

3

This superiority was greatly increased by the new weapons sent out to Rommel last spring, while he was gathering forces for an all-out offensive. The June battles revealed that even the lighter Axis tanks (German, French, and Italian) had been armed with guns which far outranged the British: 50-millimeter and 47-millimeter guns firing shells about twice as heavy as the British 2-pounders. On June 22 a dispatch from the front to the London *Times* reported that even against the enemy's lighter tanks "the 2-pounder gun has again been proved completely useless."

Meanwhile there had arrived an installment of American General Grants, which carried 15-pounder guns. Their number is still unknown: in delicate official phraseology, it has been summed up as "considerable but inadequate." Also, the defects in the design of the General Grants left them unable to meet the German heavier tanks on even terms. All in all, this American contribution did not fill the gap between British and German weapons.

Just as Rommel's attack began, Captain Cyril Falls made the comment that Auchinleck's 1941 offensive had just missed achieving an overwhelming victory. "The chief cause was the lack of tank and anti-tank gun power. . . . The side which can knock out its opponent's tanks, while holding its own out of range of anything but field artillery, is obviously in possession of a long start. It is fervently to be hoped that we shall not be handicapped in such a matter this time." As the event proved, this handicap had increased and Rommel could attack with the certainty of this "long start." The dramatic victory he achieved confirmed Rommel's estimate of his superiority in armament.

By a different estimate, Mr. Churchill explained to Parliament later on that the British Army in Egypt — in May — had a superiority in tanks in the ratio of about seven to five. This eluded the essential point. On no basis of reckoning can 2-pounder tanks be added up so as to create a "superiority" over 15-pounders.

Rommel's subsequent defeat at El Alamein does not challenge the soundness of his original estimate. Along this forty-mile front, for the first time, the British were able to stand on organized positions whose flanks could not be turned by roving mechanized forces. All the artillery of the British forces in Egypt could be hurried to the spot, and the outcome proved once again what had been known long before: the best tanks in the world will go down when met by plenty of artillery in proper positions and properly handled. This situation offers the main basis for confidence in the safety of Egypt in the near future. But it does not offer a means of driving Rommel out.

Tactical mistakes may have played their part in the British defeat last July. But as yet these are mere conjectures and suppositions. In referring to the attack from which 230 out of 300 British tanks did not return, Mr. Churchill made the straightforward comment: "I do not know what actually happened in the fighting of that day." The outside world still knows no more than that.

Yet on the first news of the disaster in Libya, when Mr. Churchill was still in the dark as to whys and wherefores, Mr. Hanson Baldwin instantly explained in the *New York Times* that it was due to bad British staff work. The editorial page of the *Times* in turn delivered a solemn verdict. The battle in Libya had been a test of generalship: the Germans had skillfully used the weapons at hand, whereas British generalship had not known how to make full use of its resources.

Had the players changed hands, had the British 2-pounder tanks been wished on the German Command, would Rommel have pulled a victory out of the hat in corresponding fashion? The same generals and the same staffs that Rommel overwhelmed in June had overwhelmed him six months earlier. The actual record in Libya suggests that Rommel's brilliant tactics have been developed hand in hand with his steadily increasing superiority in weapons.

This same advantage will be turned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against us by German generalship on another front. The *Times* merely turns our eyes away from unpleasant facts. Except for recent deliveries of newer types, the Allied forces now in Britain are armed with weapons which twice have proved tragically inadequate in Libya.

Cyril Falls also has pointed out that while the British were carrying out their biggest mass raids over German cities, Rommel, quite undisturbed, was allowed to make full use of Benghazi as a base port, instead of having to use the single coast road from Tripoli. Thanks to this favor, Rommel's line of communications across the desert was shortened by 400 miles; and it was the facility of bringing supplies directly up to Benghazi by sea that made it possible for him to mount his offensive on so formidable a scale.

This was a consequence of the policy of concentrating bombers upon the mass raids whose cumulative effect is to assert itself at some future time. In the meantime the war actually under way — whether by land or by sea — had to look out for itself: no bombers were made available for the critical need at Benghazi.

Rommel's victorious advance into Egypt made a sudden end of this fallacy; and British and American bombers were hurriedly shifted to the scene. The chance of holding Egypt in the future depends, among other things, upon how far the concept of a separate and private war in the air has been made to yield to the needs of a real war — one that was within an ace of being lost.

In Parliament, after the fall of Tobruk, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton made clear why no heavily armed British tanks had been forthcoming.

Excellent light tanks had been produced before the outbreak of the war, but at the close of what Mr. Churchill termed the "Hore-Belisha period" no model for a heavier tank had been developed, and patterns or dies or jigs had not been made ready. Even the 2-pounder tank had not been brought into substantial production, and fewer than 200 of these could be supplied to the divisions in France.

The crisis of matériel after Dunkirk ruled out any pause for developing new models. The whole effort of British industry had to be pressed into turning out what was already in production, and these light tanks offered what was needed against the immediate danger of invasion. The full load of this initial effort was still being shouldered when the Lend-Lease Act opened the door to the industrial resources of the United States and the task of producing a heavier type of tank was taken over by us. Yet we did not take over, apparently, the experience of the British and Germans in respect to the designs to be worked out. In an astonishing *tour de force* of tooling up and getting into production, we unhappily adopted a type that was obsolete long before the record-breaking Chrysler factory was erected. Even as it rolled out over the production lines, the M3 was being supplanted by a different and far better model.

Today the prospect of facing Rommel "on equal terms in modern weapons" (in Mr. Churchill's phrase) depends upon the deliveries of our new tanks in Egypt.

James B. Reston made the point: "We cannot bring our armored divisions to bear upon the enemy by sending them into the deserts of the Southwest United States"; and our first divisions overseas have been sent not to the critical theater of war (as in 1918) but to training areas 12,000 miles away in Britain. By this time we may have an American division on a fighting front, but if Rommel had driven through to the Nile in July we should have lost the war by default.

The immediate fate of the war may lie in the turn of the coming operations in Egypt. Without beating around the bush, it will depend, not upon the new divisions organized in 1943, but on what we can now bring forward.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATURALIST AT LARGE

The Glory Hole

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

THE man in the street has always been inclined to look down his nose at museum curators, and for as long as I have been one of them I have been pondering the reason. I think I have it. The average man doesn't like a miser and, one way or another, the curator cannot help appearing miserly. When I first took charge of a certain museum, I found one big glass jar filled with chicken heads, another with burned matches, another with old rubbers. The chicken heads were potential material for dissection, and the fact that a dollar's worth of heads filled a twenty-dollar jar never occurred to the man who ate those chickens, who was no other than Louis Agassiz himself.

The museum of which I speak at one time housed an unbelievable number of strange odds and ends accumulated through the years and saved because the old-time museum man thought it was a sin to throw anything out. I have been accused of erring in this manner myself. It is true that if you look at a thing long enough you lose perspective. Any object, no matter how revolting and loathsome, seen sufficiently often, blunts the senses, and one becomes disinclined to the effort necessary to get rid of it.

Pride of possession is a curious attribute of mankind. This was brought sharply to my mind yesterday when it occurred to me to ask myself, "Why didn't Mrs. Chase *give* her gallstones to the Peabody Museum?" Many other people had, for there were a pint or more of miscellaneous gallstones in the Peabody Museum in Salem, curiously enough in the case with an old reindeer. But these were donated gallstones; it was only Mrs. Chase's that were on loan. The answer is, Mrs. Chase's gallstones were larger than any others in the whole place and she obviously just couldn't bear to part with them permanently. I bethought me, Has this situation ever occurred before? And then I remembered that not long ago I was reading the last Annual Report of the Curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. This venerable institution, containing much material that was priceless indeed, suffered a direct hit from a German bomb. It was almost completely destroyed, and the story of the catastrophe was told, sadly and meticulously, by its distinguished curator. But if our friend in the street were to read this report he might be inclined to laugh heretically: along with many terrific losses were listed the facts that the jar containing Napoleon's bowels was cracked and that the rib of Robert the Bruce was broken.

I have found myself justifying the preservation of objects which were inherently unpleasing to the eye by saying, "That illustrates the taxidermy of a hundred years ago." Or the preservation of a codfish pickled in alcohol by saying, "Someone may want to dissect that fish sometime," forgetting that fresh cod, infinitely preferable for dissection, are plentiful in the Boston area. And so it goes. The more I think of it, the

---

Director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge and a graduate of Harvard in 1906, DR. THOMAS BARBOUR is a scientist whose knowledge of reptiles, birds, and insects is rivaled only by his delight in human nature. This is the first of a zestful series of papers drawn from his reminiscences, which will hold the fruition of his forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more I believe that the average man is entirely entitled to his opinion and the average curator is a queer fish.

Now granted that the curator is a queer fish, is he a rare fish? I fear me the answer today is nay. My friend Alexander Wetmore, Director of the United States National Museum, in an address at the opening of the Dyche Museum at the University of Kansas, remarks, "There are today throughout the world more than seven thousand museums, of which more than a thousand are in the United States." Every museum has at least one curator, and the breed came into being, no doubt, back in the days when the "Repositerry of Curiosity," the *Anlage* of our University Museum here at Harvard, was visited by Francis Goelet on the twenty-fifth of October, 1750. Unfortunately, Mr. Goelet does not tell us how old the museum was at that date. He does, however, tell us its treasures included "horns and bones, fishes' skins and other objects, and a piece of tanned Negro hide." [1]

2

Professor John Winthrop, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, evidently had started even at this early date to make what we call a "Glory Hole." I have had some interesting experiences cleaning out "Glory Holes" in Cambridge, Boston, and Salem. Only the other day I opened a parcel in Salem, the wrapping paper of which was superscribed, "Please do not disturb these shells. Caleb Cooke, February 1857." This behest had been scrupulously obeyed for eighty-five years and six months. The parcel proved to be pure gold, for the shells were collected from one of our New England rivers in which today it would be impossible to collect a single living thing, so polluted have its waters become. I hold in my hand a little vial on which is a label saying, "This vial contains two feathers of a large penguin." One wonders why these two feathers out of the tens of thousands which that penguin carried were singled out for preservation.

[1] It's a pity this burned. Wendell Phillips could have waved it instead of the bloody shirt.

The only old museum I ever saw where there was no Glory Hole was the museum in Charleston, South Carolina. This venerable institution, founded in 1773, has had plenty of time to accumulate one, but the gay and carefree cavaliers of the South must have been willing to throw things away even when they became curators, while the penny-pinching men of the New England states fairly reveled in the making of Glory Holes. Certainly nothing equaling the collections of zoological atrocities once preserved in Boston, Salem, and Cambridge has ever been known in America, and probably but seldom in Europe. I remember one of my colleagues, now passed to his reward, pointing regularly to a certain cask and saying, "That's filled with the pickled heads of Chinese." Well, it was. They were garnered on the beach at San Francisco years ago after a battle, by Thomas G. Carey, no less. Now after some seventy years these heads, boiled out and the skulls bleached and cleaned, serve a useful purpose: Hooton of Harvard uses them in teaching physical anthropology.

Alexander Agassiz collected but one living spirula, a little squid-like mollusk whose dried shells may be found along the beaches of the tropics in countless thousands. The living spirula carried an important message, for its shell was like certain fossil shells of ages ago and gave us a clew to what the soft parts of those fossil animals were like. That spirula disappeared about forty-five years ago from the very desk at which I now sit writing these lines, and it has never been seen from that day to this.

Mr. Agassiz always said Professor E. D. Cope was unquestionably the greatest thief in the world, for the reason that he stole the largest object ever stolen. The story ran something like this: Captain Atwood of Provincetown, who did the Museum many good turns, once notified Mr. Agassiz that a strange whale had drifted ashore on the Outer Cape. Mr. Agassiz asked J. A. Allen and some students to go down and rough out the skeleton. This they did, and laid out the partially cleaned bones on a flatcar. They little dreamed that Dr. Cope from Philadelphia also had a scout on the Outer Cape, and Cope was a canny man. He went

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Provincetown, hired a room in a farmhouse, where he could watch proceedings, and waited until the Cambridge crew went home. Then he greased the palm of the station agent to the end that a Philadelphia waybill instead of a Cambridge waybill was affixed to the flatcar and the whale ended up as the type of a new species which Mr. Cope described, its skeleton still being preserved at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. So the story runs, and I have often heard it told in the past.

I can hear the reader mildly say, "Why on earth does anyone want to be a museum curator?" This question, however, I can answer bravely and with positive assurance. To one who has by inheritance or training acquired the pack-rat instinct it is the most exciting calling in the whole world. For who, having a spark of imagination, could fail to be thrilled to hold in his hand our specimen of *Drepanis pacifica?* This was the bird from which the feathers were taken to make the royal robe of Kamehameha the Great. The bird is extinct. Our specimen was collected by Bloxam, who sailed on the *Golden Hind* with Captain Cook. It is, moreover, the cotype of the species. Any naturalist will know what I mean.

3

This is how I came to think up a new kind of museum. The trustees of the Peabody Museum in Salem voted to restore East India Hall to its original monumental simplicity and to display here figureheads of ships and other objects that are best seen from a distance. The Hall for years has been filled with a jittery miscellany of zoological objects. There was a good representation of the fauna of Essex County, specimens excellently prepared. All else was a miscellaneous accumulation, acquired through the years from sea captains and others, of specimens which varied in quality from the utterly revolting to a few really fine things. It was easy to dispose of the repulsive material. Some of it had scientific value and the rest of it, when tossed out of a second-story window into the back yard on Charter Street in Salem, was fought for by a swarm of urchins, who carried the critters off in triumph. The police, at first unbelieving and suspecting theft, soon became acquiescent.

The question was what to do with the few good things which did not illustrate the zoology of Essex County. These naturally presented a dilemma. I proposed discarding them all. Then one day I chanced to lunch with Gus Loring and Stephen W. Phillips, men of original mind and deep learning, who had a sentimental respect for some of the objects I proposed to discard. It was quite obvious that I could not proceed without seriously wounding feelings. I suddenly thought, "See if we can't make a human interest story out of each one; display the object with its relation to man." A sort of rough classification gradually grew on me. There was a good skylark and a good wandering albatross. Get a nightingale and set up a display. Label it "These birds have inspired great poetry." Use pictures of the poets, facsimiles of the poems, and some of the most superb verses in boldly typed labels.

What do domesticated animals teach us beside carving at table? Domestic fowl and the pigeon have been extraordinarily plastic in man's hands. Think of the contrast between a Shanghai rooster and a Seabright bantam. The Shanghai and the Langshan are the largest of the so-called Asiatic breeds of fowl, enormous creatures standing over two feet high. The breeds are now out of fashion and almost extinct. Luckily the Museum had some really historic fowls. Here was the rooster brought back over a hundred years ago, the progenitor of the stock which gave rise to the Rhode Island Red. And I found a wild jungle fowl which could be spared from the collections in Cambridge. With the help of the Essex County Agricultural School, I soon had plans for this exhibit under way.

Various species of jungle fowl, which look exactly like small game chickens, are found all over Southeastern Asia. When you are living in the country where they occur, you seldom see them, but their crowing at morning and evening sometimes becomes a positive nuisance. Now, conversely, al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though there is no reason to believe that the Aztecs did not hold the turkey in domestication for as long a time as any of the peoples of Asia had the fowl, the turkey has not proved plastic at all. Cortez sent domesticated birds which he found in Mexico back to Europe. From there they spread all over the world. They came to New England, and to this day domesticated turkeys, most of them, are hard to tell from wild birds. A few varieties have been produced, but only by the chance dropping out of elements of the normal pigmentation of the bird's plumage. In the reddish-colored turkeys, the black or the dilute black pigment — the gray — has gone and the red element alone remains. In the white turkeys all pigmentation has disappeared; albino races are always easy to produce in domestication. White rats and mice and guinea pigs come to mind, as well as leghorn fowl and fantail pigeons.

I visualized an exhibit around William Endicott's magnificent bull bison, not using the animal as a zoological object, a member of the Bovidae, but as a creature which provided food, shelter, sport, and even an object of worship to many tribes of Indians. And here illustrative material is abundant and spectacular.

The Museum had a first-class ostrich, given it some years ago by Mrs. Stephen W. Phillips — an ostrich far too good to throw away. By good fortune, I had a sample of dried ostrich meat, one of the various kinds of biltong carried by the Boers as rations when at war or on trek. An ostrich feather fan, an old-time bonnet, and headdresses of the Nandi Masai all proved obtainable.

Think what a story you can build about the giant tortoise of the Galapagos. The old whalers called them turpin. For generations all the ships that chanced to be near the Galapagos Islands, about six hundred miles southwestward of Panama, went ashore turtling. The crews carried the beasts down to the beach, boated them to the ships, and piled them up in their empty holds. Here, being the strange creatures that they are, they survived for months without food or water. When scurvy appeared the turtles were butchered. The flesh was savory even when poorly prepared. There was enough fat in each one to shorten a mess of duff, and the water in their bladders was cool and clear. I have seen a compilation made from about thirty whalers' logs which shows that they carried off more than eleven thousand of these animals. Once they occurred in countless multitudes on no fewer than nine of the islands. Seventeen zoological species of turtles have been described. But this is not the point which we want the magnificent specimen at Salem to illustrate — rather, what turtles like this meant to seamen from the time of Dampier down to about 1867, when petroleum knocked out whale oil. Probably no fewer than half a million turpin were carried away, and now all the races of the creatures are rare or extinct.

Captain Phillips brought back from Fiji an enormous giant clam. The superb pair of matched valves are at least three feet long and weigh over a hundred pounds each. But I don't want this to be a malacological specimen. It was the terror of the pearl diver. For if a diver inadvertently thrust a hand or a foot into one of these gaping shells as it yawned open, the instant reaction was for the animal to close up, like any other clam, and the death of the diver ensued.

These giant clams were undoubtedly eaten, the meat being chopped fine and stewed. No doubt it was as good as conch, most delectable of all sea viands, unfortunately unprocurable in New England. What a dramatic underwater scene could be depicted with modern methods of creating illusions. Mold a lovely Polynesian maiden vested only with a net reticule of pearl shells tied to her waist and struggling for release from the clutch of this giant mollusk. I fear, however, that such pageantry is beyond our means — and might shock Salem, anyhow.

4

It is probable that all the various races of domestic duck are derived from the wild mallard, and where man first began to breed ducks for food is doubtful. It was probably in China. Anyone who has traveled into the interior of China, say up the Si-kiang

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

River from Canton to Wuchow, will recall the floating duck farms. These great arks built on rafts move about from place to place, a gangplank is let down, and the ducks scuttle overboard and dip and dive and feed. At evening the proprietor of the establishment stands by with a bamboo wand and beats a gong and the ducks rush up the gangway, for they know from bitter experience that the last few ducks will be assiduously whacked with the bamboo just for being last.

The people in Bali have had the duck for years. The characteristic race is a white one with a large fluffy topknot, and the Balinese positively assure us that unless a bunch of cotton wool on top of a twig is put before the setting duck where she must observe it constantly, the young will not be bedecked with the much admired pompom of feathers on their heads. And though unquestionably man has played with the duck for a long time, no such enormous variety of named races has been produced as in the case of the fowl. The Muscovy duck is far distantly related to all the rest of its kin. This bird is found in a wild state through the tropical lowlands of Central and South America. By this I mean, of course, the forested areas. It was domesticated in Mexico, and possibly by other Indian tribes than the Aztecs. Brought to Europe, the tradition of its origin was apparently lost, but just why it should have been considered to be of Muscovite origin I can't remember, although I have been told. Except for albino and pied individuals, most of the Muscovy ducks are essentially the same as their wild ancestors. This is also true of the guinea hens which came to America on the slave ships from West Africa. As everybody knows, these can hardly be called domesticated. They have a tendency to run wild, and indeed in many localities in Haiti and Cuba they afford good sport with a shotgun, being strong, fast flyers.

Look at the pigeons on Boston Common and you will be struck by the fact that the vast majority of them are essentially like the blue rock dove, which is their wild ancestor. Man has produced an extraordinary number of bizarre and curious types of pigeon, but let them become feral, as they have in Boston or Venice, and they revert to the ancestral type, at least in a vast majority of cases. And the accidental additions which come from escaped fancy pigeons are soon bred out and absorbed into the essentially blue rock mass of the population.

But I don't want to crowd our museum at Salem to where it appears to overstress the exhibition of domesticated animals. This aspect has been treated elsewhere. There is a wonderful collection of all sorts of domesticated types at the British Museum of Natural History in London, of dogs at Yale, and a fair synoptic collection in Cambridge.

A good many dyed plumes of birds of paradise seized in the Custom House and turned over to the Peabody Museum for exhibition remind us of the trade in birds of paradise. When the Dutch and Portuguese first arrived in the Moluccas, they found some of the Malay sultans receiving dried skins of birds of paradise as tribute from Papuan tribes of savages who owed them suzerainty. These skins were legless, and the notion grew that the birds spent their lives flying in the air and admiring the sun. During the last years of the last century and the first decade of this the number of birds of paradise which were garnered from the western part of New Guinea and the Aru Islands was stupendous. Queen Wilhelmina stopped the slaughter some years ago. But birds of paradise were still abundant, even considering the enormous numbers killed for trade, because the females were so inconspicuous and so utterly unlike the males that they were never disturbed, and all the species are highly polygamous.

And so, to my great surprise, I find myself at last engaged in building up an entirely new type of museum. There will be many objects displayed beside the ones which I have indicated. I believe that with thoughtful labeling some zoology, some history, some folklore, and some poetry may be taught in a very attractive way. And I wish we could find a good name for our innovation. I can think only of "Museum of Ethnozoology," which sounds utterly loathsome.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BURNING OF THE LEAVES

Five Poems

by LAURENCE BINYON

I

Now is the time for the burning of the leaves.
They go to the fire; the nostril pricks with smoke
Wandering slowly into a weeping mist.
Brittle and blotched, ragged and rotten sheaves!
A flame seizes the smouldering ruin, and bites
On stubborn stalks that crackle as they resist.

The last hollyhock's fallen tower is dust;
All the spices of June are a bitter reek,
All the extravagant riches spent and mean.
All burns! The reddest rose is a ghost;
Sparks whirl up, to expire in the mist: the wild
Fingers of fire are making corruption clean.

Now is the time for stripping the spirit bare,
Time for the burning of days ended and done,
Idle solace of things that have gone before:
Rootless hope and fruitless desire are there;
Let them go to the fire, with never a look behind.
The world that was ours is a world that is ours no more.

They will come again, the leaf and the flower, to arise
From squalor of rottenness into the old splendor,
And magical scents to a wondering memory bring;
The same glory, to shine upon different eyes.
Earth cares for her own ruins, naught for ours.
Nothing is certain, only the certain spring.

II

NEVER was anything so deserted
As this dim theater
Now, when in passive grayness the remote
Morning is here,
Daunting the wintry glitter of the pale,
Half-lit chandelier.

Never was anything disenchanted
As this silence!
Gleams of soiled gilding on curved balconies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Empty; immense
Dead crimson curtain, tasseled with its old
And staled pretense!

Nothing is heard but a shuffling and knocking
Of mop and mat,
Where dustily two charwomen exchange
Leisurely chat.
Stretching and settling to voluptuous sleep
Curls a cat.

The voices are gone, the voices
That laughed and cried.
It is as if the whole marvel of the world
Had blankly died,
Exposed, inert as a drowned body left
By the ebb of the tide.

Beautiful as water, beautiful as fire,
The voices came,
Made the eyes to open and the ears to hear,
The hand to lie intent and motionless,
The heart to flame.
The radiance of reality was there,
Splendor and shame.

Slowly an arm dropped, and an empire fell.
We saw, we knew.
A head was lifted, and a soul was freed.
Abysses opened into heaven and hell.
We heard, we drew
Into our thrilled veins courage of the truth
That searched us through.

But the voices are all departed,
The vision dull.
Daylight disconsolately enters
Only to annul.
The vast space is hollow and empty
As a skull.

III

Cold springs among black ruins! Who shall say
Whither or whence they stream?
If it could be that such translated light
As comes about a dreamer when he dreams —
And he believes with a belief intense
What morning will deride — if such a light
Of neither night nor day
Nor moon nor sun
Shone here, it would accord with what it broods upon, —
Disjected fragments of magnificence!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A loneliness of light, without a sound,
Is shattered on wrecked tower and purpled wall
(Fire has been here!),
On arch and pillar and entablature,
As if arrested in the act to fall.
Where a home was, is a misshapen mound
Beneath nude rafters. Still,
Fluent and fresh and pure,
At their own will
Amid this lunar desolation glide
Those living springs, with interrupted gleam,
As if nothing had died:
But who will drink of them?

Stooping and feeble, leaning on a stick,
An old man with his vague feet stirs the dust,
Searching a strange world for he knows not what
Among haphazard stone and crumbled brick.
He cannot adjust
What his eyes see to memory's golden land,
Shut off by the iron curtain of today:
The past is all the present he has got.
Now, as he bends to peer
Into the rubble, he picks up in his hand
(Death has been here!)
Something defaced, naked and bruised; a doll,
A child's doll, blankly smiling with wide eyes
And oh how human in its helplessness!
Pondered in weak fingers
He holds it, puzzled; wondering, where is she
The small mother
Whose pleasure was to clothe it and caress,
Who hugged it with a motherhood foreknown,
Who ran to comfort its imagined cries
And gave it pretty sorrows for its own?
No one replies.

IV

Beautiful, wearied head
Leant back against the arm upthrown behind,
Why are your eyes closed? Is it that they fear
Sight of these vast horizons shuddering red
And drawing near and near?
God-like shape, would you be blind
Rather than see the young leaves dropping dead
All round you in foul blasts of scorching wind,
As if the world, O disinherited,
That your own spirit willed
Since upon earth laughter and grief began
Should only in final mockery rebuild
A palace for the proudest ruin, Man?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or are those eyes closed for the inward eye
To see, beyond the tortures of today,
The hills of hope, serene in liquid light
Of reappearing sky —
This black fume and miasma rolled away?
Yet oh how far thought speeds the onward sight!
The unforeshortened vision opens vast,
Hill beyond hill, year upon year amassed,
Age beyond age, and still the hills ascend,
Height superseding height,
Though each had seemed (but only seemed) the last,
And still appears no end,
No end, but all an upward path to climb,
To conquer — at what cost!
Laboring on, to be lost
On the mountains of Time.

What are they burning, what are they burning,
Heaping and burning in a thunder-gloom?
Rubbish of the old world, dead things, merely names,
Truth, justice, love, beauty, the human smile,
All flung to the flames!
They are raging to destroy, but first defile;
Maddened, because no furnace will consume
What lives, still lives, impassioned to create.
Ah, your eyes open: open, and dilate.
Transfigured, you behold
The python that was coiled about your feet,
Muscle on muscle, in slow malignant fold,
Tauten and tower, impending opposite, —
A fury of greed, an ecstasy of hate,
Concentered in the small and angry eye.
Your hand leaps out in the action to defy,
And grips the unclean throat, to strangle it.

V

From shadow to shadow the waters are gliding, are gone.
They mirror the ruins a moment, the wounds and the void;
But theirs is the sweetness of silence in places apart:
They retain not a stain, in a moment they shine as they shone,
They stay not for bound or for bar, they have found out a way
Far from the gnawing of greed and the envious heart.

The freshness of leaves is from them, and the springing of grass,
The juice of the apple, the rustle of ripening corn;
They know not the lust of destruction, the frenzy of spite;
They give and pervade, and possess not, but silently pass;
They perish not, though they be broken; continuing streams,
The same in the cloud and the glory, the night and the light.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIVVIE IS BACK

by EUDORA WELTY

1

SOLOMON carried Livvie twenty-one miles away from her home when he married her. He carried her away up on the Old Natchez Trace into the deep country to live in his house. She was sixteen then. People said he thought nobody would ever come along there. It had been a long time, and a day she did not know about, he told her himself, since that road was a traveled road with *people* coming and going. He was good to her, but he kept her in the house. She had not thought that she could not get back. Where she came from, people said an old man did not want anybody in the world to find his wife, for fear they would steal her back from him. Solomon had asked her before he took her, "Would she be happy?" — very dignified, for he was a colored man that owned his land and had it written down in the courthouse; and she said, "Yes, sir," since he was an old man then and she was young, and just listened and answered. He asked her, if she was choosing winter, would she pine for spring, and she said, "No, indeed." Whatever she said, always, was because he was an old man, while nine years went by. All the time, he got old, and he got so old he gave out. At last he slept the whole day in bed, and she was young still.

It was a nice house, inside and outside both. In the first place, it had three rooms. The front room was papered in holly paper, with green palmettos from the swamp spaced at careful intervals over the walls. There was fresh newspaper cut with fancy borders on the mantelshelf, on which were propped straight-up photographs of old or very young men printed in faint yellow — Solomon's people. Solomon had a houseful of furniture. There was a double settee, a tall scrolled rocker, and an organ in the front room, all around a three-legged table with a pink marble top, on which was set a lamp with three gold feet, besides a jelly glass with pretty hen feathers in it.

The room behind the front room had a bright iron bed with polished knobs like a throne, in which Solomon slept all day. There were snow-white curtains of wiry lace at the window, and a lace bedspread belonged on the bed. But what old Solomon slept so sound under was a big featherstitched piece-quilt in the pattern "Trip Around the World," which had twenty-one different colors, four hundred and forty pieces, and a thousand yards of thread; and that was what Solomon's mother made in her life and old age. There was a table holding the Bible, and a trunk with a key. On the wall were two calendars, and a diploma from somewhere in Solomon's family, and under that Livvie's one possession was nailed, a picture of the little white baby of the family she worked for, back in Natchez before she was married.

In the kitchen beyond, there were a big wood stove and a big round table always with a wet top and with the knives and forks

The *Atlantic* takes a special pride in the short stories of EUDORA WELTY, not only because she is kin to Walter Hines Page, our sixth editor, but because some of her best stories first appeared in our columns. A student at the Mississippi State College for Women and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, she had a taste of New York before returning to write on her native soil. If her name is new to you, read her collection of short stories, *A Curtain of Green.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in one jelly glass and the spoons in another, and a cut-glass vinegar bottle between, and going out from those, many shallow dishes of pickled peaches, fig preserves, watermelon pickles, and blackberry jam always sitting there. The churn sat in the sun, the doors of the safe were always both shut, and there were four baited mousetraps in the kitchen, one in every corner.

The outside of Solomon's house looked nice. It was not painted, but across the porch was an even balance. On each side there was one easy chair with high springs, looking out, and a fern basket hanging over it from the ceiling, and a dishpan of zinnia seedlings growing at its foot on the floor. By the door there was a plow-wheel, just a pretty iron circle nailed up on one wall, and a square mirror on the other, a turquoise-blue comb stuck up in the frame, with the washstand beneath it. On the door was a wooden knob with a pearl in the end, and Solomon's black hat hung on that, if he was in the house.

Out front was a clean dirt yard with every vestige of grass patiently uprooted and the ground scarred in deep whorls from the strike of Livvie's broom. Rosebushes with tiny blood-red roses blooming every month grew in threes on either side of the steps. On one side was a peach tree, on the other a pomegranate. Then coming around up the path from the deep cut of the Natchez Trace below was a line of bare crape-myrtle trees with every branch of them ending in a colored bottle, green or blue. There was no word that fell from Solomon's lips to say what they were for, but Livvie knew that there could be a spell put in trees, and she was familiar from the time she was born with the way bottle trees keep evil spirits from coming into the house — by luring them inside the colored bottles, where they cannot get out again. Solomon had made the bottle trees with his own hands over the nine years, in labor amounting to about a tree a year, and without a sign that he had any uneasiness in his heart, for he took as much pride in his precautions against spirits coming in the house as he took in the house, and sometimes in the sun the bottle trees looked prettier than the house did.

But there was nobody, nobody at all, not even a white person. And if there had been anybody, Solomon would not have let Livvie look at them, just as he would not let her look at a field hand, or a field hand look at her. There was no house near, except for the cabins of the tenants that were forbidden to her, and there was no house as far as she had been, stealing away down the still, deep Trace. She felt as if she waded a river when she went, for the dead leaves on the ground reached as high as her knees, and when she was all scratched and bleeding she said it was not like a road that went anywhere. One day, climbing up the high bank, she had found a graveyard without a church, with ribbon grass growing about the foot of an angel (she had climbed up because she thought she saw angel wings), and in the sun, trees shining like burning flames through the great caterpillar nets which enclosed them. Scarey thistles stood looking like the prophets in the Bible in Solomon's house. Indian paintbrushes grew over her head, and the mourning dove made the only sound in the world. Oh, for a stirring of the leaves, and a breaking of the nets! But not by a ghost, prayed Livvie, jumping down the bank. After Solomon took to his bed, she never went out, except one more time.

Livvie knew she made a nice girl to wait on anybody. She fixed things to eat on a tray like a surprise. She could keep from singing when she ironed; and to sit by a bed and fan away the flies, she could be so still she could not hear herself breathe. She could clean up the house and never drop a thing, and wash the dishes without a sound, and she would step outside to churn, for churning sounded too sad to her, like sobbing, and if it made her homesick and not Solomon, she did not think of that.

But Solomon scarcely opened his eyes to see her, and scarcely tasted his food. He was not sick or paralyzed or in any pain that he mentioned, but he was surely wearing out in the body, and no matter what nice hot thing Livvie would bring him to taste, he would only look at it now, as if he were past seeing how he could add anything more to himself. Before she could beg him, he would go fast asleep. She could not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surprise him any more if he would not taste, and she was afraid he was never in the world going to taste another thing she brought him — and so how could he last?

2

But one morning it was breakfast time, and she cooked his eggs and grits, carried them in on the tray, and called his name. He was sound asleep. He lay in a dignified way with his watch beside him, on his back in the middle of the bed. One hand drew the quilt up high, though it was the first day of spring. Through the white lace curtains a little puffy wind was blowing in as if it came from round cheeks. All night the frogs had sung out in the swamp like a commotion in the room, and he had not stirred, though she lay wide awake and saying, "Shh, frogs!" for fear he would mind them.

He looked as if he would like to sleep a little longer, and so she put back the tray and waited a little. When she tiptoed and stayed so quiet, she surrounded herself with a little reverie, and sometimes it seemed to her, when she was so stealthy, that the quiet she kept was for a sleeping baby, and that she had a baby and was its mother. When she stood at Solomon's bed and looked down at him, she would be thinking, "He sleeps so well," and she would hate to wake him up. And in some other way, too, she was afraid to wake him up because even in his sleep he seemed to be such a strict man.

Of course, nailed to the wall over the bed — only she would forget who it was — there was a picture of him when he was young. Then he had a fan of hair over his forehead like a king's crown. Now his hair lay down on his head; the spring had gone out of it. Solomon had a lightish face, with eyebrows scattered but rugged, the way privet grows, strong eyes, with second sight, a strict mouth, and a little gold smile. This was the way he looked in his clothes, but in bed in the daytime he looked like a different and smaller man, even when he was wide awake and holding the Bible. He looked like somebody kin to himself. And then sometimes when he lay in sleep and she stood fanning the flies away, and the light came in, his face was like new, so smooth and clear that it was like a glass of jelly held to the window, and she could almost look through his forehead and see what he thought.

She fanned him, and at length he opened his eyes and spoke her name, but he would not taste the nice eggs she had kept warm under a pan.

Back in the kitchen she ate heartily, his breakfast and hers, and looked out the open door at what went on. The whole day, and the whole night before, she had felt the stir of spring close to her. It was as present in the house as a young man would be. The moon was in the last quarter, and outside they were turning the sod and planting peas and beans. Up and down the red fields, over which smoke from the brush-burning hung, showing like a little skirt of sky, a white horse and a white mule pulled the plow.

At intervals hoarse shouts came through the air and roused her as if she dozed neglectfully in the shade, and they were telling her, "Jump up!" She could see how over each ribbon of field were moving men and girls, on foot and mounted on mules, with hats set on their heads, and bright with tall hoes and forks as if they carried streamers on them and were going to some place on a journey — and how as if at a signal now and then they would all start at once shouting, hollering, cajoling, calling and answering back, running, being leaped on, and breaking away, flinging to the earth with a shout and lying motionless in the trance of noon. The old women came out of the cabins and brought them the food they had ready for them, and then all worked together, spread evenly out. The little children came too, like a bouncing stream overflowing the fields, and set upon the men, the women, the dogs, the rushing birds, and the wavelike rows of earth, their little voices almost too high to be heard. In the middle distance like some white and gold towers were the haystacks, with black cows coming around to eat their edges. High above everything — the wheel of fields, house, and cabins, and the deep road surrounding like a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moat to keep them in — was the turning sky, blue with long, far-flung white mare's-tail clouds, serene and still as high flames. And sound asleep while all this went around him that was his, Solomon was like a little still spot in the middle.

Even in the house the earth was sweet to breathe. Solomon had never let Livvie go any further than the chicken-house and the well. But what if she would walk now into the heart of the fields and take a hoe and work until she fell stretched out and drenched with her efforts, like other girls, and laid her cheek against the laid-open earth, and shamed the old man with her humbleness and delight? To shame him! A cruel wish could come in uninvited and so fast while she looked out the back door. She washed the dishes and scrubbed the table. She could hear the cries of the little lambs. Her mother, whom she had not seen since her wedding day, had said one time, "I rather a man be anything, than a woman be mean."

So all morning she kept tasting the chicken broth on the stove, and when it was right she poured off a nice cupful. She carried it in to Solomon, and there he lay having a dream. Now what did he dream about? For she saw him sigh gently as if not to disturb some whole thing he held round in his mind, like a fresh egg. So even an old man dreamed about something pretty. Did he dream of her, while his eyes were shut and sunken, and his small hand with the wedding ring curled close in sleep around the quilt? He might be dreaming of what time it was, for even through his sleep he kept track of it like a clock, and knew how much of it went by, and waked up knowing where the hands were, even before he consulted the silver watch that he never let go. He would sleep with the watch in his palm, and even holding it to his cheek like a child that loves a plaything. Or he might dream of journeys and travels on a steamboat to Natchez. Yet she thought he dreamed of her; but even while she scrutinized him, the rods of the foot of the bed seemed to rise up like a rail fence between them, and she could see that people never could be sure of anything as long as one of them was asleep and the other awake. To look at him dreaming of her when he might be going to die frightened her a little, as if he might carry her with him that way, and she wanted to run out of the room. She took hold of the bed and held on, and Solomon opened his eyes and called her name, but he did not want anything. He would not taste the good broth.

3

Just a little after that, as she was taking up the ashes in the front room for the last time in the year, she heard a sound. It was somebody coming. She pulled the curtains together and looked through the slit.

Coming up the path under the bottle trees was a white lady. At first she looked young, but then she looked old. Marvelous to see, a little car stood steaming like a kettle out in the field-track — it had come without a road.

Livvie stood listening to the long, repeated knockings at the door, and then she opened it just a little. The lady came in through the crack, though she was more than middle-sized and wore a big hat.

"My name is Miss Baby Marie," she said.

Livvie gazed respectfully at the lady and at the little suitcase she was holding close to her by the handle until the proper moment. The lady's eyes were running over the room, from palmetto to palmetto, but she was saying, "I live at home . . . out from Natchez . . . and get out and show these pretty cosmetic things to the white people and the colored people both . . . all around . . . years and years . . . both shades of powder and rouge . . . it's the kind of work a girl can do and not go clear 'way from home. . . ." And the harder she looked, the faster she talked. Suddenly she turned up her nose and said, "It is not Christian or sanitary to put feathers in a vase," and then she took a gold key out of the front of her dress and began unlocking the locks on her suitcase. Her face drew the light, the way it was covered with intense white and red, with a little patty-cake of white between the wrinkles by her upper lip. Little red tassels of hair bobbed under the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rusty wires of her picture hat, as with an air of triumph and secrecy she now drew open her little suitcase and brought out bottle after bottle and jar after jar, which she put down on the table, the mantelpiece, the settee, and the organ.

"Did you ever see so many cosmetics in your life?" asked Miss Baby Marie.

"No'm," Livvie tried to say, but the cat had her tongue.

"Have you ever applied cosmetics?" asked Miss Baby Marie next.

"No'm."

"Then look!" she said, and pulling out the last thing of all, "Try this!" she said. And in her hand was unclenched a golden lipstick which popped open like magic. A fragrance came out of it like incense, and Livvie cried out suddenly, "Chinaberry flowers!"

Her hand took the lipstick, and in an instant she was carried away in the air through the spring; and looking down with a half-drowsy smile from a purple cloud which floated above a chinaberry tree, dark and smooth and neatly leaved, neat as a guinea hen in the dooryard, she saw again her home that she had left. On one side of the tree was her mama holding up her heavy apron, and she could see it was loaded with ripe figs; and on the other side was her papa holding a fish pole over the pond, and she could see it transparently, the little clear fishes swimming up to the brim.

"Oh no, not chinaberry flowers — secret ingredients," said Miss Baby Marie. "My cosmetics have secret ingredients — not chinaberry flowers."

"It's purple," Livvie breathed, and Miss Baby Marie said, "Use it freely. Rub it on."

Livvie tiptoed out to the washstand on the front porch and, before the mirror, put the paint on her mouth. In the wavery surface her face danced before her like a flame. Miss Baby Marie followed her out, took a look at what she had done, and said, "That's it."

Livvie tried to say "Thank you" without moving her parted lips where the paint lay so new.

By now Miss Baby Marie stood behind Livvie and looked in the mirror over her shoulder, twisting up the tassels of her hair. "The lipstick I can let you have for only two dollars," she said, close to her neck.

"Lady, but I don't have no money, never did have," said Livvie.

"Oh, but you don't pay the first time. I make another trip, that's the way I do. I come back again — later."

"Oh — *then*."

"But if you don't take it now, this may be the last time I'll call at your house," said Miss Baby Marie sharply. "It's far away from anywhere, I'll tell you that. You don't live close to anywhere."

"Yes'm. My husband, he keep the *money*," said Livvie trembling. "He is strict as he can be. He don't know *you* walk in here — Miss Baby Marie!"

"Where is he?"

"In yonder, sound asleep, an old man. I wouldn't ever ask him for anything."

Miss Baby Marie took back the lipstick and packed it up. She gathered up her jars and got them all inside the suitcase, with the same little fuss of triumph with which she had brought them out. She started away.

"Good-bye," she said, making herself look grand from the back, but she could not help turning around in the door. Her old hat wobbled as she whispered, "Let me see your husband."

Livvie obediently went on tiptoe and opened the door to the other room. Miss Baby Marie came behind her and rose on her toes and looked in.

"My, what a little tiny old, old man!" she whispered, clasping her hands and shaking her head over them. "What a beautiful quilt! What a tiny old, old man!"

"He can sleep like that all day," whispered Livvie proudly.

They looked at him awhile so fast asleep, and then they looked at each other. Somehow that was as if they had a secret, for he had never stirred. Livvie then politely, but all at once, closed the door.

"Well! I'd certainly like to leave you with a lipstick!" said Miss Baby Marie vivaciously. She smiled in the door.

"Lady, I told you I don't have no money and never did have."

"And never will?" In the air and all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around, like a bright halo around the white lady's nodding head, it was a true spring day.

"Would you take eggs, lady?" asked Livvie softly.

"No, eggs I have plenty of," said Miss Baby Marie.

"I still don't have no money," said Livvie, and Miss Baby Marie took her suitcase and went on somewhere else.

Livvie stood watching her go, and all the time she felt her heart beating in her left side. She touched the place with her hand. It seemed as if her heart beat and her whole face flamed from the pulsing color of her lips. She went in to sit by Solomon, and when he opened his eyes he could not see a change in her. "He's fixin' to die," she said inside. That was the secret. That was when she went out of the house for a little breath of air.

4

She went down the path and down the Natchez Trace a way, and she did not know how far she had gone, but it was not far, when she saw a sight. It was a man, looking like a vision — she standing on one side of the Old Natchez Trace and he standing on the other.

As soon as this man caught sight of her, he began to look himself over. Starting at the bottom with his pointed shoes, he began to look up, lifting his peg-top pants the higher to see fully his bright socks. His coat, long and wide and leaf-green, he opened like doors to see his high-up tawny pants, and his pants he smoothed downward from the points of his collar, and he wore a luminous baby-pink satin shirt. At the end, he reached gently above his wide platter-shaped round hat, the color of a plum, and one finger touched at the feather, emerald green, blowing in the spring winds.

No matter how she looked, she could never look so fine as he did, and she was not sorry for that, she was pleased.

He took three jumps, one down and two up, and was by her side.

"My name is Cash," he said.

He had a guinea pig in his pocket. They began to walk along. She stared on and on at him, as if he were doing some daring spectacular thing, instead of just walking beside her. It was not simply the city way he was dressed that made her look at him and see hope in its insolence looking back. It was not only the way he moved along, kicking the flowers as if he could break through everything in the way and destroy anything in the world, that made her eyes grow bright. It might be, if he had not appeared the way he did appear that day, she would never have looked so closely at him, but the time people come makes a difference.

They walked through the still leaves of the Natchez Trace, the light and the dark falling through trees about them, the white irises shining like candles on the banks and the new ferns shining like green stars up in the oak branches. They came out at Solomon's house, bottle trees and all. Livvie stopped and hung her head.

Cash began whistling a little tune. She did not know what it was, but she had heard it before from a distance, and she had a revelation. Cash was a field hand. He was a transformed field hand. Cash belonged to Solomon. But he had stepped out of his overalls into this. There in front of Solomon's house he laughed. He had a round head, a round face; all of him was young, and he flung his head up, rolled it against the mare's-tail sky in his round hat, and he could laugh just to see Solomon's house sitting there. Livvie looked at it, and there was Solomon's black hat hanging on the peg on the front door, the blackest thing in the world.

"I been to Natchez," Cash said, wagging his head around against the blue sky. "I taken a trip, I been to Natchez, I been today. I am ready for Easter!"

How was it possible to look so fine before the harvest? Cash must have stolen the money. He stood in the path and lifted his spread hand high and brought it down again and again in his laughter. He kicked up his heels. A chill went through her. It was as if Cash were bringing that strong hand down to beat a drum or to rain blows upon a man, such an abandon and menace were in his laugh. Frowning, she went closer to him, and his swinging arm drew her in at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once and the fright was crushed from her body, as a little match-flame might be smothered out by what it lighted. She gathered the folds of his coat behind him and fastened her red lips to his mouth, and she was dazzled at herself then, the way he had been dazzled at himself to begin with.

In that instant she felt something that could not be told — that Solomon's death was at hand, that he was the same to her as if he were dead now. She cried out, and uttering little cries turned and ran for the house.

At once Cash was coming, following after; he was running behind her. He came close, and halfway up the path he laughed and passed her. He even picked up a stone and sailed it into the bottle trees. She put her hands over her head, and sounds clattered through the bottle trees like cries of outrage. Cash stamped and plunged zigzag up the front steps and in at the door.

When she got there, he had stuck his hands in his pockets and was turning slowly about in the front room. The little guinea pig peeped out. Around Cash, the pinned-up palmettos looked as if a lazy green monkey had walked up and down and around the walls leaving green prints of his hands and feet.

She got through the room and his hands were still in his pockets, and fell upon the closed door to the other room and pushed it open. She ran to Solomon's bed, calling "Solomon! Solomon!" The little shape of the old man never moved at all, wrapped under the quilt as if it were winter still.

"Solomon!" She pulled the quilt away, but there was another one under that, and she fell on her knees beside him. He made no sound except a sigh, and then she could hear in the silence the light springy steps of Cash walking and walking in the front room, and the ticking of Solomon's silver watch, which came from the bed. Old Solomon was far away in his sleep; his face looked small, relentless, and devout, as if he were walking somewhere where she could imagine the snow falling.

Then there was a noise like a hoof pawing the floor, and the door gave a creak, and Cash appeared beside her. When she looked up, Cash's face was so black it was bright, and so bright and bare of pity that it looked sweet to her. She stood up and held up her head. Cash was so powerful that his presence gave her strength even when she did not need any.

Under their eyes Solomon slept. People's faces tell of things and places not known to the one who looks at them while they sleep, and while Solomon slept under the eyes of Livvie and Cash his face told them like a mythical story how all his life he had built, little scrap by little scrap, respect. A beetle could not have been more laborious or more ingenious in the task of its destiny. When Solomon was young, as he was in his picture overhead, it was the infinite thing with him, and he could see no end to the respect he would contrive and keep in a house. He had built a lonely house, the way he would make a cage, but it grew to be the same with him as a great monumental pyramid, and sometimes in his absorption of getting it erected he was like the builder-slaves of Egypt who forgot or never knew the origin and meaning of the thing to which they gave all the strength of their bodies and used up all their days. Livvie and Cash could see that as a man might rest from a life-labor he lay in his bed, and they could hear how, wrapped in his quilt, he sighed to himself comfortably in sleep, while in his dream he might have been an ant, a beetle, a bird, an Egyptian, assembling and carrying on his back and building with his hands, or he might have been an old man of India or a swaddled baby about to smile and brush all away.

Then without warning old Solomon's eyes flew wide open under the hedge-like brows. He was wide awake.

And instantly Cash raised his quick arm. A radiant sweat stood on his temples. But he did not bring his arm down — it stayed in the air, as if something might have taken hold.

It was not Livvie — she did not move. As if something said "Wait," she stood waiting. Even while her eyes burned under motionless lids, her lips parted in a stiff grimace, and with her arms stiff at her sides she stood above the prone old man and the panting young one, erect and apart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Movement, when it came, came in Solomon's face. It was an old and strict face, a frail face, but behind it, like a covered light, came an animation that could play hide-and-seek, that would dart and escape — had always escaped. The mystery flickered in him, and invited from his eyes. It was that very mystery that Cash with his quick arm would have to strike, and that Livvie could not weep for. But Cash only stood holding his arm in the air, when the gentlest flick of his great strength, almost a puff of his breath, would have been enough, if he had known how to give it, to send the old man over the obstruction that kept him away from death. If it could not be that the tiny illumination in the fragile and ancient face caused a crisis, a mystery in the room that would not permit a blow to fall, at least it was certain that Cash, throbbing in his Easter clothes, felt a pang of shame that the vigor of a man would come to such an end that he could not be struck without warning. He took down his hand and stepped back behind Livvie, like a round-eyed schoolboy on whose unsuspecting head the dunce cap has been placed.

"Young ones can't wait," said Solomon.

Livvie shuddered violently, and then in a gush of tears she stooped for a glass of water and handed it to him, but he did not see her.

"So here come the young man Livvie wait for. There was no prevention. No prevention. Now I lay eyes on him and it come to be somebody I know all the time, and been knowing since he were born in a cotton patch, and watched grow up year to year, Cash McCord, growed to size, growed to come in my house in the end — ragged and barefoot."

Solomon gave a cough of distaste. Then he shut his eyes vigorously, and his lips began to move like a chanter's.

"When Livvie married, her husband were already somebody. He had paid great cost for his land. He spread sycamore leaves over the ground from wagon to door, day he brought her home, so her foot would not have to touch ground. He carried her through his door. Then he growed old and could not lift her, and she were still young."

Livvie's sobs followed his words like a soft melody repeating each thing as he stated it. His lips moved for a little without sound, or she cried too fervently, and unheard he might have been telling his whole life, and then he said, "God forgive Solomon for sins great and small. God forgive Solomon for carrying away too young a wife and keeping her away from her people and from young people who would want her back."

Then he lifted up his right hand toward Livvie where she stood by the bed, and offered her his silver watch. He dangled it before her eyes, and she hushed crying; her tears stopped. For a moment the watch could be heard ticking precisely in his proud hand. She lifted it away. Then he took hold of the quilt; then he was dead.

Livvie left Solomon dead and went out of the room. Stealthily, nearly without noise, Cash went beside her. He was like a shadow, but his shiny shoes moved over the floor in spangles, and the green downy feather shone like a light in his hat. As they reached the front room, he seized her deftly as a long black cat and dragged her hanging by the waist round and round him, while he turned in a circle, his face bent down to hers. The first moment, she kept one arm and its hand stiff and still, the one that held Solomon's watch. Then the fingers softly let go, all of her was limp, and the watch fell somewhere on the floor. It ticked away in the still room, and all at once there began outside the full song of a bird.

They moved around and around the room and into the brightness of the open door, then he stopped and shook her once. She rested in silence in his trembling arms, unprotesting as a bird on a nest. Outside the redbirds were flying and criss-crossing, the sun was in all the bottles on the prisoned trees, and the young peach was shining in the middle of them with the bursting light of spring.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

» The autobiography and very human transformation of a Salem child who broke out of her chrysalis of invalidism to meet the challenge of reality.

THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH

by KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

5

When I was fifteen my horizontal life of night and day was ended. In that year I was pronounced cured; I was to get up at last and see things from a perpendicular and movable point of view, after watching them for so long from a horizontal and fixed one. Everything would look different, of course. Also, I knew that I myself would look different standing up from the way I had looked lying down. Why, at the great age of fifteen I didn't even know how tall I was!

And I had begun to wonder about my back. There was that unknown territory between my shoulders where the tuberculosis had lodged and burrowed for so long. How much it had disfigured me I didn't know. As I had grown older there had been a baffling silence in regard to that side of my illness, and I never dared to ask. Nobody guessed that I was secretly worrying about it, and I could not tell them. Nobody guessed because, I suppose, I gave the impression of being such a happy, humorous child. But when I was alone in the room I sometimes slid my hand up under me to explore that fateful part. And my hand always got strangely panic-stricken and came hurrying back without making me any wiser than before. My hand seemed to be mortally afraid of that place, which remained therefore unknown, waiting for the day when I should get up and stand plainly revealed.

Although when I was little my mother had often told me how lucky I was, as I grew older she never spoke of my being lucky. Instead, quite a different feeling seemed to come over her whenever she or anybody else spoke of my "trouble" as it was called. I must first explain that when I was young my mother seemed to me dull and uninteresting compared with my father. Everything he said held my attention and was interesting and important to me. In comparison, my mother seemed to have to think and talk about a lot of unimportant, boring things, and her real self, for me, was lost and hidden in them. I had a feeling that she didn't like unessential things, but that she didn't quite know how to manage them easily and get them out of the way. So she labored awkwardly, directing the house and servants, and she worried, and had to go to bed with sick headaches. Sometimes I felt very maternal toward her, she had such a hard time doing things that I thought looked quite easy. My own hands were so much more skillful than hers, for instance, that if she tried to make a paper doll for me, she seemed to me like a clumsy younger child.

She was not an artist or a craftsman like the rest of us, and so she thought we were much more wonderful than we were. I never saw her eyes really shine with happiness as much as they did when she was admiring us as artists, and treasuring all the things we made. Then she made herself, in comparison, seem humble and undiscriminating before us. In matters of our conduct as human beings she was severe and sure of what was right and wrong, and we feared and accepted her judgment. But when she was admiring

---

A daughter of Salem who studied at Radcliffe, KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY lives and writes today at her happy anchorage in Blue Hill, Maine. With a rare degree of prescience, she has explored the relationships in a New England family — relationships made the more sensitive by her invalidism. The story of her "magic transformation" which began in the October *Atlantic* is one to be read aloud and remembered.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us as artists she gave us a feeling of absolute freedom from authority. We were all for weighing and criticizing each other's works. We knew to a hair's breadth which was better than another, and why. We were the ones then who were severe and critical of ourselves while she liked everything we did, our good things and also the ones we would have torn up and thrown away. She gathered them all together and kept and treasured them, and her eyes shone over us with a pride and a tenderness that I shall never see again.

Because of this humble uncritical attitude of hers toward art, I didn't notice her very much, and when I did, I often wished that she were more exciting and knew how to do things herself. But once in a great while, when somebody spoke of my illness or she mentioned it herself, she was all changed. A terrific wave of pain sprang up in her blue eyes, and it was evident suddenly that the pain was always there, controlled, inside her, like something terribly alive, always ready to leap up and hurt her all over again. She never cried, but her self-control was worse than crying.

"I ought never to have *let* it happen! It was wicked! Wicked!" she would burst out. And then, immediately after, I witnessed the silent and to me awful struggle as for some reason she fought against the physical symptoms of her grief. Not a tear ever succeeded in getting past the barrier of her will, and not a sob. But during those few seconds when she could not trust herself to speak, and her gentian-blue eyes were fiercely widened to prevent the tears from coming into them as she stared away from me, out of the window, anywhere, away from me, and swallowed back that great lump of sadness and forced it away down into the secret part of her being, I was awe-struck and shaken, much more than I should have been to see her yield to tears. Her secretive Spartan way made crying seem like an enemy that one must never submit to. The awesome struggle that it cost her affected me almost as if I had been forced to watch her from a distance struggling all alone with a savage animal and managing by sheer force of her will and character to keep it at bay.

When she was like that, I could not very well not notice her or think she was uninteresting. Then her aliveness frightened and thrilled me. And I loved her more than I could possibly have told. I felt a furious will to cherish her and to protect her and never to let her suffer, when I got old enough to influence or control her. Yet I could not show her what I felt. Besides being inarticulate myself, I knew that I had seen something in her that she thought I was too young to see or even to know about, and I knew I must pretend I hadn't seen it. It was not her concern for me that made me love her so much then. It was because I saw her in the grip of essential things, and she became alive, and fiery, and very brave. I felt humble before her, for myself and all the rest of us toward whom she had made herself seem unclever and unimportant.

Although I felt an almost unbearable tenderness and love for her in those moments, I felt hatred and rebellion too. I was angry because, when she battled with those surging tears, I had to battle too. For she seemed to waken something in me that was a disgusting traitor to my conscious self: a sorrow over my plight that I did not know I felt, and was not willing to feel. I could love her piteous sorrow for me, but I loathed and despised it in myself. And I pushed it away from me with an almost masculine strength and confidence in my own soundness and well-being.

I always longed to know intimately and adore and caress that real fiery self of my mother. Why did she hide it from her children and even from herself? It was as if she thought that if she ever once let her emotion escape from under her control its poignancy would be unbearable and would destroy her and destroy us all. Whatever the reason, when these moments arrived they passed in fierce silence and aloofness. Our hearts ached in pity for each other, each separate, stoical, and alone.

So, lying still and watching her, I was tense and fighting for her, helping her with all my might not to be overcome by the enemy that was trying to make us both cry and break out into sobs. I knew that if anything could make her lose the battle it would be to have me be anything except the happy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unconscious child she thought I was. And, besides, except when she acted like this, I *was* happy. After all, what was there so sad about me and my illness? It was a mystery to me. I thought my mother's sadness must be just a phenomenon of mother love, which exaggerates everything.

When I got up at last, fifteen years old, and had learned to walk again, one day I took a hand glass and went to a long mirror to look at myself, and I went alone. I didn't want anyone, my mother least of all, to know how I felt when I saw myself for the first time. But there was no noise, no outcry. I didn't scream with rage when I saw myself. I just felt numb. That person in the mirror *couldn't* be me. I felt inside like a healthy, ordinary, lucky person — oh, not like the one in the mirror! Yet when I turned my face to the mirror, there were my own eyes looking back, hot with shame. I had turned out like the little locksmith after all — oh, not so bad, nearly, but enough like the little locksmith to be called by that same word.

What I felt that day did not fit in with the pleasant cheerful atmosphere of our family any more than my horrors had fitted in. There was no place for it among us. It was something in another language. It was in the same language as my mother's suppressed panic-stricken grief, and I would have died rather than let that come to the surface of our cheerful life for her to see and endure in me. And so from that first moment, when I did not cry or make any sound, it became impossible that I should speak of it to anyone, and the confusion and the panic of my discovery were locked inside me then and there, to be faced alone for a very long time to come.

Here, then, was the beginning of my predicament. A cruel disguise had been cast over me, as if by a wicked stepmother. And I now had ahead of me, although I didn't know it, the long, blind, wistful struggle of the fairy tales. I had to wander stupidly and blindly, searching for I didn't know what, following fantastically wrong clews, until at last I might hit upon a magic that could set me free.

6

Three things had ended suddenly all at the same time: my illness, my childhood, my father's life. When one thing ends, another must begin. At the end of my illness there began my ignorant and lonely struggle to adapt myself to what I had seen in the mirror. At this same time, my childhood ended and a thrilling ferment of new consciousness had begun to go on inside me which made me feel myself turning wonderfully into a haughty and grand young lady. Although my body was impeded in its growth and I was bewildered by its misfortune, my mind was not impeded. My mind grew independently of my body and independently of the shape of my body. It grew and behaved at first as if nothing were wrong with me anywhere. I was even more concerned at first with extricating myself from the disgrace of being considered a child than I was concerned with the fearful fact of my deformity.

Now that I was up and walking around at last like the rest of the world, I felt a fierce resentment against my bed and my invalid life, and especially against the bright little girl who had accepted it all so sweetly and submissively. I suddenly hated my adorable microscopic world and all the little arts out of which, with painstaking care, I had constructed my joys. I hated the loving admiration of the grownups for me and everything I did. I felt rebellious and strong and angry with them and myself. Something new had come into my mind, and it was like a labor agitator who comes into a peaceful town and tries to destroy the docile contentment of workers who have so long adapted themselves to a narrow life that they do not even realize it is narrow. Out of loyalty to the new values that were dawning in me and making me, as I believed, into an entirely new person, I had to do cruel violence to the contented little girl. I had to emphasize my separateness from her in every possible way because the grownups persisted in clinging to her with an absurd devotion and insisting she was me, whereas I knew with every part of myself that she was not me any more.

I was through with her — through because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a wonderful thing had happened to me. I had found suddenly that I was not frightened any more by the abstract ideas that had frightened the little girl so terribly in her bed. I had begun to fall at first gingerly and then boldly in love with the mystery of the Universe. Instead of wanting to curl my mind up and tuck it away in some cozy little place where it could never think those terrifying thoughts of death and birth and time, my mind suddenly wanted to reach out and fearlessly embrace those mysteries and become a conscious, proud part of them. It seemed to me that I had suddenly grown so tall that my head was among the stars. Relieved of my cosmic fears, I felt an almost drunken sense of liberation.

Over and over I forgot what I had seen in the mirror. It could not penetrate into the interior of my mind and become an integral part of me. I felt as if it had nothing to do with me; it was only a disguise. But it was not the kind of disguise which is put on voluntarily by the person who wears it, and which is intended to confuse other people as to one's identity. My disguise had been put on me without my consent or knowledge, like the ones in fairy tales, and it was I myself who was confused by it, as to my own identity.

I looked in the mirror and was horror-struck because I did not recognize myself. In the place where I was standing, with a persistent romantic elation in me, as if I were a favored, fortunate person to whom everything was possible, I saw a stranger, a little pitiable hideous figure, and a face that became, as I stared at it, painful and blushing with shame. It was only a disguise, but it was on me, for life. It was there, it was there, it was real. Every one of those encounters was like a blow on the head. They left me dazed and dumb and senseless every time, until slowly and stubbornly my robust, persistent illusion of well-being and of personal good fortune spread all through me again and I forgot the irrelevant reality and was all unprepared and vulnerable again.

7

At this time of secret confusion it was lucky for me that I found my brother Warren. He acted as if he did not even see my disguise. He never mentioned it, he never explained how he felt. He merely treated me as if he saw in me the growing-up proud person that I felt myself to be.

In spite of my new fierceness I was shy and inarticulate, while he was not. He was a Harvard undergraduate then, and he had just found for himself the exhilaration and joy of intellectual exercise. He loved argument and discussion, and he loved also his own uninterrupted discourse. He could talk brilliantly and he loved to arouse and excite an admiring listener with his talk. He had the intellectual young man's favorite passion for influencing and moulding another mind, especially a young, docile, feminine mind, since that was the sort of mind which lent itself most willingly to be moulded. He gave me such a strong impression that he was always right in his opinions that I never doubted he was, and I felt lucky and proud to be moulded and influenced by him.

I never could learn to talk easily with him. A fear and shyness as hard as iron barred my most important ideas and feelings out of all conversation, in spite of my will and my enormous need to share them. Whenever I tried to talk I was always embarrassed, and what I said was painfully clumsy and ineffective compared with what I felt inside me. Every time after we had been together I suffered unbearably from the pent-up feelings and thoughts which his companionship had excited and roused, and which my shyness had prevented me from expressing. In order to relieve this feeling I began to write to him every week as soon as he had gone back to Cambridge. On paper nothing embarrassed me, nothing was too difficult or too emotional for me to try and express it. But as soon as I had mailed the letter I would begin to grow hot and cold because of the things I had written. I hungered for intimacy and yet when I had invited it and felt it coming toward me I was panic-stricken. I remember the torture I felt, the first time I had written to him, whenever the postman rang, and the almost unbearable feeling when his letter actually came and I took in my hand the heavy, fat, cream-white envelope with the crimson seal of Harvard on the flap.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opening that letter and reading it gave me a pleasure that seems strange and absurd as I remember it now, because of the intensity which made it two-thirds pain.

His letters, so cherishing and responsive, seemed to me almost like love letters, and our meetings almost like lovers' meetings. Every week-end he came home, and he always called my name as soon as he got inside the house, as if the only thing that mattered about coming was to know that I was there. I thought to myself very solemnly, "Nobody will ever love me or marry me, and so it is all right for me to feel as if this were a love affair, as it almost seems to be."

On those week-end evenings we used to borrow Betty, my sister's horse, and her open buggy that had rubber tires and square kerosene lamps. With these dim and elegant little lights bobbing on each side of us, we drove along pitch-dark roads, out into the wide and fragrant night, out under the stars, moving slowly, almost imperceptibly.

Being young, we had just discovered the wonderful charm of Night — night away from houses, night moving along country roads, noiseless silken wood roads, black bumpy roads of pastures and farms, and the soft, misty, sweet-smelling roads with old wooden bridges, where we stopped to listen to the gentle Ipswich River. Night was a new element that we, and only we, had discovered. Yet curiously it was the same element that had been only a year or two ago nothing else than a tall policeman to us, the negative tiresome dark that put an end to all our pleasures, and which my revengeful imagination had filled with insane horrors. Now we were grown up, and by the magic of transformation the great welcoming night had become our partner and our friend, the only time that was really congenial to our new selves and our new emotions.

The country round us was benign and safe for our wanderings. It was a country of small towns and quiet villages, where nobody sat up late except when there was a meeting of the local historical society or the grange. We drove past the sleeping barns and farmhouses of North Beverly, and the yellow lighted houses of Putnamville and out on to our favorite and lonely Valley Road to Topsfield, where the street lights stopped and there was nothing but the vague, dark shapes of trees moving slowly past us on either side and Betty's ears bobbing up and down ahead of us, sometimes dimly visible and sometimes vanishing altogether in the darkness. With only Betty's light footsteps and the spindly wheels of our little ambling carriage to disturb the silence, we were nearer to the slow clouds and the stars then, in those roads, than we ever have been since on any other roads. We could hear every rustle of leaves along the roadside and even the soft sound of wind in ferns. Betty carried us along with a lulling motion and a pace that was very nourishing and kind to our mood of intimate companionship. In that dreamy silence my own stillness and shyness were no longer a handicap. We both were still, each aware of the other's awareness and happiness as if we were two parts of the same person. Once, after such a silence, I heard my brother say, "Sometimes I wish that you were not my sister."

Five or six times since I was born I have heard a sentence spoken that sounded as if it were made out of an entirely different substance from the substance of ordinary sentences — as if it were carved out of a piece of strange foreign wood. These sentences had no visible connection with what had been said before or with anything that came after them. They were undecipherable fragments, like meteorites from another world. For, as I have already said, I grew up in a family where a certain kind of intimate personal emotion was all so carefully hidden that it sounded to me, when I heard it, like a foreign language, while at the same time that it shocked and frightened me it sounded more familiar and more real than anything I had ever heard before. Those sentences were made of what George Meredith, on a crucial page of *The Amazing Marriage*, called "arterial words." They spurted out of the body involuntarily, coming from some hidden and much deeper source than ordinary speech. In our family those arterial sentences were instantly treated as if they had not been spoken. They were not answered, never repeated, and never referred to again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They were something not wanted, and something terrifyingly alive. They were foundling sentences. We all looked the other way, we pretended we hadn't heard, and those parentless sentences were left to starve and perish, because picked up and warmed and fed they might have had the power to change our whole lives.

When I was young, I blindly imitated the family tradition of ignoring those bursts of intimacy — I caught the contagion of our family's fear and disapproval of them. But even without the fear and the disapproval, since I was utterly inexperienced and untaught in the language of intimacy, although I felt a great hungering for the emotion and experience of it, I never in the world would have known what to do or to say in response to them.

So, when my brother said to me, after a long silence, that night when we were driving across a dark, starlit place somewhere between the woods and the sea along the Beverly shore, "Sometimes I wish that you were not my sister," I recognized it for one of those strange sentences. It was meant for me, and for no one else, but I had absolutely no skill or grace to receive it. It was like a letter sent to a person who hadn't any name, or any street and number. I was powerless to claim it even though I knew it was mine. It set up such a commotion inside me that I could scarcely breathe.

I could secretly pretend that I had a lover in him, but I could never risk showing that I thought such a thing was possible for me, even if he were not my brother. Because of my repeated encounters with the mirror and my irrepressible tendency to forget what I had seen, I had begun to force myself to believe and to remember, and *especially* to remember, that I would never be chosen for what I imagined to be the most thrilling of all experiences. I had heard people laugh and talk about funny-looking old maids or very homely girls who had the absurd effrontery to imagine that men were in love with them. Even the kindest people seemed to feel that for this mistake there should be no mercy, and that such foolish women deserved all the ridicule they got. In my secret meditations I pitied those naïve women because I understood how easily they could forget the baffling discrepancy between their desirous hearts and their undesirableness. I had sworn that I never for one instant would forget that discrepancy in my own case. I never would be caught imagining that anyone was or ever could be in love with me.

And so I sat very still beside my brother in the little carriage and let his foundling sentence die of neglect as though it were an atom of naked truth that was not wanted. We were drawn slowly forward side by side in the starlight, all alone by ourselves in the sweet, lonely night. But after he had spoken, we were as far apart as if I had been a wild animal whose distrust and fear of human beings even the most generous offer of love and good-will cannot cure.

In my sudden isolation I felt as if it were all unreal. Had he said that extraordinary thing, or had I imagined it? There was nothing in our silence to tell me. Everything seemed the same as before he had spoken. I waited, half expecting him to say a little more, so that I could be sure. But that was the end; he never said it again.

It never died in my mind. It never even grew misty or vague. Whenever I thought of it, even long afterward, I heard it again as clear and startling and as incomprehensible as the first time. For that kind of unanswered sentence never does die. It stays always in our minds, ready to be remembered on the slightest provocation. It stays there always, even though it may turn into something altogether incongruous and irrelevant as our life grows and changes, a queer outlandish memento, like a piece of lava from Vesuvius lying on the parlor table.

8

When we came home from our drives and crept upstairs to our rooms afterward, I often felt too excited to go to sleep. I lay across my bed with my head beside the lamp and a paper and pencil in front of me. Those nights out-of-doors filled me with a curious elation. When it came it completely possessed me, as if my body were a musical instrument suddenly picked up and played upon by an unseen hand. The boldness and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strength and happiness that were natural to me, and to which I was denying their natural outlet by my fear and shyness, refused to be denied and to be made sickly and fearful, and they poured through me then in an action of delight that was healthy and bold and strong. I forgot who or where I was and I made a sort of buzzing, humming noise like a top spinning or a bee. I crouched over my pad and held my pencil slavishly quick and intense, ready to serve this marvelous buzzing happiness at the moment when, like surcharged atmosphere, it should condense and form what seemed to me marvelous words that dropped on to my paper from the end of my pencil.

I was not conscious of my buzzing until after the rapture left me. Then I heard the tail end of it, like the merry-go-round breaking down, and I thought for a split second how queer it was. But everything was queer in those days and nothing astonished me. To me that involuntary sound was altogether natural, a sort of om, the murmur of life. It was a new way, for me, of worshiping the inexpressible charm which had so troubled and enthralled me when I was a child.

My poems were small ones, brief songs; and usually one was written complete before the rapture left me, and afterward it lay there on the paper in front of me, something visible that I could hold in my hands and admire — like a damp newborn kitten that I could fondle — and believe to be as wonderful as the joy that caused it. Then was the only time when I felt really at ease and tranquil in the world. I used to lie and stare around me in a kind of blissful emptiness.

The next step in the poem's existence came when, returning to my other dimension of shyness and fear, I struggled for half the next day before I could bring myself to give it to my brother to read. He would receive it from me very seriously, as if I were honoring him with something very valuable. But in spite of his deference toward me there was so much of the critic and the judge in him that I always waited in painful suspense for what he would say. Often he made some criticism, but time after time he said with quietness and authority, "That is a wonder." Once he said, "That seems to me pure genius." I was awed and even frightened by his attitude toward me. It seemed that I had in my care a very precious talent for which I must be responsible. He told me I was capable of knowing great things. He filled me with enormous dreams.

His praise was like an enveloping garment that canceled my predicament entirely. It seemed to me then that we were everything to each other. But his life had other things in it besides. He used to tell me about wrestling matches he took part in in Cambridge, and beer-drinking parties in Boston taverns. I listened eagerly and adoringly. It seemed to add to his distinction and importance in my eyes to know that he was living partly in a world so unknown to me. Also, in spite of my severe warnings to myself, I was romantically curious about his new friends, those young men who reflected the masculine and convivial side of his nature, and soon he began to bring them home for week-end visits.

The presence of these solemn, handsome young strangers in our house brought me unexpected pain. When they were introduced to me their discomfiture was as much of a shock to me as if each of them had held up a mirror for me to look at. They were not interested in poetry, and their embarrassed glance showed me very plainly that there was something the matter with me, and that I was not their idea of what a friend's sister should be. If one of them happened to be left alone in the room with me for a few minutes, he would hastily pick up a magazine and become laboriously absorbed. I had read that when men and women are together it is the woman's part to entertain and be amusing and, if the man is shy, to overcome his shyness and draw him out. My inability to play this skillful feminine role was so complete that, instead of being a negative thing, it was like a destructive force in Nature — like a dust storm or a tornado. It shriveled and exterminated any ease or charm or spontaneity which might have been in the room if I had not been there. Sometimes, however, one of the Harvard visitors would be a young man of more social experience than the others, or perhaps of an inborn sympathy, and he would make an attempt to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nice to me. He would try to brighten me up with a little polite badinage, treating me as if I were a sort of interesting curiosity, a strange and intelligent child. But whether my brother's friends were embarrassed with me or kindly avuncular, I knew that when they were in the room with me they were only passing as best they could a stagnant interval until my brother should come and take them to call on the girls up the street.

It was then that I first became painfully conscious of girls, when nearly every week-end two or three Harvard boys came to our house. I had already begun to wish I might have an intimate girl friend, and I had tentatively begun to seek acquaintance with one or two of the priggish, bookish ones in our town. With the advent of the young men I became conscious of girls in a new and disturbing way. My excruciatingly observant eyes saw their long slender backs, their narrow waists, and their fascinating mysterious little bosoms. I saw their prettiness and stylishness and the way their clothes fitted their slender womanly bodies.

I also noticed another thing which was possessed by all girls who were what girls are expected to be. This thing was a mysterious source from which flowed an endless supply of silliness. It came in the form of lively, tireless, aimless joking talk about the young men, and about themselves, and about nothing. Real girls, desirable girls, I found, all were gifted with that capacity for saying whatever came into their heads and making it seem to the young men like rare entertainment. I envied everything about those lucky, delectable girls, but most of all I envied this wonderful silliness. Even though I knew it was not really amusing or witty at all by any other standard except theirs, nevertheless it was that strange silliness more than anything else which made girls correct and acceptable to the difficult and solemn young Harvard students and to that side of my brother which did not belong to me.

My brother, sauntering up the street with his friends in search of girls, had turned my new values upside down. Left at home alone now, I lay on the window seat in the room at the top of the house where he and I often spent our intimate hours. Now that he had deserted me, the magic he had given me was not enough. Poetry was contemptible dead stuff compared with the girls who lived up the street, compared with living girls, foolish joking girls, idiotic bewitching girls. I didn't feel angry or rebellious against him for his desertion of me. I went about in a state of stupid wistfulness, uncritical and uncomprehending. And I felt starved without really understanding what I lacked. I felt starved and dumb and alone. Just as in my childhood my suffering seemed so queer to me that I could not speak of it to anyone.

I knew that afterward my brother would tell me scornfully how idiotic the girls were and how they bored him, and how he had only gone to see them because he had to do it in order to entertain his more frivolous friends. But I knew that there was something about the girls that was more important to him than he ever told me, and I would have hurled away all our sacred friendship and his great dreams for me if only I could have had instead the mysterious allure that those girls had — an allure so powerful and so mysterious that it could be drenched in boring silliness and still hold my brother and his friends enslaved for hours.

(*To be continued*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICS AND THE POET

A Prophecy

by J. E. SPINGARN

INTRODUCTION

In the spring of 1931, Joel Elias Spingarn emerged from his retirement and gave a series of six lectures at the New School for Social Research in New York. Here, published for the first time, is the fourth of these lectures.

Spingarn is perhaps only a name to the generation that is now bearing arms; but he deserves to be far more than that; for both his thought and his example have something to give a country that is emerging from the illusions and corruptions against which he valiantly fought. When I first came upon his writings, in 1918, he was a major in the United States Army; extraordinarily distinguished for a soldier in active service because his name was attached to a new doctrine in aesthetics. But unlike the weaker spirits of his generation, he did not rebel against the fate that brought him into the war: he gloried in it. "There is this to be said for the military life," he wrote in a private letter in 1918, "that it makes you realize as nothing else does how much your country means to you, and to love anything with your whole soul is an experience worth while."

Born in 1875, Spingarn began his career as a professor of comparative literature under George Woodberry. He was one of the most brilliant young professors who had ever appeared at Columbia; indeed, his first book, on Italian criticism in the Renaissance, is still a classic text, though it was published when he was but twenty-four. Coming under the spell of Theodore Roosevelt, Spingarn became ambitious to serve his country politically: he turned from teaching to politics, ran for Congress, was active in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and busied himself, in his beloved Dutchess County, with the improvement of rural life.

When the World War broke out, Spingarn, with his sense of the political moment and his desire to be an actor in history, not a mere spectator, foresaw America's inevitable participation in the conflict and deliberately prepared himself to take an active part. In 1915 he was among the first to enroll in the newly founded officers' training camps. The same zeal he had applied to literary research served him well as a soldier: so excellently did he master the art of commanding men and waging war that he was one of two to be graduated from Madison Barracks with the highest rank possible, that of major.

I emphasize the practical side of Spingarn's career because this throws a light upon his thought. He incarnated and lived his own philosophic doctrines; indeed, his published works in the fields of aesthetics, criticism, philosophy, and poetry do only partial justice to him. Only by viewing his life as a whole does one understand his greatness, or the indications of his greatness.

In 1924 Spingarn was crippled by an illness which had first overtaken him in the midst of active military service. This laid him low for a couple of years and reduced the scope and intensity of his later activities. I met him first a few years before this, in those biweekly sessions that Harold Stearns conducted for the symposium called Civilization in the United States. During the next eighteen years our intimacy, as friends and neighbors, deepened; but I confess that, up to the end of the nineteen-twenties, I shared the weaknesses of my generation in failing to understand what was profound and fundamental in his thought.

For one brought up in the liberal tradition, Colonel Spingarn's pessimism about the immediate future was repulsive. Far better, however, than any other American since Henry Adams, Spingarn understood the nature of the present upheaval and foresaw the worst. At a time when his contemporaries complacently refused even to look at the seismograph, he read its warnings un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flinchingly and interpreted them intelligently. "You liberals think," he said to me as early as 1928, "that your liberal and pacifist world, with its peace treaties and disarmament conferences and material improvements, will last forever. I read history differently. You pacifists are preparing the way for bloodier wars. I predict that you will live to see the restoration of caste, and even slavery." At the time, that prediction seemed to me only a morbid phantasm: the by-product, no doubt, of personal frustrations. But I have lived to see both caste and slavery come back in the countries dominated by the Nazis; I know now his diagnosis was correct and my youthful hopes were false.

Spingarn's philosophy unfortunately had small effect upon my generation. In retrospect one can well understand how dismaying it must have been for him to address us, as he did in his Manifesto to the Younger Generation, published in the *Freeman* in 1922, or in his lectures at the New School, and still get no response. No wonder his pride widened the distance between us; no wonder his contempt was ill-concealed; no wonder his spiritual withdrawal became more complete, so that, toward the end of his life, this soldier and thinker was known throughout the world as the chief authority on — clematis!

When Spingarn prepared the New School lectures on Literature and the New Era in 1931 he was ready, I am sure, to come back more actively into literary life. But the needful response on the part of those he sought to influence was lacking; his audiences were meager; the younger poets, philosophers, and critics did not enthusiastically crowd around him. Some sense of his own disappointment may still be read in the painful reports of the question-and-answer period at the end of each lecture.

All these lectures contain brilliant fragments of Spingarn's thoughts; but the only one to which the stenotypist did anything like justice is that which is herewith published. At their best, these words, of course, are only a bare abstraction of the living voice; they lack the accompanying gesture, animation, presence, inner authority of the actual speaker. The reader must picture the man himself, nearing sixty, slim, erect, austere, with dark brown eyes that would ignite under the first spark of thought: a man impetuous and intense, proud as Dante and somehow looking as one feels Dante must have looked. A poet who had known the life of action; an active man who had known pain, solitude, deprivation, isolation; a philosopher who, like Socrates or Descartes, could still lead an army and who was capable of advancing resolutely in the face of the enemy, without faltering because no one followed: such a man was J. E. Spingarn.

In Spingarn's failure to command the support and allegiance of his contemporaries there was the foretaste of a greater collective debacle. For the generation that failed to understand his message met an ignominious fate: it followed the political confidence men, the ignoble fabricators of cowardly hopes and base illusions, the people who sought to buy peace with appeasement, to achieve security at the price of sanctioning injustice, to win wars without fighting them: people who preferred not to face the grim realities of the Nazi attack on civilization and who hated those who faced them far more than they could bring themselves to hate the vilest evils of Nazidom.

This generation did not keep faith with itself because it lacked the will truly to live. Is it any wonder that our country committed its safety to generals and admirals equally inert to reality, equally a prey to moral paralysis, equally unable to understand that the Axis powers were already at war with the United States long before Pearl Harbor and had actually won the first decisive battle by seizing Indo-China? Colonel Spingarn was fortunate: he died in 1939 before he beheld the full extent of America's political weakness and America's moral shame. He did not know that the American people would face a catastrophe that called for the boldest and most resolute action with the words "*Someone's rocking my dream boat*" on their lips.

All the more, however, are Spingarn's thought and example an essential gift to the present generation, which must now, in multiplied and prolonged agonies, atone for its shallow philosophy, its moral irresponsibility, its sinister and self-defeating isolationism. Events have given a new vitality to Spingarn's theory of the relation of poetry to politics; even in matters like the understanding of the nature of Russian patriotism under communist leadership, he uttered an unpopular truth long before either the official communists or the anti-Marxians understood its import.

In making this lecture ready for publication, I have followed Spingarn's own advice to translators. Though I have kept to the letter wherever possible, I have also made bold elisions and transpositions whenever necessary, to preserve the spirit of his utterance. For the sake of completing an unfinished thought I have made two additions of my own: these are in italics. The rest stands as it should: J. E. Spingarn's last will and testament to a generation that at last must gather its courage and follow his example.

LEWIS MUMFORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I was a boy I was profoundly thrilled by two beautiful stanzas in Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, in which the poet described the ideal of chivalric honor. Because he belonged to the Renaissance he conceived of it as effort, either intellectual or practical — the effort of a man out in the world struggling to right wrongs, or the profound student in his study thinking out his thoughts or writing his poems. All my life these lines have in some way consciously or unconsciously influenced me, perhaps sent me out on many quests for which I was unfitted. But something that the poet had to give became definitely part of my life. One of the stanzas, as I remember, went in this fashion (Spenser is speaking of honor): —

In woods, in waves, in wars she wonts to dwell
And will be found with peril and with pain.
Nor can the man that moulds in idle cell
Unto her happy mansion attain.

Now there is something in those lines that seems to be missing from all the poetry of the last thirty or forty or fifty years, perhaps all the poetry since the Romantic era. What seems to be lacking is what I call, in the largest meaning of the word, the *political sense.*

I know that politics are out of fashion today among the intelligentsia of the world. We are told that politics no longer count, that the important thing today is economics. But the truth is that poetry and philosophy and religion and politics are the four noblest occupations of men, and that all of us who have not some profound realization of the meaning of each one of them misses something from the life of the spirit.

Now, poetry and philosophy and religion belong to the realm of theory. And I take politics as the highest form representative of the practical spirit. That element of utility in life which is present in every act assumes its noblest form in politics. I wish to make clear that politics is a spiritual act exactly in the same sense in which poetry and religion and philosophy are spiritual acts.

If you will look back at the literature of the last fifty or perhaps even one hundred years, but especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, you will observe, I think, a profound distaste on the part of poets for what I call politics, from the French symbolists of the early part of the second half of the nineteenth century to all the writers that bulk largest in our own imagination today: Valéry, Proust, Joyce — all the rest of them. You will find this distaste for the practical, and especially this loss of a political sense. What is the trouble?

If you examine any period of decadence in history, any period when there was a drop in the creative spirit of men, you will find that it was accompanied by a tepid love of country.

Now I know there is nothing more unpopular today among the intelligentsia of the world than the idea of love of country. And yet if you will look at these periods of decadence you will see this lack of love of country is a symptom of a lack of love of everything else, because profoundly a real and noble love of country symbolizes all human activity. It symbolizes love of family and home, love of the daily task, religion, politics, the whole universality of which the individual is a part. For virtue is never solitary: it takes part in the conflicts of the world. And there is no virtue when a man does not play some part, if only in the imagination, within a larger world. And so the love of country, if it is really a pure one, symbolizes the whole activity within the soul in its broadening out into a larger universality. In other words, it is a form, and one of the greatest forms, in which moral enthusiasm displays itself. And to be without a love of country is to be without real moral enthusiasm, and therefore decadent.

So profoundly is this true that the very people who most despise the concept of love of country, if they were really animated by a great faith and a moral enthusiasm, would develop it. And there is no better example of that today than Russia. The men in control of Russia started with the theory of internationalism. "Love of country" were words of contempt with them. And yet, because all human activity is summed up in a love of country in connection with a *civitas*, a whole, a universal, one finds in Russia the most intense realization of the conception of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the State in the world and the most profound patriotism anywhere in existence. There is a pride in Russia, a sense of the wholeness of which they are a part in Russia; and that is extended to every Russian everywhere in the world. Only the other day an old Russian general wholly out of touch and out of sympathy with the Russian revolutionists said he was proud of being a Russian because in Russia these men had done something: they had made Russia full of activity and work and he wanted to go back and forget that he didn't agree with them.

Of course you understand that when I speak of love of country I am not thinking — quite the reverse — of that narrow empirical concept which is called nationalism, an abstraction which leads to separateness from everything else, and finally to hate for every rival abstraction.

Love of country is the symbol of a connection with a whole; and a real connection with the whole will, conversely, follow it. This love of country, I say, is always a symptom of a high activity, a keen satisfaction with the daily task, because everyone feels that the task belongs somewhere. Wherever people lack this love of country they are tired, restless, life has no meaning. And so you find that an individual who lacks this love can't find a place for himself in the universe. Aristotle centuries ago spoke of the man without a country as the homeless man, the spiritually homeless man, as too low for men. To live unto himself, Aristotle said, a man must be either a brute or a god. And so I say the individual who hasn't this sense loses something of the sense of a universal, and when any group of people miss it their conduct must always be distorted. This sense of relation to a *civitas* is the warp and woof of politics. It works with economic means, moral means, intellectual means. And we can't understand its real meaning if, as so many people do today, we make economics alone supreme.

Now the fact is the economic problem, the problem that deals with the production and distribution of wealth, is a problem that is always part of the political problem, but only a part, for whatever your economic program is, the question always arises: Who shall govern and carry out that economic program? Who shall use it for political purposes? And there again there is no country in the world that is a better example of what I am talking about than Russia. All the world speaks as if Russia were carrying on a great economic experiment. Nothing of the sort! Russia is carrying on one of the greatest political experiments in the world. Those who know more of the actual empirical science of economics than I know have said to me that there is nothing novel in the economic experiment of Russia — certainly its American technology, American rationalization, the Taylor system, are not — except for one thing, and that is the State furnishes the capital instead of the individual. And yet, obviously, that is not economic control at all; that is a political experiment. The State is politically intervening in the use of economic material. But without the political power of the State the economic experiment would be impossible.

So that it is conceivable that other countries may take over the economic system of Russia without touching the political system, or the political system without touching the economic system. It is possible to take over Russia's political experiment without adopting its economic program, and conversely — although I doubt whether it is possible to put such an economic program through without the armed power of the State, which is political.

Therefore we have this political problem always about us, and those who carry it on are politicians and statesmen, and I think we must realize that the gift to govern is an art quite as completely as the ability to write poetry or to think philosophy. All of us think occasionally when we have to, and yet are not philosophers. All of us read imaginative literature even if we are not poets. And any of us can make a try at politics. But what I am implying is that the political gift is a spiritual gift quite as distinct as the poetic gift or philosophical gift or any other gift, and is to be respected as such. It has its own validity, its own laws. The useful has a spiritual reality quite as much as the good, the true, or the beautiful.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the politician governs men, which is the hardest job known to humanity — the hardest and the noblest — when the politician governs men he is to be judged first and foremost by his success in governing men, just as in the case of a bridge you want to know whether it is a good bridge according to the standards of engineering and not whether it is a moral bridge. The first test of the politician is whether he governs well, not whether he governs morally. That is a later question. Unfortunately those who sit on the sidelines and don't realize the innate character of government are always terribly troubled by the rottenness that goes on in politics. And I don't mean to imply that there are not times when that rottenness should be our main concern. But what I mean is that always the man outside of politics sees it as a matter of rottenness and evil and people tricking and scheming. *He confuses the weakness of the statesman's materials with the corruption of government itself.* And so the man who hasn't a philosophical view of life will take a life like Lincoln's and just rip it to pieces, as if the art of governing men were the work of a saint.

Now the politician doesn't feel that sense that all is rotten in politics. He feels that the evil and good in the world are the very material with which he has to deal. He feels like the poet. The real poet, the great poet, doesn't say, "My heavens, look at all this hard prosy material I have to conquer and transfigure!" The outsider who hasn't the poet's creative flow thinks that. — How can you ever make a poem out of this story? It is impossible; there is too much in it. — Or another one says: This is the machine age! How can we make poetry out of machines? — The poet doesn't bother about those questions.

So the statesman, the politician, isn't worried as mere outsiders are worried by the clash of passions and the fact that some men are not to be trusted and the fact that others will stab you in the back. That is all part of the game of politics. That is the material with which the statesman works, human nature and its passions. In exactly the same way that the poet deals with the stubborn material of the world and makes out of it a poem, so the politician makes his poem, which is in the government of the State. And it is a noble poem.

2

Now it is the great bane of our literature, of all literature in the last few years, that it has not had a sense of this political reality.

Of course you will realize that I am far from saying that every poet should take political material, that he should write political novels and political poems. In the first place, I don't believe that anyone can predetermine the subjects of poetry. What I mean is that behind the literature that has been produced there is not this sense of direct contact with the practical, and through that with the whole of life. Our thought and feeling do not connect through politics with the sense of that universal which is imbedded in the love of country.

The Romantic poets lost this political sense. That probably explains why they all fled from their country, whether they were Byron and Shelley or whether they were Bret Harte and Henry James. They are the mirrors, I mean the types, of our homelessness, which follows the loss of the political sense, the loss of a country. And most of the shallow philosophies of our day — mysticism, moralism, aestheticism — have their weakness in exactly this same sense of lack of contact with the practical.

The poets have lost touch with man's noblest practical work — the art of governing men. They no longer celebrate heroes, when as a matter of fact the whole purpose of poetry, almost, is to celebrate heroes. Unwillingness to celebrate the hero means that poetry has lost something of that manliness, or that conception of manliness, which is essential to every poet. I don't mean to imply that the great poet has to be a bold man, a politician, a soldier; he may be even a coward. But if he hasn't an admiration for manliness, if he doesn't realize the dignity of courage wherever it is found, he is a flaccid poet. The great poets of the world have invariably had this sense of the dignity of courage. But though poets don't have to live politics, it is really surprising how many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them have done so in their lives, not merely in their imaginations.

Sophocles was an Athenian general. Dante was an active municipal official in Florence, and was exiled in a great battle which was the result of a tremendous political conflict. Milton served as Latin Secretary to Cromwell. Goethe was Prime Minister of Weimar. More poets than you suspect have been politicians or have served politicians as soldiers. But the important thing, after all, is what the poets have done with this political material in their imagination, not in their lives. And if you look at the great poetry of the world from Homer down you will find this keen political sense underlying it. Homer's *Iliad* is the struggle of two great nations, representing two ideals, in mortal conflict for the government of the world. Virgil's *Aeneid*, as you know, is a great political poem, a poem describing the founding of the Roman Empire and showing as a great poet would the wonderful quality of greatness and at the same time the sadness, the tragedy, the tears that greatness brings with it. That is a truly profound thought because it is so typical of the man of action. The man of action never can become a poet or a philosopher. But when he is tired of the struggle, worn out by this incessant struggle of reality, he looks longingly at the poet and the philosopher and the artist and says, "Oh, I think I will give up this struggle and go over to him and do what he is doing." And you know, of course, he is not going to. And so Virgil's sense of the sadness that haunts great achievement has a tremendous psychological insight not only into the history of man, but into the very psychology of the man of action who created Rome.

I don't need to point out how the *Divine Comedy* is a great political poem — so much so that when Italy, many centuries later, conquered its freedom and became a nation, the thing that stimulated the Italians was the idea of nationality, of freedom in a united Italy, of a homeland, which they found in the poetry of Dante. If I had time, I would take Shakespeare, not merely the historical plays, but *Lear* and *Hamlet*, and show that they were fundamentally concerned with political matters, or with human affairs always in connection with political matters.

Thirty years ago Croce called all poetry lyrical intuition. All poetry had to be lyrical. He was writing at the time when the realists were in vogue. And so "lyrical intuition" was the historic phrase that represented his idea. If he were writing that book now I have no doubt he would emphasize the epic quality of all poetry, even of the shortest lyric, to indicate that it was not merely the trifling thoughts of the single man as he thought them from hour to hour, but that in every poetic moment the poet is driven to a kind of epic canvas of what is happening to all humanity, through the operation of the universal in him. Even today, when one is stirred by a poem like *John Brown's Body*, despite its banality, it is because again one feels some of the political element, something real, something universal, which goes beyond mere psychological nuance.

Politics alone, as I said before, will not make poetry. The political novels of Disraeli and Wells show that only too well. But the political sense must be recaptured: the sense of a *civitas*, of a whole, must be embodied in poetry. We must arrive at some fundamental faith that will give us again the zeal for great practical achievement; we must acquire the sense that the daily task is a part of the mission of the universe, as men have always felt when they have had a profound faith. The man who deeply loves his country begins with work, play, the daily task, the family; but eventually he embraces a higher country, which is the world. How can you believe that the ideal which you hold for your country is the finest in the world without wanting it for other countries? The United States at the moment of its greatest patriotism planned an America which, as the humorists said, should go as far as the North Pole and as far as the South Pole and up to the Aurora Borealis! It doesn't make any difference where you start, you always end in one place, and that is the power that comes from some deep and active connection with the universal. *This is the tie that binds the political moment to the poetic moment; it is what makes poetry and politics two of the noblest occupations of men.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

» Can we live in peace and do business with our Russian ally who is now bearing the brunt of the war? A portentous question and one to be considered now.

RUSSIA AND THE FUTURE

by MAX LERNER

1

JUST as the destinies of world freedom hinge today largely on continued Russian resistance, no matter how difficult, and on American war production, so there can be little question that in the post-war world the relations of America and Russia will play a shaping role. There is a tendency in some quarters to wrap these future relations of the two countries in the same shrouds of "mystery" with which we have surrounded everything Russian. The beginning of wisdom is to start with the proposition that there is no Russian "mystery." Both the Russian strength in the past years and the Russian role in the future are subject to rational analysis.

When confronted by the palpable fact of Russian military achievement, we invoke the Russian riddle. We seek refuge, as we have always done, in the theory that the Russians are not part of Western culture, that they are three-quarters Oriental and psychically, as well as geographically, face the East. We believe this despite the fact that Russian intellectual life during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was shot through with avid borrowings from Western European writers; and despite the fact that Marxism, which furnished the stimulus for the Russian Revolution, was a Western movement, rooted deep in German, English, and French intellectual history.

Another component of our attitude toward Russia is our very substantial fear of her power. I have seen this, of course, in Old Guard capitalists and even more in the fascist lunatic fringe. The fear cropped up in American writers even before the Russian Revolution. Henry Adams, for example, in his letters in the 1890's was obsessed by the coming struggle between Russia and America. This was more probably the expression of his profound dislike and fear than a logical deduction from the "scientific" theories of history on which he prided himself. He was right in seeing Russia as at once feudal and modern; but its feudalism was not that of Mont-Saint-Michel, nor its modernism one he could understand. I suspect that at bottom Adams was a New England aristocrat who felt a horror at contemplating a vast mass-nation. And that fear lingers with us, even though we are ourselves a vast mass-nation. The Russian Revolution only intensified a long-rooted attitude. We still regard the Russians with something of the mingled fear and awe with which a Roman patrician regarded the barbarian tribes. We applaud their strength as we might applaud the strength of barbarian allies. But we look toward the future with the apprehension that one has quite naturally toward barbarian allies after a common victory.

National attitudes shift, not so much by benefit of reason as by the impact of facts. Witness the Anglo-American attitude toward both France and Finland as of 1939 and as of 1942. There have been those who have sought to surround the American mind with a *cordon sanitaire* to keep it from the infection of the Russian ideologies. Yet see what happened in Britain after Dunkirk and

---

Author, editor, and teacher, MAX LERNER was born in Minsk, Russia, forty years ago. He came to this country in 1907, took his A.B. and A.M. at Yale and his Ph.D. at the Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government, Washington, D. C. He edited the *Nation* from 1936 to 1938 and upholds the liberal tradition today as Professor of Political Science at Williams College.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Timoshenko. The example of Britain is well worth mulling over as proof of how much stronger than the propaganda of the word is the propaganda of the deed.

I shall not hang the garland of my praise on Russian military achievement, which does not need it. As I write, the Russian armies under Timoshenko are being pressed back steadily before the overwhelming force of Nazi tanks, planes, infantry. Millions of men have already been lost on both sides, and millions more will be lost before the fortunes of the battle are decided. We do not know how much ground the Russians may still yield, or what industrial strength they may lose as they give way slowly, or how they will bear up against a Japanese attack on the east if and when it is added to the Nazi attack on the west. Even the military experts, who in the first summer of the Russian war gave the Russians less chance to survive the Hitler thrust than did Hitler himself, are now fearful of prediction.

But certain things are clear: that the Russians have held out longer against the entire massed might of the Nazis than any other nation has or perhaps could; that Hitler has withdrawn every last possible man and war machine from the European continent in order to crack the Russian resistance; that as the Russians yield their industrial centers, their oil fields, their agricultural lands, they will strip them of everything movable and burn everything else to the ground before they leave; that they will not, no matter how hard driven they are, make a separate peace with the enemy; and that they will continue to keep a fighting army intact and a fighting people in cohesion even if they have to move their administrative and industrial centers beyond the Urals.

Whatever the outcome of the immediate battles, therefore, the nature of the Russian military resistance since June 22, 1941, is one of the massive things in history. Our most grudging commentators have now put their imprimatur on the Russian achievement. They are willing to do everything except understand it. They set it down to patriotism (as if each country did not have that), to Oriental fatalism, to Stalinist disregard of life, to the Russian winter. The "secret" of the Russian military resistance is in reality an open secret. I should like to suggest what seem to me three sets of shaping factors.

2

For one, mechanization. When I say mechanization, I have in mind Thorstein Veblen's analysis, written forty years ago in *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, of the character and discipline of the machine process. The Russians are relatively new to the industrial process and have as yet nothing like the technical capacity for it that the Americans and Germans have, although they are learning with immense rapidity. But they give the machine process full scope. They think in what Veblen called "industrial" rather than "pecuniary" terms; in terms of making goods rather than money; in terms of production rather than price. This is an unpleasant fact which, as a pecuniary and market economy, we do not like to face. Yet if we want to understand what is happening rather than propitiate our own habits, we must confront it.

Another fact is that, with their feeling of being encircled by enemies, the Russians have given pacifism short shrift and have thus turned their knowledge of the industrial arts to the tools of war. Many of the advances in military technology were made by the Russians even before the Germans. Aviation, tanks, parachute troops, flame throwers, anti-tank guns — in all these respects the Russians have not been asleep. We dramatize and isolate the achievement of individual leaders who are, after all, part and outgrowth of the national attention that has been directed in full force toward the arts of military defense.

The second factor is planning. In the narrower sense of administration, as in the narrow sense of technical capacity, the Russians are not as far advanced as we. But they have their own kind of administrative skill, as the American experts on the Harriman and Hopkins missions have testified. Within the limits of a socialist dictatorship there has been a policy of the career open to talent, and there has been the will also to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use and organize every ability in the war structure. There can be little doubt, of course, that the purges took a heavy toll of initiative both in technology and administration. But the fund from which these subtractions were made was a large one.

We must not forget the Marxian tradition of social analysis from which Stalin and his subordinates started. For a quarter century Russia has been ruled by men whose lives have been a training in planned action and in the conscious calculation of social forces. These men had once to build a revolutionary machine; they had to start almost at scratch in the economic area and build a new industrialism; they have accordingly learned how to construct a planned military machine within a planned economic machine.

The third factor is the collective tenacity of the Russian people. This antedates the Revolution but was strengthened by it. It is a quality — call it strength or lethargy — that has been at once the despair and the pride of the Russian novelists who have written of the peasant and his ways. The historian may seek to explain it by the fact that the Russian masses, like the Chinese, have as a people had to adapt themselves to the ebb and flow of invading hordes over their vast central plains, and have thus learned to bide their time and to develop a patience, a resilience, and an unpermeable quality that better-protected peoples have not developed. From this flows much of the characteristic affection for "Mother Russia." From it derives also the continuity between their resistance to Napoleon and to Hitler, between Kutuzov and Stalin. But just as nationalism gave this quality its characteristic nineteenth-century stamp, so twentieth-century socialism has placed its stamp on it today. For socialism gave the people a sense of collective participation in new social construction, a training in community action, a sense of having a stake in what they were defending.

3

But, I hear the reader asking, if the Russians have these elements of strength, whatever we may think of their sources, are they not dangerous to us? And has not their attitude toward the Western capitalist democracies been all along so hostile as to warrant our fears for the future?

Some sort of case can undoubtedly be made out if you put yourself grimly into the mood of counsel for the prosecution. The calendar of sin, as I have heard it recounted time and again, goes somewhat as follows: The Russians used the Litvinoff policy of collaboration with the democracies to give themselves time to arm. Once Hitler was ready to strike, they dropped it without regret, gobbled up the little countries on their western border, attacked Finland. At the very moment when they were negotiating with a British military mission, they made a cynical pact with Hitler in order to turn the Nazi juggernaut westward. They took a hand in the partition of Poland. They continued to send the Germans the supplies stipulated in the pact, and when the English sent Cripps as ambassador they turned a cold shoulder and refused to listen to his warnings of the impending Nazi attack on Russia. When the attack came they turned to England and America for aid as the price of resistance. When Japan struck at Pearl Harbor, the Russians observed a strict neutrality, although the great Vladivostok base would be invaluable for an attack on Japan. They have made territorial claims for the war's end, yet Stalin has in his speeches specifically excluded a campaign into Germany itself as part of his war program.

Thus the indictment. It is a tissue of half-truths, colored by animus and ripped out of their context. By the same method a Soviet writer could link together (and some of them have done so) a chain of evidence proving America and England to be the arch-cynics and Machiavellians of modern times, and the great menace to world peace. I shall not try to consider in detail each of the items I have listed. I want rather to break down their larger underlying assumptions into three categories. These are: first, the assumption that Russian policy before 1941 was never anti-fascist but always imperialist and aggressive; second, that in the present struggle Stalin's acceptance of our aid and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Russian resistance to Germany are wholly opportunist; and third, that in the post-war period Stalin aims at a policy of territory-grabbing and the destruction of the democracies.

Postponing for the moment the question of the period after the war, how about the first two assumptions? I have no intention of writing a defense of Russia's foreign policy before June, 1941, or for that matter of its internal policy. For the record it is worth saying that at the time of the purges I felt that, while the intent to clear out Nazi fifth columnists was realistic, Stalin was driven, by the very nature of a dictatorship, to lengths that punished not only treason but also the sort of political opposition that is crucial to liberty. As for the Nazi-Soviet pact, I regarded it as a cold maneuver of power politics, given considerable justification by the treachery of the British and French ruling groups, but likely in the end (even from the Russian view) to be more devastating to anti-fascist opinion and more costly to Russia than it was worth as a maneuver in gaining time.

But, holding these views, I can still hold that Soviet foreign policy in the past has not been such as to warrant American fears in the future. It was "realistic," yes; but so has been the foreign policy of every other power in the ruthless and anarchic Western state-system of the past generation, with its jungle of fears, hates, and suspicions, and its vicious balance-of-power principle. But it was neither aggressive nor expansive, in the sense that has been given to those terms by Nazi foreign policy. It has often been pointed out, but needs underlining again, that a quarter century of a revolutionary Russian regime has not forced either America or England to add one soldier to its armed forces, while less than a decade of Hitlerism has compelled England to build an air force that operates in four-figure flotillas, and America to undertake the vastest armament program in world history.

4

Let us remember that the Russian government started with two ruling ideas, which Stalin and his group inherited from Lenin. One was a belief in the inevitability of an attack on Russia by the capitalist powers hostile to it; the second was the dogma that a capitalist government was but the executive committee of its dominant economic class. The rise of Hitler to power in the 1920's and early 1930's, taken along with the Marxist theory that fascism was the last-stand expedient of capitalist imperialism, seemed to bear out the first assumption. And it must be said for the Russians that they saw the menace and direction of the fascists better and sooner than anyone else. With Hitler's assumption of power they directed their entire foreign policy, under Litvinoff's guidance, to the formation of collective security agreements against fascism.

It is futile to speculate about their sincerity, since one cannot go back to 1937 and 1938 to see whether the Russians would have gone through with their program of international coöperation if the French and British and American governments had been willing to coöperate. One can only say that, if they were insincere, the Commissar of Foreign Affairs did not know it himself, since he would not have been victimized by his policy if he played it with duplicity. One can say that, if they were not sincere, their offer at the crucial moment to aid the Czechs was the sheerest and most senseless adventurism. I know there are some writers whose friendship for the Russian people cannot be questioned and who nevertheless doubt that at the last moment Stalin would have commanded his armies to fight for Czechoslovakia. We shall probably never know, but there is little evidence at present to support this view. What we do know is that for almost a decade, until August, 1939, the Russian ruling group threw every energy of their foreign policy into the attempt to form with the democracies an iron ring around fascist aggression.

Their mistake came with the Nazi pact. It was a mistake for which the policy of the French, British, and American governments at Munich was partly responsible, but to which also the Russian leaders contributed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have spoken above of the dogma that a capitalist government is the executive committee of the business rulers. Stalin and his new advisers may well have believed that the failure of the Molotoff policy at Munich showed that the Marxian theory was after all correct; that the democracies would not pool with Russia their common anti-fascist interests; that even a Popular Front government, like that of Blum, betrayed the Spanish anti-fascists; and that the policy of Chamberlain represented the logic of democratic action. One must remember the intellectual provincialism of both Stalin and Molotoff, and their lack of understanding of the more abiding democratic convictions that were slumbering but not dead in the traditions of England and America. But that did not become clear until Dunkirk. My real count against the Soviet foreign policy is that Dunkirk did not lead the Russians to change their line, and that Stalin did not embrace by act of will what was finally forced on him by act of Hitler and his legions.

My interest in setting down these coördinates by which Russian foreign policy may be plotted is, as I have said, not that of apologia but that of analysis. Mr. Churchill says that the past must be forgotten lest the future be lost. That is a half-truth and a dangerous one. The future is but a projection of past and present, and unless they are understood rationally the future will be muffed. If the Russians showed a criminal opportunism in the past, if they show it today, then they may show it in the future as well.

What of the present? When the Nazi attack on Russia came in June, 1941, it came because Hitler was convinced that there was no hope of Nazi-Soviet coöperation in the war, that he could not count on the resources of Russia without complete mastery over Russia. Stalin could have chosen a policy of coöperation and warded off the attack. That he did not is one answer to the charge of opportunism. Whatever his suspicions of Britain and America, he had learned that a Russian socialist state stood a far better chance of survival in a world organized around a fascist defeat than in a world dominated by a fascist imperium. He made a choice, and the rest is part of the grim record of the past sixteen months.

Nor have either the Russian leaders or the Russian people since June, 1941, acted like men engaged in a cynical adventure, seeking only the first chance to disengage themselves regardless of their allies. The newspapermen who have watched the Russian people fighting, and the members of the American and British missions who have negotiated with the leaders, have come away with a striking unanimity of feeling, impressed not only by their efficiency and their fighting qualities but also by their sincerity. These men are all hardheaded, most of them conservatives and men of affairs — Eden, Beaverbrook, Cripps, Davies, Hopkins, Harriman, Batt, Burns, Churchill, Willkie. They are not men easily to be taken in.

Our army leaders complain that the Russian military is secretive about its strength and preparations and plans. But in the face of the fact that our own military plans leaked out in our isolationist press just before Pearl Harbor, and that even some of the War Department staff needed ever more peremptory orders from the President before carrying out his directives for lend-lease aid to Russia, one cannot be wholly shocked by the Russian secretiveness.

5

Increasingly our eyes turn to the post-war period. If the Nazis win, a democratic America and a socialist Russia will both have hard sledding. What the historians say of the victory of the German barbarians over the Roman Empire — that they were overwhelmed by the civilization they conquered — would not in this instance apply. The new barbarians have coldly estimated for themselves this civilization of ours, and as they have sought to destroy it in war, they would seek to finish the job in peace.

But what if we win, as most signs now indicate we shall? Do we want Russia to be part of that victory? I believe that the large majority of the British and American people do. But there are still powerful minority

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groups that fear it — some of them even more than they desire it. This is the striking paradox that Ambassador Litvinoff has noted in his speeches and conversations. By asking Americans to make up their minds whether they want Russia to beat the Nazis or not, he has put his finger on the deep ambivalence of American opinion. And it is a confusion that extends even to many who sincerely desire a Russian victory but cannot rid themselves of the disquieting fear of its consequences.

This fear may best be summed up by two questions that are being asked today wherever groups of Americans meet for discussion. In the past year scarcely a lecture audience that I have faced has failed to put these questions to me. One is: Will a Russian victory lead to the Bolshevizing of Europe? The second is: Will there be another war for world mastery between Russia and the democracies?

Neither question can, of course, be answered with any finality. But I should like to suggest some considerations that guide me in my own answers. The first is the fact that the Russia that emerges from this war, even on the assumption of victory, will be an exhausted Russia. Most estimates set the Russian military casualties of all descriptions so far at approximately five million. If the remainder of the Russian war maintains the length and severity of the past year, as is likely, the total losses may come close to double that figure. Allowing for the wounded who recover and the prisoners who are restored, the loss is still tragically large. Add to this the results of German terrorism and Russian guerrilla warfare upon its civilian population. Remember that the manpower lost will have been the flower of Russian youth. Remember also the industrial destruction that the Nazi ravages plus the Russian scorched-earth policy will have effected. Surely we may say that it will take Russia at least a generation to get back on its feet. Surely those who think of such a nation starting an aggressive adventure after this war are speaking with a tragic hyperbole. Not that the Russians need or want our pity. Their leaders have known from the beginning that they would have to take account not only of civil war, but also of the attacks of those who would not tolerate a strong socialist state as part of the balance of power.

There is a related consideration. Litvinoff has told us, with a twist of irony, that the Russians claim no monopoly of the military operations against the Nazis on the Continent. What that means in effect is, "If you fear our power in Germany, why not get to Berlin first?" When Stalin in his speeches excluded the aim of seeking German conquests, his reassurances were addressed as much to the American and British governments as to the German people. Nor would it be cynical to suggest that the Anglo-American general staffs mean to take the Russians at their word, and that their anxiety eventually to create a second front flows not only from a desire to divert Nazi strength from Russia but also from a very understandable desire to pre-empt the occupation of Germany as quickly as possible. We must remember also that the Anglo-American armies which occupy the Continent in the end will be a force far fresher and less exhausted than the Russians, with a far greater and a steadily mounting production potential behind them. Whether he betrayed the Revolution or not, Stalin is no revolutionary adventurer, but one of the men who come after a revolution to consolidate it. His natural conservatism will be fortified by the need Russia will have of getting back on its feet.

This brings us to the second question, whether a war between Russia and the capitalist democracies is inevitable. Those who hold that it is, base their answer on the ideological clash between the two. To start with, it is worth noting that the rise of the Nazi system has, by giving an example of a real "war against the West," shaken the assumption that the democratic and Marxian traditions are really polar opposites. The whole question was canvassed with admirable wisdom and objectivity by Professor Ralph Barton Perry in his striking letter to the *New York Times* of July 12, 1942.

But putting that question aside, it is not true that all wars are ideological wars or that all ideological conflicts must lead to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war. The history of warfare has shown that two nations with the same ideologies can fight, and that nations with divergent ideologies can remain at peace. It is only when a governing group (as with the Nazis) holds an ideology which by its very nature pushes toward an imperium over other peoples that an ideological war becomes inevitable. I know that the American people have been troubled by the crusading of the Comintern and the blundering seesawing of Communist Party politics here. But we have, on a different plane, our own groups who preach that this must be an "American century." One of the catastrophic fallacies of our age is likely to be the dogma that America cannot be convinced of its own democratic doctrine without imposing it on the rest of the world, or that Russia cannot be convinced of its own socialist doctrine without doing the same.

The ideological differences, of course, may fan the flames produced by genuine clashes of interests. But if we follow the balance-of-power doctrine of the latter-day "realists" and say, as Nicholas Spykman has said, that a strong Germany must be preserved as a counterbalance against a victorious Russia, then we shall justify the suspicions the Russian leaders already have of us, and our ideological differences will come in to feed the flames of conflict.

6

There remains the contention that, without overt moves by Russia, the shattered and chaotic countries of the Continent may of their own accord turn to Bolshevism, particularly because of Communist activity and the prestige of Russian arms. Certainly that is a possibility. But it could happen only on the condition that we botch badly our job in the transition period after the war. If we leave rancor in the wake of our occupying armies, if we use the force of our arms to put into power governments composed of narrow army cliques, labor-hating industrialists, feudal landowners, clerical reactionaries, then we shall most certainly be digging the grave of European democracy. If, on the other hand, we pursue the task of rehabilitation with wisdom, and aid the strong potential forces of progressivism to rebuild their own governments, then there can be no question of Bolshevism sweeping over Europe.

We must remember that our own democracy, and our practice of it both here and in occupied Europe, will be on trial. If we show that democracy can be both firm and generous, that it can allow for both effectiveness and freedom, then what will sweep over Europe will be the image of American democracy — just as the idea of liberty swept over the Latin-American world after the effective establishment of our Constitution. But if by our stupidity we leave an ideological vacuum in Europe, then almost anything will flow into that vacuum. And the likelihood is that it will be not Communism but some new form of fascism.

But can we work out with Russia a *modus vivendi* during the transition period? Let me say first that there is nothing now discernible in Russian post-war aims that needs to clash fatally with those expressed by Vice President Wallace, Under Secretary Welles, or Mr. Milo Perkins; and certainly nothing that should clash fatally with the post-war aims formulated by the British Labor Party conferences.

I do not mean that there are no grave problems that will strain our capacity for solution. Obviously, there will be difficult territorial problems. Poland, for one, will want a restitution of its pre-war boundaries; nor is it likely that the Russians will accede, partly on military grounds and partly on historical, remembering as they do their loss of territory to the Poles after the Russian Revolution. We must guard here against a too simple pursuit of the doctrine of the restoration of the territorial status quo. During the transition period the emphasis must be, not on territorial boundary lines, but on the building of new progressive governments and the creation of the conditions of economic survival by regional European federations. If both Russia and the democracies take this broader attitude, the territorial problems are by no means insoluble.

There will, of course, be grave problems in the formation of the new governments of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe. Everything depends here on the question of what groups it is that make the decisions among the United Nations. If our groups act in the spirit of Vice President Wallace's speech, there will be no difficulty. But if they act in the spirit of the past Anglo-American policy toward the anti-fascist government of Spain, the future will be dark. And, let it be remembered, there will be problems of this sort in the Far East as well as in Europe.

There will be economic problems to be faced. The machinery of rehabilitation now being prepared will have to be applied to the ravaged portions of Russia as well as elsewhere. Russia will need not only food but machines and machine tools for rebuilding her industry. She will be able, unlike other countries, to send us in return part of her huge natural wealth. This will, of course, mean a form of barter: by its nature as a socialist dictatorship Russia organizes its trade under a state trust. I do not underestimate the difficulties that will occur when a capitalist democracy seeks to do business with a socialist dictatorship. But our manufacturers have done business satisfactorily with the Soviet government in the past. And even the economic theorists who five years ago were saying that extensive trade between America and Russia would be dogged by foreign exchange difficulties now speak in a different vein. As for the problems of financing trade, Mr. Herbert Feis, Economic Adviser of the State Department, has said in an article in *Fortune* that we must expect financing operations to take place directly between government boards in most countries after the war.

There will, finally, be problems of power politics in the transition period and the post-war world. The Russians are realists in foreign affairs. They understand that even within the United Nations framework the smaller nations will tend to form blocs around the dominant powers. Leaving aside China as not developed enough industrially to count in the first group, this leaves three great powers: America, Britain, and Russia. One cannot blame the Russians if they look with some apprehension toward being outvoted two to one on crucial issues. In the area of power politics within the United Nations there lies a greater danger than is generally understood. But it is not an insoluble one, as the history of the great American state blocs and their power politics in our own history testifies.

I have set down these difficulties as candidly as I know how. It is one thing to say there will be conflicts of interest. It is quite another to say they will lead to war. Adapting Clausewitz's famous dictum about war, one may define war as the continuation of social conflict by the ultimate means. Conflict there will be; but if we organize the future with sanity and good will, and if we dedicate ourselves sincerely to an enduring peace, there need be no greater danger of the use of ultimate means between America and Russia than between America and any other great power in the United Nations.

7

It will be apparent from what I have said that the prime condition for avoiding a conflict in the future is the continuance of the framework of the United Nations and the conception of the people's century in the post-war world. It will be apparent also that, without this and related conditions, the end of the war may lead only to new wars in an incalculably grim and protracted merry-go-round.

What are these related essential conditions? To start with, neither America nor Russia can afford after the transition period to abdicate the tasks of world coöperation; neither can afford to return to its traditional isolationism. For us the roots of isolationism were a horror of European entanglements; for Russia they were the fear of capitalist encirclement. Whatever the roots, the consequences of abdication would be catastrophic to both. But neither can America or Russia afford to regard the problem of post-war reconstruction as its own prerogative or monopoly. We have made a good start during the conduct of the war in the creation of mechanisms for consultation among the United Nations, and in the exchange of views by the mixed commissions of military, technical, industrial, and labor representa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tives. To continue by planned habit what we have begun by improvisation and necessity is the task of the future.

But this will do little good unless we make certain that neither in Russia on the one hand, nor in Britain and America on the other, will scope be given to the groups and ideas whose dominant trend is imperialistic. This will be difficult. In each of these nations the imperialist impulse is far from dead. Russia will have to observe in its practice what it has professed in its diplomacy: that if states are to move toward socialism, it must be by their own internal impulsions and not by revolutionary propaganda from the Comintern. England will have to understand that the war was not fought to restore the status quo of power in England and the Far East. America and England both will have to check the hostility of their Old Guard toward Russia, and check also the expansionist impulses and the missionary zeal of the New Guard who feel that the world will not be safe until all of it is converted to their own conception of democracy and "free enterprise." The very enumeration of these attitudes will indicate how powerful are the groups in this country that hold them.

To achieve world order without demanding world uniformity and without dictating the internal structure of nations is not an easy thing. Of the Four Freedoms, the one that most concerns our foreign policy is freedom from fear of international anarchy. With respect to the others, while we must do everything we can to liberate the progressive forces in the world, there is room and to spare in the century to come for each nation and each federation to work out for itself its own economy, its own polity, its own culture, its own ethos. The revolutionary possibilities that technology and education have put within our reach will have to be organized by each people in its own fashion. I am convinced that in the eventual amalgam that gives its character to the coming century America and Russia will each have a great shaping hand. But each can do that best by following the lines of its own deepest urges and traditions.

In looking toward Russia and the future, the crucial question is not whether we are as individuals pro-Russian or anti-Russian. The crucial question is whether, as a people, we can possibly afford to exclude so important and creative a force as the Russian people from our calculations of the world that is in the making. There is something dying in our world. It is the idea of state irresponsibility for the welfare of the people, and the correlative idea of an unplanned and chaotic system of power politics. There is something being born in our world. It is the idea that men are brothers more than they are enemies — the idea of a framework of united peoples determined to organize a people's century. Nor is that framework one that needs to be spun out of our innards. The habits of common action that are now being forged on the battlegrounds, in the factories and schools, even in the concentration camps all over the world in the struggle against a common enemy, must not be broken. If we extend them into the future we can win that future.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIR MAX BEERBOHM

by LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

1

As I have known Max Beerbohm — Sir Max Beerbohm — since his youth at Oxford, and have always regarded one so much my junior as still in the heyday of his years, I felt more out of date than ever when I learned that he was to come of age and reach the Psalmist's limit one day this August. By what right, I asked myself, can he claim admittance to our venerable order of septuagenarians? Can he radote or drivel, or show the least symptom of softening of the brain?

Surely, I reflected, this assumption of antiquity is only Max's fun, like the boyish dandyism and nice conduct of his clouded cane at Oxford. All his life Max has loved an ironic attitude or flourish; has loved to gaze at the world through a mask, like his hero, Lord George Hell. And yet this affectation of make-believe was in itself, I always thought, a kind of make-believe, for as to what the world thought of him I don't think Max ever cared a hang. This mocking detachment, this ironical disdain of the world's opinion, being, as I thought, the keynote not only of Max's way of writing but of his way as well of living, I was not surprised when, after the happiest of marriages, he abandoned all his journalistic and worldly triumphs and left London for Italy, in order, as Walt Whitman puts it, to loaf and invite his soul.

As to the loafing, there could be no question; I have never known a more wisely idle person, and it was this idleness that enabled him, almost alone among his contemporaries, to mellow and mature his gift. He was quite content, so far as I could see, to live on the most modest of incomes and do nothing all day long. His indifference to fame and the rewards of literature seemed to me quite fantastic; and I remember once, when I had taken it on me to arrange for the translation of one of his books into French, though he seemed delighted with the notion, he could not bring himself to give in writing (he never wrote letters) the formal permission that was needed. I importuned him by word of mouth, I wrote to him, I sent him prepaid telegrams; the translator, who had done the work and arranged for its publication, bombarded him with letters, but it was only after years of delay that he received the answer that Max was of course delighted that the book should be translated.

What was Max doing all that time? I think he very seldom read a book, but he must have followed the course of literature, at least in England, for I was once told, I do not know how truly, that he had been heard to say that, of all the English achievements of his time, he placed highest the writings of Lytton Strachey, and some portions of the later work of Henry James. Of French literature I fancy he read nothing, and I dare say he had hardly heard the name of Proust. I have reasons to suspect that he spent a good deal of his time in elaborate mystifications. I know that after his very occasional visits to London he would sometimes, after bidding passionate farewells to his friends, go to the Great Western Hotel at Paddington and remain there unknown to all for weeks and

---

The Mandarin of English letters, LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, is an American who has lived in England for going on half a century. In this present essay he pays tribute to his old friend and fellow perfectionist, Max Beerbohm, who celebrated his seventieth birthday this year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sometimes months. He found the monstrous horror of its 1860 decoration (a horror that must be seen to be believed) and the awful insipidity of its cornstarch and custard cooking very congenial to his mid-Victorian tastes. He could hardly tear himself away from it.

He loved Bognor, too, when it was dowdy and deserted, and not yet Bognor Regis. Once when the author of novels no one ever read was about to visit him, he engaged the unhappy local sandboys to inscribe broadly in large letters on the seashore the news: "The famous novelist, Augustus Tubbs, has arrived in Bognor." Max's walk the next morning on the sands with his friend was for him also a pleasant promenade.

2

I have written of the Muse of Irony, since in our unsubtle speech I can find no precise term to describe the special quality or gift of this most exquisite, most enchanting, most enigmatic of our contemporaries. "Malice," with its English signification, is far too crude and coarse a word; I must borrow it, therefore, from abroad, with one of its delicate French shades of meaning; *la belle malice*, as Voltaire called it, the *malice* of Molière and La Fontaine — that subtlety of expressing in one phrase more than one meaning, which Hamlet learned from his reading of Montaigne. Ben Jonson made "malice" into a verb, which I shall borrow also, to describe the exquisite, ironic art with which Max, in the greatest of all books of parodies, *A Christmas Garland*, maliced our English authors, sometimes cruelly, as in that deed of blood, the slaughter of Arthur Benson, or again with the tender touch which made the author of "The Middle Distance," Henry James, love the silken lash that stroked him.

Every few years Max would descend from his alabaster tower at Rapallo and bring to England a sheaf of drawings, which products of his astronomical leisure he would present to Britannia, who, he tells us, would frown upon them, as being by no means in the best of taste. In the conflicts which raged in the angry island she presided over, Max took no part, save in the conflict which one would have thought would have interested him the least — the conflict led by the Pankhursts, for the suffrage, in which his great utterance, "Christabel, right or wrong!" became a war cry which, some of these grim ladies have averred, turned the tide of battle in their favor.

If Britannia did not greatly relish the image of herself in the mirror Max presented, others of his victims seldom rejoiced unduly when they saw their faces in that bright, polished steely mirror. "Logan," Sir Edmund Gosse once said, as he drew me aside in grave warning, "I feel it my duty to tell you that something has happened to you that sooner or later happens to us almost all. Max has got you! We don't like it, and you won't like it, but you must pretend, as we all do, that you like it. You can console yourself, at any rate, with the thought that it will give enormous pleasure to your friends."

Gosse was doubly right. Though at Max's next show I found all the other drawings laughable beyond words, the caricature of myself I considered the only failure of the exhibition. Not that I minded in the least; I simply saw nothing funny in it; and was greatly surprised, though pleased, of course, as well, that it gave, as Gosse predicted it would give, so much pleasure to my friends.

3

It is curious how the world comes to adore those who scorn it. Since Max Beerbohm, bombarded out of his Ivory Tower, has returned to England, he has become — as Henry James, another Ivory Tower inmate, became — a personage, the most important person in any room he enters. And how many millions hang with reverent delight upon his lips when he only too rarely condescends to broadcast? And examining again his books of caricatures, or that masterpiece, *Rossetti and His Circle*, we rub our eyes to find how time has added to their luster. Why, a man of genius has been at work among us all the time, and we never knew it! A genius which we feel we must rank high, rank almost among the greatest. For is not Juliet's Nurse, is not Polonius,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not Malvolio, a Beerbohmian character? Suppose Max had illustrated Shakespeare, had given us a drawing of the Prince of Denmark and the Ghost?

One grows so giddy with these speculations that, among all the mad hypotheses of the disintegrators, the notion that in some previous incarnation Max himself had figured among those Great Unknown hardly seems the maddest of such speculations.

At any rate, now that Max has good-naturedly accepted the remorseful stroke of Britannia's sword, may we not hope that he will ascend the scale of honor which another beloved lord of *la belle malice* sometimes dreamed of, as he mounted in imagination step by step from C. Lamb through Earl, Marquis, Duke Lamb, to an ineffable title in the Great Hereafter?

One at least whom Max has maliced, and who didn't mind it, and sometimes with his glittering rapier (he didn't mind that either), would gladly read, in successive lists of Honors, of Baron or of Earl Max, of the Marquess or Duke of Beerbohm, of an Emperor Maximilian, and indeed of a Pontifex Maximus, a Pope Max, a High Priest of a Europe at peace for good.

NO MUSIC NOW

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

SHOULD there be no more music now, if harps were all unstrung,
And stood like golden swans among mute violins, still flutes,
No birds would sing on budding shoots, and through a quiet fall
Leaves would not whisper in the streets, at all. Then from a silent sea
Waves would roll in soundlessly, and spruces on a hill,
Like trees asleep and deathly still, would sift a muted rain.
And even bells would swing in vain to sound the silent hours,
And hang at last like brazen flowers left from another year.
Then he who paused one day to hear the harp, the flute, the thrush,
Would wonder at the solemn hush that lay upon the land,
And would recall a curving hand over a vibrant string,
And remember how the flutes would ring at night within the hall.
But there no music . . . none at all . . . no sound to break the spell.
O empty world in which to dwell, where leaves along the bough
Unfold upon a silent spring — were there no music now!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW NEUTRAL IS SWEDEN?

by SIGNE TOKSVIG

1

"SURE I know we're neutral," an Irishman said. "What I want to know is, who're we neutral against?"

No Swede would have to ask that question. His convictions would tell him the answer; and whether they did or not, his press, radio, religious and educational leaders, even his government from its rope over the abyss, have all directly or indirectly told him that Sweden is neutral on the right side. This is not always understood in the United States. Some people express doubts as to where Sweden stands.

The Axis press has no doubts. Recent quotes from Germany about the Swedes call them "vultures of neutrality, tired gourmands, and shopkeeper souls," while the Italians speak of them as "selfish anti-Europeans."

The trouble lies in the word "neutrality." Even if a country is neutral "on the right side," its position requires a lot of explaining before belligerents can sympathize with it, as the United States found out in the period before Pearl Harbor. The Swedes are very bad at explaining themselves. The Danes don't mind alluding to their good qualities; the Norwegians are able to define their stern virtues; but ask a Swede where he stands and he is likely to turn as stiff as the wooden horses carved in Dalecarlia. At most he'll mutter that Sweden will fight for its freedom against all comers. The puzzling Swedish mixture of slow obstinacy and hot temper takes the outward form of laconic pride. The Swedes think one ought to know that people with their love of democratic liberty could not possibly be "pro-German."

Their attitude is also due in part to provincialism. The Swedes are only six and a half million people in a country the size of California. They forget that the world does not always remember, or even know, how few they are. If it did, it might have a better understanding of Sweden's conduct in this war.

Look at recent Swedish history and the country's "concessions" with these facts in mind. During the Finno-Russian War of 1939–1940 the anti-Nazi world, hypnotized by the fact that Sweden is a sovereign nation with all the organs and paraphernalia of independence, urged Sweden to take on both Germany (eighty million people) and Russia (a hundred and ninety million people). Both Norway and Sweden were then vituperatively blamed for refusing passage to Allied troops on a highly problematic expedition. Had these troops been able to land and to receive supplies, the result would have been the same as it was later in less remote Norway: Sweden would have been overrun by the Nazis, who were eager for the chance. What Sweden did do for Finland was to strip itself of so much food, clothes, and war matériel that its action, as the *New York Times* said, "ought to be written in letters of gold. . . . It would be equivalent to a gift of more than twenty-five hundred million dollars from the people of the United States."

Sweden was therefore in a bad way as to stores and war matériel when the attack came on Norway and Denmark in April,

---

Danish by birth, SIGNE TOKSVIG is the wife of Francis Hackett and the biographer of Hans Christian Andersen. Hers is an abiding interest in Scandinavia, and she writes of Nazi-encircled Sweden from long knowledge of the country and its problems.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1940. Yet, expecting to be attacked, she mobilized. Germany did not attack, probably because Russia would then have objected, and the Nazis felt they had Sweden in a trap and could devour her at leisure. Still, during the first month after April 9, forty-five encroaching German aircraft were shot down over Sweden by what remained of the formidable Bofors guns. The number downed has increased considerably since then, but the figures are not published. The Swedes were not exactly out to curry favor with the seemingly invincible conquerors.

Yet Sweden — six and a half million people — was blamed because it made a concession to Germany, then in the flush of having knocked out Holland, Belgium, and France, and hence with a practically "unemployed" army. When military resistance in Norway itself ceased, the Swedish government did permit German "leave-trains" to pass through Sweden from Norway to Germany and back again. Only unarmed German soldiers, carefully checked and sealed up in the wagons by Argus-eyed Swedes, were allowed so to pass, and only the same number of soldiers was allowed to return. How the Swedish people felt about even this is shown by the fact that when some wagons containing Swedish soldiers were to be attached, for convenience, to one of these leave-trains, the Swedish soldiers refused to allow it. And when German residents in Gothenburg attempted to give cigarettes to the German soldiers in a train, an angry Swedish crowd prevented it.

Some German medical matériel, however, has been allowed passage by the Swedish government, and shortly after the German attack on Russia, when Finland had joined Germany, one German division was allowed a once-for-all passage across Sweden from Norway to Finland. This was at the request of Finland as well as of Germany, and here it must be remembered that both Finland and Norway are like next of kin to Sweden, and it was feared that Finland would be overrun by Russia. But Sweden now limits her assistance to Finland to feeding Finnish children and to rendering other forms of humanitarian aid, and though Swedish volunteers in the Finno-Russian War of 1939–1940 numbered ten thousand, there are only about a thousand in the present conflict. The Swedes frankly deplore Finland's present company.

The passage of that one German division (it was later nearly annihilated by the Russians) was the second and last of the concessions made by the Swedes to the Nazis, and it was severely criticized by the majority of the people. Many times the Germans have demanded passage for more troops, only to be firmly refused, in spite of such pressure as only Nazis bring to bear on small nations. The British, who made a formal protest about the leave-trains, made only a verbal one about the division, and these are the only protests they have made. The Germans make formal protests about one thing or another almost every day.

But some people may ask: How about Swedish trade with Germany? And how about the Swedish ore?

At the outbreak of the war, Sweden arranged trade treaties with both Britain and Germany, in which both agreed that it was fair for the Swedes to supply each belligerent with an amount of iron ore based on the average supplied in the three years preceding the war. After the Germans had seized Norway and established their Skagerrak blockade, the British were unable to get their share of the ore; nor could the usual high-grade steel go to the United States; but in spite of high pressure from Germany, the Swedish government has stubbornly refused to sell the Nazis the English and American shares of the ore. Moreover, the Germans are not getting so much as they did, as is shown by the drop in profits of the Lapland mines companies — a drop of 42 per cent in 1941 as compared with the pre-war year. Probably this decrease is chiefly due to Germany's seizure of the Lorraine iron mines, which renders her less dependent on Sweden.

Sweden was always a good customer for Germany's manufactured articles. Much of the ore she sent to Germany came back in this form. When Germany in 1942 asked for credit on iron ore, iron, and steel, the Swedish government refused it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But — should Sweden sell anything to Germany at all?

Should the Swedes live?

The blockade has closed 70 per cent of Sweden's export markets. Although a few exchange ships carry on a minimal trade with the American continent, Sweden now has practically no trade except with Germany; hence the value of goods exchanged with Germany has doubled. In any country this fact might cause certain German sympathies in some of the businessmen who profit by it, but the Swedish industrialists know of the subordinate place to which leading Nazi economists have assigned Sweden in the New Order. She is, for instance, to carry on her trade from German ports, and, as modern Sweden derives her wealth largely from overseas trade carried in her own ships, all except a few shortsighted businessmen fear a Germany victory for practical reasons also. Because of the blockade, Sweden is now wholly dependent on Germany for coal and coke, without which it can neither run its industries and defense industries nor keep from freezing in winters 40° below zero. In short, German need for iron ore and forestry products balances Sweden's need for coal and coke. But Sweden refuses to sell food or finished war matériel to Germany. German residents in Sweden were not allowed to send even the woolens they had collected to Germany.

2

Soon after the fall of France, Germany having had no excuse to hurl some of its unemployed army at Sweden, the Nazis invited several Swedish journalists and army officers to tour the battlefields, the purpose being, of course, to impress and terrorize them. The Swedes, however, wore their wooden expressions, looking at everything in silence, while the Nazis, driven to beg for their candy, kept asking, "Can't you see now that we've won the war?" At last the big, slow-spoken representative of a Swedish government party newspaper said: "I can see that you've won a lot of victories, but I can't see that you've won the war. If you have, why don't you dictate a victory peace?"

There was not much more joy to be gained from the Swedish officers. Being shown the Maginot Line did not make them feel the hopelessness of defense; their comment afterwards was that, since it was not much use to have a Maginot Line, they would fight from their forests and mountains.

The haphazard guerrilla warfare which such ringing words might elsewhere imply is not in the Swedish character. With all its remarkable power for thorough organization, the nation had already by that time set about preparing itself for effective militarism — a complete reversal of its former attitude, but all parties agreed on the necessity. The time gained by "concessions" was well utilized. Before 1936, the average annual allotment for defense was about 31 million dollars. In the budget for 1942–1943, passed by large majorities in the Riksdag, defense is allowed about 675 million dollars. For each of the past two years, defense has been granted some 600 million dollars. The whole Swedish state income for 1941–1942 was around 520 million dollars, and this was a record figure, the result of taxing everything in sight out of sight. The deficit has to be made up by loans. For the three national loans in the war years the Swedes have subscribed about 530 million dollars.

Before the war Sweden had a citizen army in which all able-bodied men had to serve for various training periods. There was a permanent army of only nineteen thousand, really a teaching staff. At present Sweden could raise a little over a million men of military age and some training, about half a million of whom would be line troops, with at least a year's training, the older men being territorials. They can nearly all ski, and have had much practice in winter maneuvers. They are well outfitted, and are rapidly becoming even better equipped, as Swedish industry, inventiveness, and famous mechanical ability work overtime to supply them. The defense industries are scattered in many small units hidden in vast forests.

The one serious lack has been in the air arm, but home production has been speeded up. The number of planes is a secret, but new types are often announced, the special pride of Sweden being a new dive bomber

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demonstrated this spring. It is entirely home-designed and built. This and the Swedish pursuit planes of the Seversky type are said to be the equal of any German or United States aircraft. Pictures have also been released of a new heavy bomber made in Sweden. And the Swedish flyers are second to none.

The Swedish navy has also been modernized and is being added to continually. It is well adapted to the shallow waters and skerries along the 1400-mile coastline, a new type of submarine for use in coastal waters having been invented and built. Naval experts estimate that the Swedish navy could match any other in the Baltic fairly well.

The gasoline reserves are said to be sufficient for a year and a half of war, and Swedish inventors have found ways of making lubricating oils from petroleum shale and from wood stumps. There are stores of some five hundred essential military supplies, hidden away in a thousand places. Furthermore, Sweden can now, by throwing a switch, blow up its mines and the electric power stations supplying the railways that carry the ore, so that many months would pass before they could be utilized again. Its cities are prepared for bombing. In Stockholm one shelter has a bombproof fifty-foot natural rock ceiling. It can hold fifty thousand people and can be used after the war as a car park. The way in which civilian defense and preparedness have been organized could serve as a model.

The Swedish army chief, General Ivar Holmquist, is no doubt right when he says that all the Swedish soldier now lacks is experience in war. "However, if we are forced to fight, our nerves will be better. We have élite troops. We have no outmoded or outworn matériel. After the last war I was told by French military men that while the soldiers of the AEF might not have been so well trained — an army is not made in so short a time — the Allies were encouraged by the high spirits, the freshness, and the fine equipment of the American troops. I believe the Swedish soldier has, and will show, the same courage in any trying situation."

What trying situation? Who would cause it? The Swedish Defense Minister gave the answer in a speech this spring: "A situation could arise where a strategical desire could make a belligerent violate our peace." In March, when he made this statement, the Germans had massed a great number of troops in Denmark near the Swedish coast. They feared then, as they do still, an Allied invasion of the narrow part of Norway, because here alone on the long European west coastline they have not been able, because of the rugged terrain, to stud the country with airdromes. If the Allies held this strip, they could cut off the German troops in the far north and deal with the menace to the convoys bound for Murmansk. There would be no way for the Germans to get troops up to the north, except by going through Sweden. A Nazi attack on the key center of Sweden by parachute troops was planned, the Baltic being too full of ice for transports. Sweden at once sent a hundred thousand well-equipped soldiers to hold maneuvers right at the danger spot, and the Germans showed no further interest in the matter.

3

What about the Nazis within Sweden? Experts in human percentages estimate the genuine Swedish Nazis to be less than one per cent. They comprise the usual crackpots and soreheads. A certain fluctuating percentage, say ten per cent, are waiting on victory to decide their opinions, but the rest are solidly pro-democratic, even if not altogether pro-British. During the last war, there was a circle centering in the late German-born Queen, the so-called "Activists," who favored Germany. It is chiefly this group which people mean when they speak vaguely of Sweden as being "pro-German"; public opinion about remote countries is prone to lag twenty years behind events. There was also the fear of Russia, which was perhaps the reason why a faction of the Conservative Party was then Germanophile. But all that has emphatically changed; since the democratic reform of 1918 the Swedish people rule the country. George Gibson, vice president of the British Trades Union Congress, interviewed in the United States after a visit to Sweden last

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

winter, said of it: "With a population of less than seven million, there are about one million members in the Federation of Labor. This means that Labor has a very firm grip on the government."

Organized labor is necessarily anti-Nazi. It is the dominant political group, but it has formed a coalition government with the other parties, and unanimity exists among them as to the defense of "a free nation's peace."

Although German Foreign Office circles have lately attacked Sweden as a "new center of Bolshevism," the Swedes know that the real danger lies in even a small number of Nazis. This summer the government ordered the army to clean house. Defense Minister Per Edvin Sköld spoke out, on August 30, as to what this means: "Since all of our manpower does military service, it is inevitable that some Nazi sympathizers may be in the ranks, but we have knowledge of those whose loyalty is dubious. Their number is infinitely small in relation to the whole, and this applies to the officers as well. There are none in responsible positions."

Swedish Nazis have never been able to elect a member of the Riksdag; at the last elections in 1940 they did not even try to. Although so few, they have the vociferousness of the tribe, and they attempt to hold meetings in some towns. Almost invariably they get a hot reception. The Trelleborg incident is typical, where nine Nazis set up a platform and began to orate. A crowd of a thousand shouted "Down with the traitors!" rushing the platform. The police rescued the Nazis, but they had to be kept at the police station, guarded by soldiers with machine guns.

A recent visitor to Sweden tells of being at a winter resort where the wife and family of a German official of the German Legation thought they would spend a holiday. They had to leave after a few days, unable to stand the quick emptying of any public room where they tried to sit down.

4

Unfounded rumors circulate in America regarding the Swedish royal family. The truth is that it is one of the active forces of democracy. The King is strictly constitutional and fearless. The scholarly Crown Prince is married to an English princess; he is wholly democratic in outlook. Prince Wilhelm often writes and speaks for Norway. His poem "To Norway" is movingly beautiful. Prince Eugen auctions off his own paintings in aid of Norway.

Norway. The long torture and epic fight of their brother people have moved the Swedes as not even the Finnish struggle did. A few Norwegians, understandably blinded by their agony, have tended to blame the Swedes for not entering the war, but thinking Norwegians realize how much they have benefited by this "neutrality." In an address to the Norwegian Club of Brooklyn this summer, Mr. J. L. Mowinckel, former premier of Norway, said: "We must admit that, in spite of all emotions, it was an advantage for us too that Sweden stayed neutral." He described a meeting of all the Swedish trade-unions at which the Norwegian flag, draped with black crepe, was borne forward in tribute to the executed Norwegian leaders. There was a two-minute silence, and "when the President spoke strong words in condemnation of the criminals, the whole of Sweden backed him."

Mr. Mowinckel said that the Norwegian Legation in Stockholm was Norway's breathing organ in the world. The great extent of its usefulness could not be revealed, he said, "but the darkness in Norway would have been even greater if we had not had this splendid searchlight system in Stockholm." He also expressed his gratitude for the generous hospitality of Sweden towards the Norwegian refugees. Sweden, incidentally, still recognizes the rightful Norwegian government in London, while everyone from the King down sent good wishes to King Haakon on his birthday.

Another active assistance to the Allies is the Swedish merchant marine, about half of which is in Allied service — or was. Out of 600,000 tons, only 200,000 remain, the rest having been sunk. It was a Swedish ship, the *Stureholm*, which alone of all the convoy went back to rescue sixty-five of the officers and crew of the *Jervis Bay*, after that ship's historic fight. The captain of the *Stureholm*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sven Olander, asked his crew to vote on whether they should return to the danger zone to help "those who had done so much for us," and got a unanimous "yes." From a small note in a daily paper one learned some time later that, still sailing for the Allies, the valiant *Stureholm* had been sunk with all hands. Many Swedish sailors have given their lives, not only in the Swedish merchant navy but in the English, and more especially in the American. There has been hardly a torpedoed ship in the Western Atlantic that has not had at least one Swedish name among those lost.

How is it now in Sweden? With Germany to the south across the narrow Baltic, Nazis in Norway and Denmark to the west and north, Nazis in Finland to the east — do they pipe down, bend low, tread lightly?

A woman who has just returned from a visit to the country gives the best answer: "They stand up to their big hardships with clear eyes and a will to let nothing break them, whatever the cost. I talked to all sorts of people, and they are all the same — uncomplaining, confident, firm in their belief that they are on the right way. Their fighting spirit is their most evident characteristic. And next to that is their loving pity towards all the suffering people of Europe. They are doing much more, especially for the Norwegians and the Finns, than they really ought to, they have so horribly little themselves. I was shocked beyond words at the change in living standards since 1939. Their meat and bread rations are dreadfully small — the people do not get enough; I never had enough! No hot water in that cold winter. Yet everybody's answer is, 'But *we* can't complain!' Everything is endured gladly, willingly, proudly. It made the tears fall to see what I saw and to read what I read. The press! I got frightened several times by reading the newspapers, they are so unflinchingly outspoken, as if they represented the strongest and most independent great power in the world."

Between January and May, Stockholm apartment houses were allowed only three days of hot water. The bread ration is about seven ounces daily. One egg and six ounces of meat are the weekly allowance of those essentials.

The Swedish press must be mentioned. There is no greater aid to the country's morale and self-respect. Ninety-five per cent of the population reads a daily paper, and 63 per cent a weekly. Only one afternoon paper, now being boycotted, is rated as pro-German. Typical of hundreds of papers is what a great liberal daily said: "Nothing has meant more for Swedish sense of reality and self-knowledge than the attempt during the past year to force a foreign system on the Norwegians. If people think that the brutality of jailers or the bullets of firing squads will lame the will to resist of the Norwegian patriots, they are just as mistaken as they would be to think that the news of this would throw the Swedes into a state of fear and fatalistic subjection."

Examples of the courage of the Swedish press would fill several thick books, especially if one were to include the resolutions condemning the Nazis, which are almost daily being passed by Sweden's many organizations. Remember that the Nazis keep detailed records of the journalists and other people who publicly or even privately oppose them, and when they occupy such a country those are the people who are seized as hostages and put into concentration camps. The Swedes are well aware of it. This knowledge does not throw them into a state of fear or fatalistic subjection; it did not even when prospects looked darkest.

So long as she can maintain her neutrality, Sweden bars the path of the Axis. If she can't?

"We may have to fight for all that we hold dear," Sweden's staunch premier, Per Albin Hansson, said late this summer; "and if we do, I know that our people who love peace will show they love freedom and democracy more."

How neutral is Sweden?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HAPPIEST MAN

by ROBERT EASTON

1

As soon as Blackwell's man came into the Last Saloon we saw he was on his Christmas party. That was his trouble: trying to be happy once a year. His face wore hair and he wore three shirts which meant he'd been out six days — two hickory-grays and a Frisco dandy at the bottom that should have had a collar but had only a gold button in the middle of the throat. He was the stingiest man in the world, that man of Blackwell's. Why, he was so stingy he wouldn't buy the soap to do his laundry but waited until Mrs. Blackwell did out hers and used the dirty water. All year long he never spent a dime and then, come Christmas, he'd take a week and go to Frisco and tie one on.

He always rode home in a taxi — we could hear it outside, purring for him to come, telling you he had plenty of money but not much time. Said he'd seen rich city folk ride past all year and hang their face at him and he wanted to see how it was done. Sometimes he'd keep the cab a week, riding around, looking at things, and when he took the notion, he'd have it stopped so he could sleep, and when his shirt got overripe he'd go to Abel's general store and buy another. That was why three shirts meant he'd been out a week.

But he didn't look very happy. He passed right by us at the table and headed for the bar where Pete, our saloonkeeper, was leaning on his hand, under a blue eyeshade, thinking about Christmas.

"Howdy, Santa Claus," says Blackwell's man. "What's old Santa got for good boys that is thirsty?"

"Tom and Cherry," says Pete. "Specials." Pete was a Dane, and kind of chewed his words — and his gray mustache in between times.

"Who?" says Blackwell's man.

Behind the bar was a mirror that reflected the suspenders crossing on Pete's back, and his apron strings, and the backs of all the bottles set on shelves along the mirror. Especially it reflected a great big bowl of something hot that gave off steam enough to wet the glass and made a heavenly image all of gold that tilted up a little, as if this stuff was just too wonderful to stay on earth.

Pete indicated it to Blackwell's man with the smallest motion of one hand, as an artist shows his finest painting, and Blackwell's man looked very happy all of a sudden and said, "Gimme some, Pete."

Pete filled a coffee mug and set it steaming on the bar.

They muttered over it a while and we sat and tried to hear them, and the wind talked around the corners of the Last Saloon and didn't sound like Christmas Eve at all.

"Pete," says Blackwell's man, "it's too sweet. Gimme something to cut it, something sour."

Pete mixed him up a whiskey sour, but when he came to drink it the lemon mingled

---

Robert Easton's first story, "Dynamite's Day Off," appeared in the *Atlantic* in May, 1942, and since then we have brought out three others. A young Harvard graduate who has worked as a cattle hand and who in his writing blends the great tradition with the present lore of the range, Mr. Easton left the ranching he loves to enlist in the Field Artillery. He is now in the Tank Destroyer Command. His first collection of short stories is to be published this fall under the title of *The Happiest Man*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the sweetness of the Tom and Jerry and came out in between, like castor oil.

"God!" said Blackwell's man, not looking so happy. "Why don't you learn to mix drinks, Pete? Or get some bottles ready-mixed like Frisco has?"

He tried a shot of straight Bourbon and then got arguing with Pete and finally blew clear up and went away just as happy as he'd come.

He let in wind that made us shrink and shiver right on through to the gizzard. Think of a cross between rheumatism and a fog and you'll have that wind. It blew all the time in that country, straight from the salt marshes and the bay; and on Christmas Eve it followed Dynamite and Cherokee and me clear to the doorstep of the Last Saloon, and blew us indoors with a whoosh.

I don't know what there was to celebrate. We had to be at work by six next morning. We worked in one of those outdoor factories that manufacture cattle instead of shoes or automobiles and work their men on Christmas Day and Sunday because cattle are just as hungry then as any other day. One of Dynamite's boys was down sick with the measles. Cherokee's wife was back in Oklahoma with her folks. I was a young kid a long way from home. But you know how fellows get after a while: they just have to celebrate something even if they make it up.

So there we were, and we called for Pete to fill us up again with Tom and Jerry.

He came along, saying about Blackwell's man, "Poor fool — didn't have no coat, didn't have no hat. When he tries to buy a bottle I tell him, 'No, you've had enough.' He will never be happy."

"No," said Cherokee, "not if he lives a hundred years and goes to Frisco every day."

"No," said Pete, "he will never be happy."

"Not like we are, anyway," said Dynamite. "Nobody could be happy quite like we are." And he made his blue eyes spark and his small young body shake and wiggle and become alive all over. He said, "I knowed a feller once was happy."

"Plumb happy?" says Cherokee.

"Plumb happy," says Dynamite.

"Didn't have no Sunday job?" says I.

"Nope."

"Didn't have no wife or kids?" says Pete.

"Nope."

"Well, let's hear about him," Cherokee says.

"Okay," says Dynamite.

2

"It starts back home in Utah years ago — feller gets off a train, important feller too, 'cause this was the Continental Comet, see, and she used to smoke through Red Jewel like a streak of light. But she stopped for him, and the railroaders gathered and yessed him up and down and cost him plenty before they was through and he could stand alone and let me see him. Now he was the unlikeliest feller you *ever* saw, small, pale, kind of humpy, but he had a maverick's look in his eye, and the air got away behind him when *he* moved.

"D'rectly the train took off and whipped him with its tail of dust; and he stands there, a bag in each hand, faced south across the desert towards the mountains, and never knows she's gone. Then he sees me standing there and quits his bags and comes and says to me, 'I want to go down there.' And do you know all he done was point a hand down south?

"'Sure,' I says.

"'Fine,' says he, 'when do we start?'

"'In the morning,' I says, 'I'll get the ponies.'

"So I puts him up at the Princess Hotel, M. M. Berg proprietor, and gets a hippy sorrel horse from Hap, my pard, and about then I remember all this guy has said to me, or me to him, has been yes, no, bang-bang.

"Next morning bright and early I and the ponies was at the Hotel, and out he steps in a brand new pair of jeans and denim jumper that I knowed he'd bought from Charlie Pell across the street 'cause I could tell Charlie's denim when I seen it.

"'Ready to go?' I says.

"'Ready to go!' says he.

"With that he climbs aboard; and when I seen him do it I could tell he'd rode a horse maybe once, maybe twice.

"'You're traveling kind of light,' I says.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'Yes,' he says, 'I am.'

"'How far did you figure to go?'

"'How far?' he says. 'Far as you like.' And waves another hand down south — down where the mountains rose up big and blue. My spine begun to creep. There was stuff about this here guy I'd never seen before. Now he weren't a scientific kind, had no hammer for to bust up rocks and look inside, no nets nor bottles nor even a pencil — just his clothes and a silly kind of straw hat Charlie Pell had sold him. I couldn't figure it.

"I says to him, 'We can ride till Christmas and it won't bother me. I know folks as will put us up at night for a good long ways at least.'

"'Fine,' he says.

"So we took off. We rode all day across the desert, heading for the mountains that stayed always just as blue and far away, and when I seen him ride I knowed there was no question of this feller having ridden once or twice before: it was only once. The sour alkali got in his nose and made him sneeze. The new blue denim chafed his legs till they was rare as minute steak — I knowed; I could tell it in the way he set his horse, cocked forward like a little boy that's been whipped and can't sit down. He never said a word. I couldn't tell if he was sad or happy or just thinking hard. We rode and rode, and the sun got up and hit that desert square and bounced right back like fire from a red-hot stove. This feller's face swole up till he couldn't see the mountains he was riding for, his eyes run, and when I asked him how he felt he made a speech and says to me: 'Fine.'

"Well, I was a little whipped myself when, just at dark, we rode into Hoopaloo's place on Tank Crick out of Skull Valley. 'How far are we from the mountains now?' he says. 'We'll be there this time tomorrow,' I says, and hearing it he wants to look cheerful but can't because his face is burnt so it has no play left in it. He gets off kindy sudden — like a bag of flour that's had its bottom cut — and grabs the horn to keep from falling. I says to myself, 'You little so-and-so, you're game whatever you are.'

"For two days he couldn't travel, and we laid up there with Hoopaloo, eating jerky stew and beans, but what he ate made him sick and we laid him over one day more. His face stayed raw as fire. We doctored it with bacon grease — with a rag on the end of a stick. It was Hoop's idea, not mine. He said it was the boss stuff for burns though a shade salty. I bet the little gentleman could have said a good deal more about it but he didn't. All he said was, 'Thank-you-very-much-indeed!' bright and sudden like a lark, and it always made Hoop jump a little.

"Come the fourth day and we rolled out early, Hoop and I, to do the chores, and he rolls with us. 'That's all right,' we tell him, 'there's nothing much to do.'

"'No,' he says, 'I want to help. I'll feed the chickens.'

"Later I meets him leaving the chicken yard. His face is kind of seared over now, half brown, half red, like a piece of meat on a quick fire.

"'Did I give them enough?' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'you did.'

"The yard was only ankle-deep in wheat.

"'I'm very fond of chickens,' he says. Damn his soul! You couldn't help but like him.

"Then we hit the trail and by noon was in a country of scrub cedar — little old trees ten foot high that tried to be a forest and never made it but was built just proper for their size. The little gentleman said they was like the people of the earth that was cut small out of a big pattern.

"By noon we traveled in a country that was tall and green, where water run cold out of the stone. There was meadows — spots of shining sun where a man would want to stop and spend his life. There was ferns and flowers and the smack of trout hitting the water after flies, everything a man could ask, but it wasn't good enough for him. 'What's on the other side?' he says.

"By four o'clock the trees was growing thinner and the rocks whiter, and I knowed the timber line was due. That would fetch him round, I figured. He could see from there till his eyes ached.

"We ride along in shadow, cold, echoing ourselves from rock and snow, and come out finally on a slope where we can see and the sun lays still. There below us is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twilight country, the widest country in the world. Far to the south she goes, gray and rolling as the ocean on a cloudy day, and in her canyons are the shadows of gray heat that lie till evening. She's bare and empty as the sea, and far around her rim she seems to burn, which is the heat-smoke rising. She's like a dish stuck in a fire, heaped with all the mountains of the world.

"'That's where I want to go,' says the little gentleman.

"'You can't,' I says.

"'Why not?' says he.

"'There ain't nobody goes to the Twilight country,' I says.

"I told him of the water and the acid in the rocks, of winds that open on you like an oven door, of chambers in the stone that lets up gasses from the underworld.

"'Of course,' he says, 'of course. I ought to go alone.'

"We turned around and started home.

3

"Away that autumn word come to me in Red Jewel how a feller crossing by the Twilight hills had found a mule, runaway mule; and d'rectly he come along himself leading that mule, and Eben James who owns the livery stable said it was his mule — one he'd sold my little gentleman. Then the cry got up and come around to me as being last to see the man. 'Sure,' I says, 'I know where he is; I'll find him.'

"So I gets Hap, my pard, who can track a bird through the air, and with him four good horses, grub, bedding, canvas bags for water, and we travels and finds the place this feller says he caught the mule. It's up agin a rimrock in a canyon that was long and gray and quiet as the grave.

"South we went, and south, going up that canyon while the trail roughened out and quit, and the walls rose higher till they kept our sound for minutes before they gave it back. We never heard a living noise nor seen a sign till Hap stood by a flat stone and showed me where the mule had scuffed his shoe there coming down. A hind shoe, he said. To me it looked like maybe somebody struck a match there ten years ago.

"We worked all day to find that canyon's head; we clumb by running water that was cold and sweet, through boulders that was big as buildings, and no trees, until we come to a place where the water run backwards.

"Ever come along a road and see a stile built over a fence? You say, 'Gee whizz, Farmer Brown's built him a stile. Wonder why? Must be for something special or he wouldn't have taken all the trouble.' Well, that's how we felt that minute in that headless canyon, like some big Farmer Brown had been a-doing special things with the face of the earth, and left a place for us to wander up and over, to climb on down and see.

"And what we seen!

"She fanned down gradual a hundred miles, brown and bare and stony; and far down there what looked like rocks, and made an eddy in her like a stone in water, was really mountains. Gray walls begun on either side and reached up white to snow, and dirt flowed out of 'em like water. It halfway filled the canyons, and higher still them walls was colored, red, yellow, orange, in a stain that rose and quit right sudden, like some time years ago a great big colored sea had filled the valley just so high. Above was gray, except where slides had gashed her white, and I figured, after studying a spell, that was because the heat-smoke in the summer rose and stayed right at that line of colors and made them twilights through the canyons and shut the sun off like a big umbrella, while all above was cooked plumb out to gray.

"Even now in winter the ground laid under shadow and the sun come pale and you kept looking up and looking up, thinking it was gonna rain but it weren't. That was the shadow in the air and it set your skin to creep.

"Dirt and stone was dumped in loose and helter-skelter like people dumps in piles in city lots when they're about to build, only these here piles was mountain chains. There weren't no trees nor brush nor other stuff that didn't matter or could go on later. This here was raw stuff for the beginning and boy, believe me! you could have built the world again with what we seen and had a lot to spare!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hap says to me, 'Our mule passed here.' He points me out a hole where water had been once, and then mud, and now a kind of whitish-yellow stuff that was like concrete only harder, and it stunk. There was rings of green and yellow round the edge that was the stain of acid from the rocks, and two little holes right in the center that looked like someone'd walked out there on stilts, and they was the marks of the forelegs of our mule. 'He tried to drink here,' Hap says.

"'He must have been a thirsty mule,' says I.

"So we kept along, and the canyons multiplied and run together and had no end and no beginning nor any meaning that was good that we could see, and Hap followed where that mule had gone like the flying birds follows the spring. We come on sudden valleys where the grass was green and water blue and always still, and all the sounds was echoes. We rode past bridges built by wind and water out of stone — where God lives in the rock, as the Indians say, and casts the only rightful shadow in that land; and when we seen His shadow lying on our trail we chilled, picked up, and hurried through.

"At night we heard a noise like somewheres far away a furnace door was open, and next morning if we passed that place we'd find the little birds all dead beside the trail and see the palest shadow going on the hills for miles, and that was where the wind had cut the stone.

"There was no sound by night or day we'd ever heard or liked, and one morning in the early darkness I heard a rooster crow. 'Hap,' I says, 'wake up!'

"It come again.

"'God,' he says, 'a rooster!' and buries his head.

"I says, 'Don't be a fool. Our little gentleman was fond of chickens.'

"Right over a hummock in a valley that was green as spring, by water as made all the noises of the sea, we found his camp. New grass was coming on it. The willows of the table had begun to sprout. His bed was puffed up mealy by the rain; and on a cedar stump this rooster set agin that day and give the sun hello. All around him, hen-folk scratched and bustled after early worms and never heard a word.

"Hap says: ''Pears like he ain't gathered many eggs of late, that little gentleman.'

"And Hap was right. He looked and looked, but this here trail was one he couldn't follow, and some place, though I couldn't say right where, it led up in the sky, I knowed.

"Then we traveled and went out the way we'd came, and as we passed them rocks and steeps we had a feeling like the shutting of a thousand doors; and when we got to Red Jewel the people that had been so hot for us to start had plumb forgot we'd gone. And the Continental Comet, she run through Red Jewel like a tongue of flame, as she does still, and never stopped again. . . . No sir," said Dynamite, which meant his story was over, "she never stopped again."

We came back to the Last Saloon altogether in one breath, our eyes meeting as we drew it in and our feet scraping the floor, remembering how cramped they were.

"He left nothing?" Pete said.

"Nothing," said Dynamite.

"What made you think he was so happy?" said Cherokee. "Why?"

"Why?" said Dynamite. "Well, I don't know — I used to wonder why myself. He never was a happy man to see. And then I figured it was this: he'd pitched his camp in the country he liked best and never had to break it up."

We thought on that some time while the wind pecked and whined around the corners of the Last Saloon.

"Maybe so," said Cherokee, "but me, I'd settle for a lot less than he done. If I could lay abed on Christmas morning, I think I'd settle for that."

Pete said, "Same with me too."

"Well, fellers," said Cherokee, stretching himself, "we'd better move."

We said "S'long" to Pete and went outside and drove away in Cherokee's 1924 Dodge touring, with the wind hammering the isinglass and the faintest kind of shadow coming on the fields that would soon be Christmas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES

by MacKINLEY HELM

20

THE American consul general in Czechoslovakia advised me not to go on to Germany, which was next on my European itinerary, until the Allied Army of Occupation was withdrawn. The Pact of Locarno was still some months off; and meanwhile the German people were feeling bitter about the black colonial troops in the Rhineland. I refused to believe, however, that they would hold me, a private Negro citizen of the United States, responsible for the presence of French-speaking Africans, and so I settled down in Prague to prepare for German audiences by polishing up my studies of the *Lieder*.

Early in the fall of 1924 I felt ready to meet the Germans on their own terms. Some friends I had made in Pilsen helped me to cross the border inconspicuously, and I went up at once to Berlin. I wanted to get the feel of the city for a couple of days before the concert which a Russian agent by the name of Borkon had booked me to sing at the Beethovensaal. On my breakfast tray, the morning after my arrival, I found a complimentary copy of an American newspaper published in the German capital. The editorial page contained an open letter which proved that the consul in Prague had been no alarmist. Addressed to the American Ambassador, and signed by an officer of one of the many nationalistic societies which flourished in post-war Germany, it called for the prevention of a certain calamity: namely, the concert of an American Negro who had come to Berlin to defile the names of German poets and composers — a Negro, according to the writer, "who, at best, could only remind us of the cotton fields of Georgia."

When I entered the concert chamber at the Beethovensaal, I found myself standing in a flood of light; in front of me, a blacked-out audience sat unquietly. From the rear there rolled out a great volley of hisses, which seemed to me to fill the hall entirely. I was terribly apprehensive, but I took my place in the curve of the piano, closed my eyes, lifted my head into singing position, and stood still as a statue. I waited moment after moment, perhaps for five or ten minutes altogether, listening to the ebb and flow of antagonistic sound. I tried to match the determination of my adversaries with quiet invincibility, and after a time I seemed actually to impress them. Presently the attack upon me petered out.

When silence came, as it absolutely did at length, the hall was more still than any other I had ever sung in. It was so quiet that the hush began to hurt. I conveyed my readiness to my accompanist with the slightest movement of my lips, without turning my head or my body, and began to sing Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh'," which otherwise would have occurred later in the program. The entry to that song is almost as silent as silence itself. The German text, stealing out of my mouth in sustained pianissimo, seemed to win my hostile audience over.

In the greenroom, during the first intermission, I was warned that no singer had dared to use the French language in Berlin

---

As a resident of Brookline, Massachusetts, Dr. MacKinley Helm came to know and to respect his neighbor, Roland Hayes. Dr. Helm has captured in prose of a peculiarly oral quality the life of one of America's finest artists. *Angel Mo' and Her Son: Roland Hayes* will appear shortly in book form.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since the war, but I was determined to face my audience out with the French songs printed in my program. I returned to the platform and sang Debussy, Henri Duparc, and Massenet. I sang the "Dream Song" five times. The audience accepted that group so gallantly that I gave them more of their own music before I went on to the spirituals.

The first person to speak to me in the artists' room after the concert was an American boy who was studying music in Berlin. His face was as red as a beet and his eyes shone darkly.

"Put it there!" he said. "This is the first time I have seen the Germans admit that good art can come out of America."

I crossed over to America in the early winter of 1924, after the German season, to sing the eighty concerts of my second American tour; and in April, 1925, I returned to Europe to sing with the Royal Philharmonic Society of Madrid. There, for the first time in my life, I played at something unrelated to my work. I went to parties everywhere, with the most fashionable people in the city; although I must confess that frequently I felt like an ox in a parlor amongst them.

I was in Granada in nightingale season, and lived in a little villa set into the very walls of the Alhambra. My rooms overlooked a magnolia grove where the nightingales sang. I was there in the month of May, and the birds, lately returned from Nubia and Abyssinia, sang both day and night. What a miracle of sound comes from the throats of those drab, inconspicuous creatures! It is only the cock that sings, to be sure, but he is no more elegant than his mate. He is a veritable Negro amongst birds, with his reddish-brown plumage — as anonymous in the magnolia glade as a colored boy in a field of cotton.

21

On my way from Spain to Russia I sang in Amsterdam, where the people liked best the florid French music and the Negro spirituals. I went through a kind of revival of religious enthusiasm there, in that Protestant country, and perhaps I sang the spirituals with new feeling. I had not been neglecting the music of my race, I was singing it faithfully everywhere, but in Catholic Europe I had doubtless given the effect of setting European music artistically above it. Now the music of my own people filled my heart and mind again. I had early appreciated the religious quality of the songs my ancestors sang, and had long since come to feel that the slave composers were moved by the same fiery Spirit that inspired Bach and Schubert. But now that I was maturing as an artist, I began with greater conviction to present the spirituals as works of art. It is their rare combination of art and spirituality that makes great music out of songs which appear on the surface to be so artless.

At this high peak of religious inspiration I set out for the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, where, I had been told, religion itself had been crucified. We were to be official guests of the Soviet Union, — my accompanist Percival Parham, my secretary, and I, — charged with helping to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the creation of the Red Army; but we had to wait a month in Berlin for our visas. At last, on January 28, 1928, the calendarian although not the official anniversary of the first Red Army exploit, we received the necessary passports and papers, boarded the evening train for Moscow, and spent the first night of our journey in a succession of customs examinations. We rode all the next day through the flat, white fields of Poland and arrived at the Russian frontier after dark. Polish inspectors had relieved me of every scrap of writing in my luggage, so that nothing of interest could possibly have been left to the Russians, who nevertheless continued to inspect my possessions for the space of two hours.

We liked the Russian railway coaches which awaited us at the border. They were large and warm and comfortable — although poor Parham was distressed to discover that they were not exactly private. He found that he was expected to share a sleeping compartment with a strange woman. From the dining car the next morning, we looked out upon the snowy Russian landscape. It was studded with clumps of miniature firs and birches, with here and there a village of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low huts which looked as though they had been plowed into the ground against the ravages of wind. I remember being baffled by the signs I saw in railway stations, but I consoled myself by reflecting that if I could not speak the language of the country, I should not be in danger of saying something I might regret.

We arrived in Moscow on the afternoon of the third day out of Berlin and were taken at once to the Grand Hotel, an enormous and expensive caravanserai where foreigners were evidently expected to spend as much as they could earn in the country.

I was greeted by the Muscovites with half-hearted applause. They looked bewildered and deceived, as though they had expected to see a black giant with bulging muscles and ape-like features; or perhaps, I thought, they had expected a trumpet and saw only a pitch-pipe. They heard my first group out in silence. The second group, the German songs, broke the audience down a little. Then I returned and sang the Russian group which I had laboriously prepared over a number of months — songs of Tchaikovsky, Slonimsky, Taneieff, and Gretchaninoff.

I took fifteen bows after the Russian music, each one draining my small remaining store of strength. I did not dare to give an encore lest I should be unable to finish the program with the spirituals, and after the concert, when I was greeted by people from all over the world, I was too tired to speak. I had to refuse an invitation to take tea with a plump little bearded man. The concert manager's startled reproof to my manners lent intelligibility to the faint look of incredulity I thought I had detected on the little man's face when I excused myself. He turned out to be the rising statesman Litvinoff.

I came upon a singular fact during an intermission in the second of my concerts in Leningrad, when a young woman visited me in the greenroom and asked me to show her the English texts of the Negro songs I had sung at my first recital. I asked her if she would mind getting permission to look at them from the commissar who went about with me everywhere. With that gentleman's consent, I handed her a sheaf of the printed texts, which she began at once to read aloud.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she exclaimed excitedly, when she had run through a few verses.

"What did you know?" I asked.

"I knew you were singing about God." she said, and her eyes were shining.

"But didn't you already know that?" I asked. "Translations of the texts are printed in the program."

"Has anyone told you what those translations say?" she inquired, and proceeded to give me a literal rendering of the "translation" of "Go Down, Moses."

The twenty-five original verses of that spiritual recite the history of the people of Israel, beginning with their redemption from "ole Pharoh," down in "Egypt lan'," and continuing with a paraphrase of the Biblical account of their wanderings, up to the fall of Jericho. According to the Soviet version, I had been singing a history of the Negro's effort to liberate himself from slavery. And "Deep River," a song of religious aspiration if ever there was one, had become, in proletarian hands, a dreary narrative about Negroes picnicking on the banks of the Jordan River.

I determined that on the next occasion of singing the spirituals in Moscow, I should endeavor so to make God shine through them, with the faith of my mother and her kind, that the banal and coldly humanistic texts printed by some atheistic commissar should not entirely obscure their spiritual meaning. And so, with God's help, I was able to do. After my next concert a ruling member of the Communist Party admitted to me that she had experienced a "peculiar feeling" which, as a professing atheist, she was unable to describe.

"I am sure, however," she quickly added, "that my feelings do not correspond to any spiritual reality, and I do not expect them to last very long."

A young Chicago Negro named Jones, a student at the University of Moscow, tried to convert me to the new political philosophy, but everywhere I looked the effects of Communist doctrine seemed to me so bleak and so unlovely that I was not a good subject for persuasion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

22

The halls and chambers of our hotel in Kiev were hung with remnants of Czarist luxury. There were elegantly fitted bathrooms through whose pipes no water ran. There was an impressive staff of servants who took no orders from the guests. There were elaborate menus in the dining room, but in the kitchen there was no congruity of food. A boiled egg, a plate of bread and butter, and a pot of tea would appear at intervals, the tea two hours after the egg, the bread gray and bitter.

The automobile which came to take us to the concert hall was a shabby vehicle which had been produced in the Noachic epoch of the history of Detroit. We insinuated ourselves into its narrow seats. It did not budge. Presently it coughed, but its movement was only lateral and vertical. We held on to the back of the front seat, hoping to keep body and soul of the car together, while the chauffeur called for help. A throng of men and boys pushed us at last through the snowy streets to the hall.

It was not inspiring to sing to an audience of sniggering peasants who behaved as though they had come to inspect an African savage. I felt that they were resentful because I neither looked nor sang like an inhabitant of the jungle. The people out front were the savages, actually, and I had to tame them. It took precisely two exhausting hours to do it, but when I had indeed made friends with them, I was scarcely permitted to leave. Crowds followed the antediluvian coach all the way to my hotel and demanded an impromptu concert in the courtyard in the morning.

At Kharkov, when I stood before my audience in the evening, in a decaying concert hall, I was made to feel like a collection of prehistoric bones on exhibition in a glass case. I had been brought to the people by their government — issued, so to speak, like food and clothing; and their faces seemed to me to wear an appearance of stupidity and weariness, such as I had observed when I saw them in the daytime, immobilized in queues upon the street. There was something pathetic in their astonishment when they discovered that they were getting more out of my concert than their ration cards had led them to expect. I felt that I was giving them relief, for a little while, from the sordidness of their living arrangements: the close-packed sleeping; the endless cooking of two or three families sharing a single stove in a steam-filled room; the victualing with undernourishing commodities because everything of value had to be exported in the interest of exchange.

The Moscow manager was inclined to treat me like a music box which he could wind up and set down to sing anywhere, at any time. Wherever we had a successful concert, he promptly booked a return engagement. I was so overcome by the misery and desolation of the country, and by my own acute discomfort, that I was anxious only to fill my scheduled engagements and withdraw. Except for an event which occurred in Kharkov, I think I should not have had the heart to go on to distant Rostov.

Out of a crowd of people standing around the door of the Hotel Rouge, when we left to go to the railway station, there emerged an old man with a beaming, wrinkled face and eyes like diamonds. He plucked my cloak and said, "Are you going away, Mister? Very good, Mister. Thank you, Mister."

I asked him if he had heard my concert.

"*Ja, es war wunderschön,*" he said. He had heard it by radio, through an unauthorized broadcast. "You come again? Maybe next week?"

"Not next week, my friend," I replied. "Perhaps next year."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"Good-bye, Mister. Thank you, Mister," he said, and hobbled away.

When I read today of the beleaguered cities along the eastern front, south to the Sea of Azov and north to Leningrad, in my mind I see them as they used to be. I am filled with respectful wonder when I hear how the Russian people, whose inexperience had produced nothing but disorder then, whose farms and cities were incapable of supplying goods for ordinary daily needs, have been able in this war to muster such abundantly implemented and bravely organized resistance to ordered German might.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A melancholy, impractical, and childlike race, the Russians, — or so they seemed to me then, — and yet how, in so many ways, like my own people. But today I see that they have grown strong, they have become giants overnight, in the preservation of their freedom. How long shall we Negroes, on our side, continue to grow weaker in imitative bondage? How long, O Lord, how long?

23

The idea of buying the farm where my mother was born had occurred to me in 1926. In November of that year I was received by a mixed audience of seven thousand people in the Atlanta Auditorium. The day after that long deferred debut I motored up to Calhoun, the county seat of Gordon County, picked up a boyhood friend, Allen Henson, the district attorney, and drove over to Little Row, which by that time the postal authorities called Curryville. Not a stick or splinter remained of our old cabin in the Flatwoods. Three cedar trees had survived from the grove which used to screen our house from the lane leading to Mount Zion Church, and a grapevine smothered a pecan tree which was all that remained of a tidy little orchard of nuts and fruit. But with the eyes of my mind I rebuilt the old barnyard, and my heart repeopled it.

"Do any of the Manns still live hereabouts, Mr. District Attorney?" I asked.

"Old Joe Mann who owned your mother lives up yonder in Sugar Valley, no more'n five-six miles from here," he replied.

Mr. Henson and I drove over to the valley and found Joe Mann's dejected two-room shanty. It was perched precariously on a red-clay bank, overlooking a nearly impassable lane. A shabby old man came to the door. He took us in to see his pitiful sick wife, and then we went out into the yard to talk and have our picture taken.

"I have come to tell you," I said, "that I'm going to buy up the place your family had in Curryville, and I shall fit up a house where you and your wife may spend the rest of your days together."

I did buy the Mann plantation, with Lawyer Henson's help, and I named it in memory of my mother: Angelmo Farm. But Mr. and Mrs. Mann were laid away in the grave before I could fit up the house which I had not thought of until I saw how they had come down in the world.

I had a house in Brookline also, but I had never lived in it. On my last trip to America I had bought General Russell's old home on Allerton Street. I had driven past it, for old time's sake, and noticed a "For Sale" sign on the lawn. I telegraphed to Miss Mary Russell, who had moved to California after the death of her parents, to tell her how much it would mean to me to live in a house where I had met with so much kindness and friendship. Miss Mary replied that she could think of no one in the world to whom she would rather sell her father's place. She died not long afterwards, and I think she was happy to know, during her illness, that I was going to live in her house.

The depression did not immediately upset the plans my managers had for me, as I had at first supposed it would. They booked me, in fact, for two or three more crowded seasons. I covered the country, North, South, East, and West: and particularly the South, so that I could keep my eye on Angelmo Farm; and the North, so that I could keep track of my cousin Alzada.

Alzada had come into the greenroom after my Town Hall debut in 1923, and thereafter she was the light of my eye. She looked like a little princess. She was in a sleeveless dress with bodice and basque of pale-pink velvet. A row of black buttons ran down the back of her waist and two or three pink bands encircled the hem of her black satin skirt. She wore patent leather pumps and a black satin turban trimmed with ermine tails, which dipped and curtsied behind her ears. She was working as an expert seamstress at the Stork Infants' and Children's Clothing Store, and had made those wonderful clothes herself. She brought me a beautiful cake of her own baking, and a pot of raspberry jam. Before I knew it I was in love with her, and impatient for engagements that would take me back to New York.

When I went there in 1931, I found Alzada ill and lonely in a hospital ward to which she had been removed from her unquiet room in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harlem. I carried her off to Brookline and left her in my house, under a housekeeper's care, while I went on my customary tour of the West. I came back to find the house transformed. It was a home now, for the first time — winsome and comfortable and ordered with such tact and economy that I could not bear to think of the impermanence of the arrangements. Above all, Alzada herself was well again, and happy and lovable.

I begged her to marry me and promised her that if she would put up with the necessity of my traveling, I would lay everything I had at her feet — knowing full well how much more she, who had already begun so engagingly to identify herself with my life, had to give me. I thought of the last part of *Faust*, which I had lately read in Vienna: "The eternal woman lifts us up." I had leaned heavily upon women in my time. Now, uniquely since my mother's death, I was to find myself raised up by a woman's undistracted love.

I had to go back to California, within a few days of my proposal, to sing in the Hollywood Bowl. We went down to Angelmo and persuaded my brother Robert to drive us out to the Coast. When we reached Southern California, Alzada and I slipped away and were secretly married. That was in September, 1932. I was so delighted to have done something without any publicity that we kept our marriage secret for quite a long time.

Our daughter, Africa Franzada, who was born two years later, is a quaint little sprite of a girl. She is full of the intuitions and perceptions of her grandfather and inherits a good share of my mother's mysticism and practical sense. She lives in a world of her own creation, in which she is entirely self-directed and where knowledge comes to her apparently without process. Roger Quilter used to say to me, "Roland, there is no logic in your thinking. How is it that there is logic in what you do?" Africa finds the answers to her problems with the same immediacy, but we often have to let her lead us into her own world before we can see how right the answers invariably are.

There is more humor in Africa's world than there was in mine, and I am grateful for that grace. Like my father, she has a great gift of mimicry. She spares neither kith nor kin the sharp, amusing caricature of gesture, inflection, and phrase. One Sunday morning not long ago, while I was touching up my wife's pantry shelves with a paint brush, she came and stood in the pantry door, grinned at me bewitchingly, and sang a ditty which I had learned years ago in Sunday school: —

Ain't it a shame to work on Sunday, ain't it a shame,
When you got Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
When you got Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Ain't it a shame to work on Sunday, ain't it a shame?

Africa has a finely imaginative musical talent. By the time she was three years old, she had absorbed most of the Schumann *Dichterliebe*, which I sang frequently in those years. One day while I was rehearsing them with Percival Parham, she slid down the banister from the upstairs hall and into the music room. She turned a couple of cartwheels and said, "But Daddy! That piece you are singing goes like this!"

She hummed a phrase in the little voice she was possessed of, and so it did go like that. I was wrong and she was right, and her ear remains nearly infallible.

24

In white circles, people speak of the Negro Problem. The Negro Problem means to white people: What are we going to do with the Negroes? To us it means something else. It means: How can we advance ourselves in a social and political order of which we are the voiceless ten per cent? The white population worries about us because we are so numerous, and we worry about ourselves for the same reason, if not to the same purpose. White people are afraid we might muster too many votes. We get discouraged because there are so many of us to feed and clothe and house and educate. Some of us even worry because we think we ought to be making a greater contribution to American culture. We have, we think, the quality; but we find ourselves hindered by dependence within and reluctance without. Over the generations, we Negroes have lost our self-direction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We were brought willy-nilly to this country, and learned to eat the bread of masters whom we did not freely serve. After the Surrender we received physical and political freedom, but our minds and souls were still enslaved.

In 1935, I was invited to sing at the dedication of the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial, to represent the Negro race. The imposing memorial was opened by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who called his predecessor "a great patriot and a great soul." There were many stencils from the writings of Theodore Roosevelt on the walls of the frescoed auditorium, but perhaps of more significance to me than any of these was a sentence which the President quoted in his address of dedication: "A great democracy must be progressive or it will soon cease to be either great or democratic." I thought of the fifteen million Americans of my color patiently waiting for democracy to come along and take them in.

Unfortunately we have not yet — considering our numbers — produced much contemporary Negro art in any field. Back in 1926 Langston Hughes said that Negroes had failed to do creative work in music, literature, and art whenever they set themselves to copy the style of white men. The trouble has been that there are so few American Negro models to follow, and we do not seem to be able to make the intellectual effort necessary for the creation of more. In the plastic arts, Africa and the islands of the Caribbean have produced an abundance of original forms, contemporary and archaic. When I saw Paul Guillaume's collection of African arts and crafts in Paris a few years ago, I thought to myself, "Why can we not produce such things at home?"

Although I am not unsympathetic with pro-Negro lobbies, I do not expect that we shall be saved by law. I cannot believe that our most urgent need is the enactment of new laws by white legislators. At the risk of being called reactionary, I want to reiterate my faith that we shall be saved by our own work and not as wards of the government. I feel about the Negro problem the way a missionary feels about the Christian religion. In the back of every missionary's mind, there is a dream of bringing all the world to Christ, but in practice he goes out after converts one by one. In the same way, we Negroes must reach the hearts of white folks singly. Every once in a while one of us may make a convert who, like the Emperor Constantine, will draw souls after him.

The Negro press, with whatever justification, has persisted in calling the present war a "white man's war." All but a few Negro soldiers continue to say, "We cannot defend America with a dust brush, a mop, and a white apron." And in reply to this challenge to our national safety, men in high places in my state and elsewhere — not in Washington, thank God! — have replied, "Yes, this *is* a white man's war. So what?" Many a missionary has gone from the pulpit into the cauldron of the cannibal.

I have no doubt that some of my people will think I have understated my private vexations. Stones have been thrown through the windows of my house in Brookline. I have been refused a bed in a hotel in Tucson, a chair in a Seattle lobby, a meal in a restaurant in Duluth; and once, not so long ago, I was beaten and thrown into jail. My mother used to quote the verse, "The way of transgressors is hard," and it has sometimes seemed unjust, when I was trying with all my heart to be prudent, that my soul, like the transgressors', had so often to eat violence. Still, I can truly say that never in my whole life have I wished I were a white man, and I see no good in reciting the details of a thousand misadventures.

We Negroes are naturally a gentle and imaginative people, when you come to know us. Tragedy may stalk our houses, but Comedy lives handily around the corner. We could not be sane if we had not made his acquaintance. Some of us have got into trouble and had to pay with the grass rope and the hickory tree. Violence sometimes emerges from our teeming quarters and ranges our streets, peering with fierce confusion impartially at life and death; but give him elbowroom and he will share the sidewalk with Politeness, his neighbor. As my Angel Mother used to say, some of us are Christian folks and some are vagabonds, but all of us are people.

(*The End*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE *Year of* DECISION

1846

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

CHAPTERS XXXIII–XL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO THE PROMISED LAND

In the foregoing chapters, Mr. DeVoto has told of the westward push in that Year of Manifest Destiny, 1846. The mountain men opened up the trails and found the passes over the Sierra. In great wagon trains people of all conditions — including the wealthy Donner party — were rolling across the prairie. Westward went writers like Parkman the historian, soldiers like Frémont and General Stephen W. Kearny. The immigration was moving into Oregon, which had already been settled along the northern boundary. The Bear Flag revolt had declared California independent. New Mexico had been occupied by Colonel Doniphan's volunteers from Missouri, and in the center of this western stream moved a body of religious refugees — the Mormons.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints had been founded in New York State on the visions, "revelations," and scriptures of Joseph Smith, Jr. From the beginning the Mormons had proved unable to get along peaceably with their neighbors. The Church moved to Ohio and, after much friction, to Jackson County, Missouri, on the far frontier. As Missouri filled up, friction again developed. The Saints took refuge in Illinois, where they established the city of Nauvoo and for some years enjoyed peace and prosperity. Then trouble began again.

There were many reasons why the Mormons could not get along with the rough democracy of the frontier. Their political solidarity, which was always bartered for privilege, offended everyone, even those who bought it. Their landholding and financial practices were economic weapons; so were their coöperative business enterprises. The Mormons' belief in the immediate coming of God, and their certainty — as God's chosen people — that they would "inherit" the earth, gave them a smugness which frequently became arrogance and could sometimes be used to justify the conversion of property. Finally, the teaching and practice of polygamy violently transgressed frontier mores.

Turbulence increased, and in 1844 a mob lynched Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. Illinois collapsed into anarchy. It seemed likely that the Church would disintegrate or that the Mormons would be exterminated by the mob. They were saved by the genius of Brigham Young, who succeeded Smith as head of the Church.

After more violence, Young obtained a kind of treaty with the Illinois officials who were trying to hold the mob in check. Its terms were bitter and brutal, but they were the best the Mormons could hope for. The mob would hold its hand, and in the summer of '46 the Mormons would go west. But the mob broke its promise and forced them out in midwinter.

Throughout 1845 the Mormons made frantic preparations to emigrate, selling their property at a ruinous loss, assembling supplies, manufacturing wagons, building up herds of horses and cattle, making a minute study of the trails, calling on all Christendom for help.

They were going west — out of the jurisdiction of the United States. Few had any way of knowing whether they were going to California, Oregon, Texas, Vancouver Island, or even to the Sandwich Islands. Young and his immediate counselors knew that the eventual destination was somewhere in the Great Basin. But even they knew no more.

Our story opens in February, 1846 —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YEAR OF DECISION
1846

by BERNARD DEVOTO

33

ABOUT fifty miles north of Quincy, Illinois, a point of land thrusts out into the Mississippi. It looks across the cocoa-colored water to Lee County, Iowa, twelve miles above Keokuk. It is about a hundred miles west-northwest of Springfield on the Sangamon. On this peninsula, marshy at the riverside but rising to high bluffs with prairie land beyond them, there had been built in 1839 the city of the Lord God Jehovah, King of Kings. It was called Nauvoo and its name, we are instructed, meant "Beautiful Place." Now in February, 1846, it was fallen — that great city.

Acres of ice floated in the river and a wind out of the north tossed the makeshift ferries about, that first day, February 4. The ferries were jammed with men, women, children, horses, oxen, cows, swine, chickens, feather beds, Boston rockers, a miscellany of families and goods hastily brought together in the fear of death. The boats dumped them on the Iowa shore and turned back for other identical freights — American refugees fleeing a city under threat from an enemy. They landed, hitched up such equipage as they had, and moved out on the frozen prairie. Nine miles inland they reached a timbered stretch, on Sugar Creek, and here they pitched a camp. The timber made a windbreak; they chinked it with such wagons and carts as they had been able to cross; some tents went up; those who had neither wagon nor tent hurried to raise huts of bed quilts, logs, bark, or brush. Men felled trees to make great fires, the logs sizzling as the hard snow-crust melted. Winter night came up beyond the grove. Supper was whatever they had brought with them, cooked in pans held out to the fires.

Afterward they sang hymns, prayed, and listened to instruction from the elders. They stayed by the fires while they could, then huddled under stiff blankets in the tents or on the snow. Many women, most of the children, were sick — undermined by months of terrorism, by farewells and the bitter crossing, by the unknown. There was need to bring more than one screaming child out from the blankets, to warm him and show him familiar faces at the fires which the men kept going all night. There was more urgent need for the fires: that night on Sugar Creek nine babies were born, their squalling a muted note against the winter wind.

The ferries ran all day when weather permitted. Gales tossed them about, terrified oxen kicked holes in them, unskillful piloting swamped them. Hosea Stout, crossing his family, saw a boat go under, felt that the Destroyer brooded over the land, and "remembered the revelation which Said the Lord had cursed the watters in the Last Days and Said in my heart it was verily true." Then on February 13 the river froze clear to Iowa and families could begin crossing on the ice. Some eight hundred such families were on Sugar Creek when Brigham Young, President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, crossed on February 15. Five years before, the word of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph had told Israel to build a city here and name it Zarahemla, in commemoration of the great city which Israel's

---

BERNARD DEVOTO grew up in Ogden, Utah, at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, surrounded, as he says, "by Mormon pioneers and other veterans of the West, miners, bullwhackers, cowboys, desert runners, prospectors, Indian fighters." The story of the frontier, he took in through his pores. He camped and fished in the mountains, worked on a ranch through which ran ruts of the California Trail, and wrote his first piece about the Diggers while he was still in high school. He began his systematic study of the Southwest after the Armistice, and from that time to this the Oregon Trail, the Mormon migration, the annexation of Texas, the Donner party, and the deeds of the mountain men were the exploits which his mind worked on year after year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

precursors, the Nephites, fresh from Jerusalem, had built in Central America ages ago. Trouble and strife had kept Israel from obeying the commandment, however, and this was just a camp on a frozen creek, the first station on a journey west. They did what they could, plastered the bark huts with mud, thickened the brush walls, made some ineffective attempts at sanitation. The temperature fell to twenty below, moderated long enough for great snows to bury the huts, went down again. Lean-tos and cabins went up, some shelter could be had for the dying, and the camp grew along the creek as people kept coming from Nauvoo. Lee County was settled, if only thinly, and many brethren went out to look for work, splitting rails or chopping firewood mostly, to be paid in grain. However destitute, these were Israel's richest and they did not too greatly suffer for food, though sometimes many fed on no more than a gruel of corn meal, sometimes there was envy when a brother whose heart had hardened tapped a crate of hams and bacons for his private use, sometimes a newborn child must turn crying from a dry breast.

Newcomers kept arriving. The Twelve met in council; the bishops anointed the sick and made assignments for the common labor; by night there were prayer meetings and hymn festivals. By night also there were dances to the music of Captain Pitts's brass band, which had been converted as a group in England to praise Israel's God. Blacksmith shops were set up; the wagons and the stock were being readied for the journey. In Brother Markham's buggy, an old-fashioned foot-warmer under her blankets, Eliza Snow, who had been secretly married to the martyred prophet Joseph and was soon to be a wife of the prophet Brigham, wrote her poetry.

They renamed Sugar Creek the Brook Kedron. Hosea Stout gathered the Temple guards into a new organization and cleared a parade ground for them in the snow. As colonel of this regiment he raised a white flag above his tent. "But it refused to wave in the air notwithstanding there was a light breeze, which seemed to say that it would not proclaim peace in the United States when there was nought but oppression and tyranny towards the people of God by rulers of this government and the Saints fleeing from her borders to the wilderness for safety and refuge from her iron yoke."

In the east, Elder Priddy Meeks learned that Exodus had begun, and came hurrying home to Nauvoo. He had to pass through Carthage, the seething stronghold of the anti-Mormons. Men shouting obscene oaths surrounded him, took his horse, swore to carve his heart out, and on no charge flung him into Carthage jail. It was a small jail: he had to look at a dark stain on the floor, the unavenged blood of Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. A sheriff sympathized with him, procured a doubtful bond, and got him out of town on a borrowed horse. At Nauvoo, Brother McCleary had been building a wagon for him on shares, but Brother Meeks now had to trade his interest in it for a barrel of flour. He still had a small, one-horse wagon in good shape; he swapped it for a larger one in execrable shape. To this he hitched a pair of "three-year-old, unbroke bullocks" and was able to borrow a yoke of oxen to drive ahead of them till they were gentled.

Elder Meeks was a man of property. He owned an interest in Brother McCleary's wagon shop, which he bade McCleary sell to anyone who would help the less fortunate cross the river. He owned the horse which had been stolen from him at Carthage; he assigned it to Lawyer Edmunds, who was defending him. He owned a small flock of sheep; there was no time to sell them and no one to buy them, so he just let them stray. He owned a house and lot; houses and lots in Nauvoo were selling for whatever a buyer cared to offer, and no one was interested in his. He left it there, with furniture and books which any anti-Mormon, in a thrifty mood, could cart away. His disintegrating wagon packed with as much as it could carry, he and his family crossed the river. He thought that twenty dollars would repair it enough to travel to the Missouri, if not the Rocky Mountains whither, he knew vaguely, Israel was to travel. They were safe on the Iowa shore — safe at least from mobbers. He did not know what might lie ahead, except that the Lord had said to Joseph the Seer, "Thou mayest go up also unto the goodly land, to possess thine inheritance." Maybe he remembered the goodly land that had been Israel's inheritance in Missouri and now Illinois. But, turning his back on the river, Elder Meeks laid the gad to his unbroken bullocks. They moved off toward Sugar Creek, the rachitic wagon groaning. The road sloped upward and they came to a small hill. He looked back to the ferry landing, across the water, to the roofs of Nauvoo, to the edifice that dominated the city, the temple reared to the Lord God Jehovah.

And send ye swift messengers [the Lord had commanded Joseph], *yea, chosen messengers, and say unto them: Come ye, with all your gold, and your silver, and your precious stones, and with all your antiquities; and with all who have knowledge of antiquities, that will*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come, may come, and bring the box tree, and the fir tree, and the pine tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth;

And with iron, with copper, and with brass, and with zinc, and with all your precious things of the earth, and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein.

Israel had begun a house for the Most High and had gone on building and furnishing it with antiquities after the murder of the Prophet, during the tumult of the Burnings, and up to now. It was still unfinished, but for some months it had been acceptable unto the Lord, and the priesthood had been conferring the endowments in it — to Elder Meeks and as many more as there was time for. So he looked back at God's house. His marriage ceremony had been repeated there in the new and everlasting covenant, and there he had been baptized many times, as proxy for ancestors who had lived during the darker centuries when the priesthood was withdrawn from the earth. The tabernacle of the mysteries, built to His holy name on the high hill, Israel's morning star and a beacon to the peoples of the earth. God had promised that it would endure, but Israel had learned in suffering that His ways were mysterious altogether, and Elder Meeks's heart darkened. He looked once more at his home and the altar of his pieties, then went on westward, toward Sugar Creek.

34

The ridgepole of Sister Green's tent broke under the weight of snow, and she and the children were half-buried. All their clothes got wet. All the clothes of all the children were wet all the time; fingers, toes, cheeks were discolored with frostbite; children were lethargic, cried easily, played little in the wind, gave out at their chores. There was so little to eat! Sister Green was pregnant, but the family could apportion her a daily ration of less than half as much bread and milk as she needed. There were, however, enough wild onions for them all, chipped from the frozen soil.

The Saints kept arriving from Nauvoo. Tents, wagons, huts spread over the discolored snow. Great portions of the grove had been felled, Sugar Creek was overcrowded, some of the fainthearted were trying to return to Nauvoo, and clearly it was time for the Mormons to go. Orson Pratt's thermometer did not fall below zero for several days. So Young organized his people as the Camp of Israel and set "captains of tens" and "captains of fifties" over them. Elder Markham took a hundred pioneers to prepare the road. "Colonel" Hosea Stout commanded a guard of a hundred riflemen, and "Colonel" John Scott with two more fifties watched over the artillery, which was mostly homemade and had been hidden under lumber piles in Nauvoo. And on March 1 the first detachment started west, between two and three thousand of them, about five hundred wagons of all kinds, in all conditions of repair. The first day they made five miles. Day by day behind them other detachments left Sugar Creek and others arrived there from Nauvoo to follow after, till by late spring about fifteen thousand Saints were on the march.

They were a full two months ahead of the time when, as the mountain men and the Santa Fe traders knew, it was safe for caravans to cross the prairies. Apart from sudden whirlwinds of sleet out of the north the snows were over now, but the rains had come. Rain nearly every day for about eight weeks — a chill, monotonous downpour that soaked everything and brought out mildew in the center of packed crates. It saturated the prairies; after saturation, it turned them into a universal shallow lake. Through that slough the horses and oxen, gaunt after the winter, had to haul the unwieldy wagons, frequently with men and women helping at the wheels.

Six miles was a big day, one mile a not uncommon one. Prairie creeks that would be five feet wide in July were now five rods wide, bottomless, swift, and impassable. Reaching one, a fifty — or a whole caravan — would have to camp beside it till it should subside or a ford be found, which might be two weeks. If there were no timber, then there might be no fires for two weeks, no cooked food, no dry clothes or bedding except as the sun might come out for an hour or two. No brush, either, to spread a bed on or to build a hut for an obstetrical ward. The historian Tullidge has a tableau: blankets stretched to poles and roofed over with bark, a woman in labor within, and intent sisters holding tin pans to catch the rain that leaks through the bark.

Supplies were scanty, though this first group was better off than any that followed it. They were feeding the stock on cottonwood bark, when they could get it, and they themselves were living on what they had amassed in Nauvoo. Hunters ranged the prairies for deer, turkeys, grouse, but the season was too early. Terror, winter, rain, and malnutrition now assessed their tax, and the Saints sickened. Frostbitten feet became gangrenous, knees and shoulders stiffened with rheumatism, last autumn's agues were renewed. William Clayton's legs pained

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him so that he could hardly walk; he tried to restore their function by jumping and wrestling, but made himself sicker and had to go to bed. Heber C. Kimball, one of the Apostles, caught a fever and took to the swaying wagon, where a sick wife and two sick children, one of them only a few days old, were alternately shaking and burning; an older child could work a little but was too weak to carry a two-quart pail.

Sister Ann Richards's husband, who had already served five missions in the United States, was called to a mission in England. He had to leave his family a few miles from Sugar Creek and go "without purse or scrip" to bear his testimony overseas. This was Franklin D. Richards, a nephew of Apostle Willard Richards who had been with the Prophet Joseph when he was killed in Carthage jail. A brother of Franklin's had been killed by the Missourians at the Hawn's Mill massacre, and another one would die on the march of the Mormon Battalion. He had married Sister Ann four years before, had been sealed to her in the Temple in the everlasting covenant just this January, and a week later had taken Sister Elizabeth McFate as his second wife. Sister Ann had her two-year-old daughter, Wealthy Lovisa, with her in the wagon — and Sister Ann was big with another child and her hour was near. There was no suitable food for her or Wealthy Lovisa. Many days they could not have a fire, either because night overtook them in the open prairie or because, if they got one started, the rain put it out. But sometimes they managed to keep one going, and then Sister Ann could brew a pinch of tea from the pound which a neighbor had given her before she left Nauvoo. The Word of Wisdom forbade it, but she could warm her body and cheer her mind with it, and "through sickness and great suffering [it] was about all the sustenance I had for some time."

Twenty days out from Sugar Creek her term was full. The wagons stopped and a midwife was summoned, a Gentile whom the Saints had heard about. The hag demanded a fee in advance; Sister Ann had no money; a woolen bedspread would do, and "I might as well take it, for you'll never live to need it." Little Isaac was born, and he died at once. The priesthood anointed the small body and buried it; the wagons got started again. Little Wealthy Lovisa had been sick when they left Sugar Creek, and week by week her strength failed. Presently she was altogether listless on a roll of blankets in the wagon, and could not be induced to eat. Once, however, they passed a prairie farm, and Wealthy revived enough to ask for some potato soup. Her grandmother went to the house, but the farm wife had heard the stories. "I wouldn't sell or give one of you Mormons a potato to save your life," she said, and set the dog on the grandmother. Wealthy lived till they got to the Missouri River, and then died. Brigham told Sister Ann, "It shall be said of you that you have come up through much tribulation."

The emigration had begun too soon, was insufficiently prepared and inadequately financed. A family had what equipment it could get; and no matter how much the Saints might help one another, there were the most serious inequalities. The wealthiest among them might have three or four wagons and a sizable herd of cattle. Even such as these suffered severely, and Apostles Pratt, Kimball, and Richards had to see their families weakening with a never-satiated hunger. But also a family might have only one wagon and no cattle, or merely a light cart, perhaps merely a buggy. Many a Saint trundled his entire possessions westward in a wheelbarrow — a sack of meal or flour, a roll of blankets, a change of clothing for the children.

Moreover, this was the migration not of certain individuals coming together in a temporary organization while they crossed the plains, but of an entire people. The Camp of Israel was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, past, present, and to come. The Mormons carried with them not only their goods but also their church and social institutions — the hierarchy, the various priesthoods, the rituals and sacraments, the coöperative associations, the United Order, the mission system. An Oregon train had no social fabric to preserve, and when it reached the Willamette its members had crossed the country once and for all. No other train had any relation to it; the country closed in behind with no marks except the litter of the nightly camp. But Israel had to maintain its nervous system and could support its venture in the West only by constant accessions. It had to be a continuing emigration.

So, for the sake of many who could go no further, of those still in Nauvoo, and of the as yet unconverted all over the world, facilities of some permanence had to be provided. The problem had to be solved at once; Brigham solved it. His little eyes lacked the gift Joseph's had, of piercing the heavens and beholding the glories there, but it is exceedingly unlikely that Joseph could ever have got his people beyond Sugar Creek.

At Richardson's Point, fifty-five miles from Nauvoo, they built a permanent camp, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would always have a garrison. Companies coming in from the east would find wood, supplies, blacksmithing tools, experienced help — and the priesthood making sure that they "accepted counsel," obeyed, kept discipline, and lived their religion. Another one was established further on, at a crossing of the Chariton River, and here the first crops were sowed. The first companies planted crops, a permanent personnel cultivated them, later arrivals would harvest them. All these plantations except those on the Missouri made crops in '46. Even before Brigham led his people to the mountains in '47, they were making the land in part support them as they traveled.

The prairies dried out. Clothing and bedding were dry at last, but now there were other plagues. The prairie mosquitoes settled in solid layers on men and oxen. The prairie rattlesnakes terrified everyone and killed many cattle. If there was now purchase for the wheels, there was not yet fodder for the oxen, which grew still weaker on a diet of buds and twigs. The hunters could not get game enough; they were hundreds of miles east of the buffalo that the other movers could count on. Each permanent camp was a hospital, its garrison composed of those who were too weak, too sick, or too poor to go farther.

But this was the Church of Christ. They were escaping from their oppressors, Moses had led them out of the land of Egypt, they were going to establish Zion and build up the Kingdom.

35

Captain Pitts's brass band was a great solace — and a help with the Gentiles. One day, after traveling eight miles, it split 130 rails before dark and traded them to a farmer for corn, then gave a concert in the evening. Throughout the settlements it played wherever Gentiles would gather and for any fee — a pail of honey, eight bushels of corn, seven dollars in one place where the parsons opposed it, twenty-five dollars and meals for everyone at another place, and once for ten dollars and ten cents contributed to it by a village of awed, admiring Indians. Still more helpfully, it played for the Saints — Israel's hymns, the current balladry, quadrilles and minuets and hoedowns. For Israel danced every night. The wagons made their rough park; the fires blazed up and supper was prepared; then the band got out the instruments, and by firelight and after prayer the pudgy, rubicund Prophet clapped his hands and sashayed up to some favored sister, while Israel formed sets under the stars.

There were glee clubs, quartets, and choirs. Parties freckle all the journals, at night when the wagons halt in the rain, in the huts of the permanent camps, and in "boweries" or arbors when there is a few days' pause. News came from the other divisions, from Nauvoo, from the European missions. The "teachers" called their groups together to study the everlasting mysteries, praise Joseph, and curse his murderers. The priesthood quorums met for their rituals. And the vigilant mothers in Israel extemporized their schoolrooms; many a Mormon child learned his alphabet to the turning wheels and practiced it in a hornbook at night, scrawling the misspelled word ten times over before he was permitted to crawl into the blankets.

They were prodigious, the mothers in Israel. They trudged through mud or dust or, a sick child on their knees, drove teams when father had been drafted to build a bridge or cut grass. They sewed, knitted, patched, spliced, while the wagon bumped and swayed. They spun and wove, and even made the dyes to color the homespun. They learned to let the wagon's jolting churn a pail of cream to butter. They learned to identify edible prairie roots and make them palatable. They learned to extemporize a household economy in wagons and to maintain family order on the march. And if by night father left them after a patriarchal prayer, to visit another wagon or go back ten miles on the trail to where another, younger wife prayerfully awaited him, why that also was their portion and they learned to live their religion.

And the brethren also were performing prodigies. They found time to make nails, burn charcoal, shape oxbows, and manufacture harness and even wagons as they traveled. At farms and little settlements they would hire out for any job at any wage. Some Gentiles were friendly, some suspicious, some hostile. Some had to be overawed by a show of pistols; but the Lord moved others to pity and contributions. Sometimes the brethren held instruction for them, expounding the holy mysteries. . . . And always there were the endless harangues and reorganizing that Israel had found essential. A brother might prove false in that he outbid another brother for oxen or refused the use of a team which a Seventy wanted to borrow. Then Brigham or some minor prophet opened the floodgates of exhortation. Much refreshed, this particular division of the Camp of Israel accepted counsel and got going again.

And Brigham and his staff were learning to manage an emigration while doing their other jobs. The journal of William Clayton, who was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clerk of the Camp, shows the headquarters at work. An immense bookkeeping, a constant dispatch and arrival of couriers, an almost nightly convocation of the counselors, the Prophet's fingers on the controls of an organization that stretched from the Missouri River all the way eastward across America and halfway across Europe. The largest mission, the one in the British Isles, was reorganized while the Camp crossed Iowa. Treaties and arrangements with local officials had to be made. Nearly half in the Camp were sick; they must be ministered to somehow, medicine and care must be got for them, they must be buried when they died. Supplies dwindled; they must be replaced somehow, bought, bartered for, worked for, begged, freighted endless miles going and coming. Weak, shoddy, and ill-built equipment was giving out; it must be restored or replaced somehow, more wagons brought up, more stock, more tools, bedding, ammunition.

And Satan was hard at work. While Israel plodded westward, the recreant William Smith was rousing the Gentile wolf-pack and the Strang heresy was winning the eastern stakes. Strang had cozened away important leaders and was filling the land with abuses, as a heresiarch's demonic energy carried him raging through the undefended sheepfolds. Even in the Camp itself there was apostasy. Just as February ended and the migration began, Apostle John E. Page had to be disfellowshipped for obstructing counsel; a small group followed him to Strang's kingdom at Voree, Wisconsin. Halfway across Iowa, another apostate group split off and headed toward Texas, where another Apostle, Lyman Wight, had set up his community. If two Apostles, why not another one? Israel had not shaped into an obedient instrument; the Saints were not welded together.

All this tried Brigham's genius and dismayed his counselors. Moreover, the news from Nauvoo grew ominous: the mob was more demanding and seemed likely to close in for the kill. Also rumors about the Missourians to the southward grew urgent. They were said to be raising armies and posses, determined to seize this chance to wreak the extermination they had been refused eight years ago. There were repeated alarms; the guards were always turning up some fancied spy or outpost; there was always some new plot on foot.

It made a sufficient test of leadership, organization, and public control, not to mention prophecy. But there was a still greater anxiety, the finances. At the sacrifice of their property the Mormons had raised all the money they could. The eastern and European stakes had sent all the money they could raise. Missionaries and special couriers went about the land gleaning their petty pence, stripping the faithful still further, calling on all Gentile agencies that could be moved to contribute. The sum was short of what Israel must have in order to reach the mountains. Brigham held fast to his intention of getting an advance party to Zion in this summer of '46. But it became increasingly clearer to him that he could not get the main body of the Church farther than the Missouri River this year. There was before his mind the possibility that he might not get them beyond it in '47 or even in '48.

Well, he would get them to the Missouri. Richardson's Point, the Chariton, Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah, and at last Council Bluffs. The pioneer company reached the river on June 14, the last refugees from Nauvoo on November 27. Through eight months, continuously across more than four hundred miles, moved between fifteen and twenty thousand people uprooted and seeking a new land. Thousands of wagons, tens of thousands of oxen, horses, mules, milch cattle, beef cattle, neat cattle, sheep, goats. Chickens, geese, turkeys, guinea fowl, ducks, pigeons, parrots, love birds, canaries. Seedlings with their roots bound in sacking, slips from the shrubbery back home, seeds for the harvest to come, the disassembled machinery of flour mills and sawmills, a college, the mysteries of heaven, the keys to eternity, the Dispensation of the Fullness of Time. Through sleet and rain, through drouth and prairie summer, half-starved and half-sick, dispossessed, believing, and faithful unto the last, Israel traveled the unknown, toward the land of Canaan, in God's faith and for His glory and under the shadow of His outstretched hand, to build Zion and inherit the earth.

Before they got to the Missouri a pattern began to take shape. On June 28, Clayton, who was traveling in the rear of the headquarters, noted in his journal that some United States Army officers had come up the trail from the east and gone on ahead to find Brigham at Mount Pisgah, eight miles farther on. The officer — for there was only one — had roused terror and rebellion all along the emigration, for the Saints supposed that the army had been ordered to head them off, perhaps to massacre them. But the truth was far different. Mr. Polk's war had caught up with the Mormons and they were going to be solicited, ever so courteously, to take a patriotic part in it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

36

Polk had realized the importance of this large body of migrants on the right flank of his armies. The Mormons had no reason to love the United States, and they were a far larger, far more united and homogeneous group than any American settlement in the West. They might easily jeopardize Polk's war, and they could be a very serious problem after the peace. So he had moved to reattach their severed loyalties, authorizing General Kearny to enlist five hundred of them in his army to share the military conquest of the West. It was one of Kearny's captains who had caught up with Church headquarters, and he offered to enlist a battalion, with full pay and commutations.

On his part, Brigham Young understood the opportunity offered him. The outbreak of war had made it certain that the country to which Israel was fleeing would become American, that there was no escape from the jurisdiction of the United States. It would therefore be wise to join the conquest, for thus the Mormons would ensure a favorable attitude toward themselves and their claims when they should reach the new country. They would be not only the original settlers but military veterans as well, of demonstrated loyalty, with an honorable record. Furthermore, though Young and the Twelve had been violently denouncing the government, they had also been doing their utmost to get it to subsidize their emigration. (In fact, though the wily Polk had made up his mind to offer the enlistment, the arrival of a Mormon emissary pleading for government aid allowed him to make the offer as a benevolent answer to a desperate plea. Even before that, Elder Samuel Brannan, who was now taking a shipload of Eastern Saints to California by sea, had tried to get a direct subsidy.) This, then, was an extremely favorable development. The Mormons would be patriots, and the desperate question of money would be solved. Five hundred Mormons would be transported west without cost to themselves or the Church. Help would be extended to many of their families. And their pay and commutation, amounting to well over sixty thousand dollars in all, would finance the Exodus. Already several of the Mormon camps had been vouchsafed a miracle of quails and now, Brigham instantly understood, here was manna.

He commanded the faithful to enlist. The Saints obediently endeavored to love the government but, after years of hating it, the readjustment took time. "I confess I was glad to learn of war against the United States," Hosea Stout's journal says, and other journals say the same thing more venomously, "and was in hopes that it might never end untill they were entirely destroyed for they had driven us into the wilderness & now was laughing at our calamities." Furthermore, families already strained with fatigue, disease, and malnutrition, and on the eve of the unknown passage of the desert, were not eager to send fathers or sons on a military expedition far away. Brigham set up a flag, announced that the new commandment was really Gospel, hurried recruiting agents to the other camps — and got only a handful of volunteers. He lost patience. If the young men did not come forward, he announced, he would draft old men, and if he could not get enough of them he would fill up the ranks with women. Grace was given his flock, and the Mormon Battalion was formed, five companies, a little over five hundred men. A good many wives started with them, some entire family organizations, a number of grandfathers, and a flock of children. The Battalion was an excellent organization for the service asked of it, but so many cripples, invalids, and old men had to be weeded out of it at Santa Fe that it was reduced nearly a third.

This is the Mormon Battalion which, under Philip St. George Cooke, took the trail to Santa Fe and on to California, following Kearny's earlier march. Its strenuous but wholly unmilitary adventures are a separate story, which cannot be told here. It helped in the pacification of California, and portions of it stayed so long there that several members were working for James Marshall when he found gold in the millrace he was building for Sutter.

Its enlistment solved the vital problem. The Mormons were now in a position to finance the next step, the passage to the Great Basin. But also the withdrawal of so many men made it certain that that step could not be taken in '46. The Church would have to go into camp till spring.

(It should be noted that there was a small party of Mormons far up on the Niobrara River, originally sent there to seek out a route west. A larger group, from Mississippi mainly, started west independently of the main body and actually got to Fort Laramie before learning that the march to Zion had been postponed. On the advice of mountain men, they moved south to the site of Pueblo, Colorado, and spent the winter there. They were joined by the wives and "Sick Detachment" of the Mormon Battalion, who had been sent back from Santa Fe.)

Though he decided to delay the passage of the mountains till '47, Young still hoped to send an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advance party on in the late summer or early fall of '46. The plan had to be abandoned because the Saints objected to separating more men from their families and because to detach many of the leaders would have risked dissension, anxiety, and apostasy.

And in September of '46 terrorism broke out again at Nauvoo, where the sick and the very poor still lingered, fewer than a thousand of them all told. The mob later excused its action on the ground that the Mormons might once more have swung an election. The excuse has certain defects: the election was over before the mob rose. It is possible for history to explain the earlier mobbings of the Nauvoo Mormons: there was reason for them, they grew out of things past, they were probably inevitable. But this one has an even simpler explanation: the mobbers were just swine. It had become fun (and safe) to torture Mormons, so they had fun.

The swine rode and lynched nearer the city and grew in daring. Finally, with various small pieces of artillery, they attacked it. There were some twenty-five hundred of them, tough, loud-mouthed gunmen, and discretion led them to maintain the battle at fairly long range. It lasted several days, and a number were killed on both sides. An armistice was arranged, on the Mormons' promise to forget the compact made with them ten months ago and to get out now, all of them, at once.

The mobbers whooped into the city and began to amuse themselves with the terrified. They stole what they wanted, broke what was breakable, converted the Temple floors into latrines, yelled at children, and flourished guns at women. It was their pleasure to beat up some Saints and to baptize others in parodies of the sacred ordinances. They had an enjoyable time, and the Saints hauled their sick into the brush to escape lynching, gathered what possessions they could, pleaded unavailingly for time and mercy, and got out. Some died of fright, others of shock and injury, others still in premature childbirth.

Some six hundred and forty of them huddled on the Iowa shore, in the marshes, with the rains coming and chills-and-fever season at hand. They built brush shelters, made tents of sheets and wagon covers. The brethren at Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah, and Winter Quarters hurried to send what help they could — it was little enough. In the course of ten weeks they were all moved out to various way stations on the trail, where they fared a little better. There was never enough food, never enough shelter, and never any comfort at all. They ate what they had brought with them, what they could find, what they could buy or beg in the vicinity, what the succoring wagons could haul to them. Ague, typhoid, dysentery, pneumonia ravaged them. But, of course, beyond them in the sunset somewhere was Israel's inheritance.

In the Mormon memory this swampy pesthole is known as "The Poor Camp," and no wonder. And it is the sheer bad health of Winter Quarters and the other camps that most impresses one who reads the journals of the Saints. (They themselves called the Missouri bottoms "Misery Bottoms.") They were now paying in full for a year of terrorism and a summer and fall of forced migration. It amounted to another tax assessed by the mobbers, and today, all the way across Iowa, you can find little clusters of graves, the winter's fatalities where groups of Saints had settled down. Winter Quarters was not only the largest but the richest and healthiest of the camps, and in Winter Quarters burial parties were always at work. The old wives exhausted their brews of prairie simples, the priesthood laid their hands on the afflicted and spoke the holy incantations. Even the indestructible John D. Lee sickened. His third wife, Louisa, lay and embraced him for two hours. (She caught the infection.) Neither herbs nor a saleratus bath restored him. Finally he called on his father by spiritual adoption, Brigham Young. The Prophet came and "laid on my breast a cane built from one of the branches of the Tree of Life that stood in the garden of the Temple." Then Apostle Woodruff rebuked the sickness and promised Lee that his earthly usefulness would continue and that "Heavenly visions of Eternity" would be opened to him. The disease withdrew, but there was no physician to heal the physicians, and both Young and Woodruff were sick repeatedly.

37

Winter Quarters, Perrigrine Sessions remarked with satisfaction, was "surrounded by the Lamanites on all sides and over one hundred miles from the cursed Gentiles." The Lamanites were of the Omaha tribe, an unmilitary but thievish race who constantly stole the cattle of their Nephite brethren and kept running to them for help against the Sioux, Oto, and Potawatomi. Working out an Indian policy for use hereafter, Young tried every method from flogging to overfeeding, but no method got results. Yet the Omaha have a uniqueness in history: they were a people who could endure more "counsel," harangues, and sermonizing than the Mormons.

Young had chosen to build his city on Omaha

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land several miles down-river from the first crossing. The site, today a suburb of the city of Omaha, was selected on the stated ground that it was favorable for defense by John Scott's homemade three-pounders. For terror of mobs and government lingered on, there were repeated rumors of impending destruction, and the U. S. Dragoons were always coming in force to arrest the Twelve. Little outpost groups were as much as twelve miles in the interior, and there were small settlements north and south as well as across the river in Iowa. But the principal group, about 3500, was at Winter Quarters and built there a town of nearly a thousand rude structures.

Nothing else in American history — not the ephemeral towns of real-estate booms nor the hardier ones of mining rushes — is like Winter Quarters. An entire people had uprooted itself and, on the way to the mountains, paused here and put down roots. The endless church government went on. Not only the other camps had to be managed from Winter Quarters but all the missions too, in the United States and overseas. Supplies had to be kept moving; hundreds of teams were out all the time, freighting grain, flour, beef, pork, hardware, dry goods. Brigham invested most of the Battalion's first pay in foodstuffs which he sold to the Saints through his own firm. The money belonged to Battalion families in fact, though theory consecrated it to the Church. There was much grumbling, and Brigham finally yielded to it, at least in part, but he turned an honest profit on the deal.

Well, Peletiah Brown had proved to be a profane swearer when he hired out to William Clayton, Zion's clerk. So no one was surprised when, on complaint of Apostle Woodruff, it appeared that he and Daniel Barnum and Jack Clothier had been out for fifteen successive nights with some of the girls, committing the crime of "adultery or having carnal communication." In the mores of a polygamous society there is no greater crime. The boys expected either death or castration when Colonel Hosea Stout and Marshal Eldredge came for them. But the Marshal let them off with a sound flogging.

And the Word of Wisdom, which forbade strong drink, was disregarded to the extent of the available supply. Brigham's own freighting company imported whiskey which was sold over the counter in Brigham's own store. With that sanction, those who could buy or make it used liquor. Hosea Stout's guards and rangers needed solace, for they had to patrol the town in all weathers and were always riding out to scout imaginary enemies. One night three Apostles came to reason with the police, who had protested when their pay was cut. Hosea found the best solvent, and Orson Hyde, Parley Pratt, and John Taylor, holy men all, took a grateful turn at the jug. Parley would know how to find protection from now on, he said, and Hosea spoke wisdom: "Parley, do you not know that some things in this kingdom are only spiritually discerned?" Eventually Brigham (though he made a regional wine from some wild grapes) had to denounce the traffic. But it kept on and, as they started west, the Lord Himself had to reprove His Saints for drunkenness.

There was a lot of denunciation at Winter Quarters. The Saints were afraid of the mob behind them and the wilderness ahead. They were sick and underfed. Their hovels were uncomfortable. They could not love the outbreaks of communism that levied on their goods for the poor. They hankered for more celestial fireworks than Brigham had time or willingness to give them. They but incompletely developed the holy docility that he desired for them. "It is the policy and intention to put down any spirit in the Camp of Israel that would seek to establish independence," Norton Jacob wrote, and loyally added, "I say Amen." Tirelessly pursuing transgression, Brigham scolded, fumed, denounced, derided, threatened, and rebuked. This people must find righteousness or they would be swept from the earth. Covetousness and insubordination must end or they would "all be destroyed by the Lamanites as were the Nephites of old." He summoned them to reform. He would bring them to grace by his own hand. And he warned them that when they started into the desert the "law of God in every particular would take full effect and that would cut the matter short, even as short as the man who went to cut a dog's tail off and by mistake he cut it close behind the ears." It was due notice, and something of a revival answered it, the Saints hurrying to confess and be rebaptized in the icy Missouri for the remission of sins.

38

Over and above sickness, supply, doctrine, the administration of a fiscal and spiritual kingdom, and the refreshment of the weary — above all these was one paramount objective. Brigham was preparing the final Exodus. All through the summer and fall of '46 and the succeeding winter the Prophet and his best minds examined its problems. Everyone who came down the river or eastward over the prairies was drained of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

information. There were a good many of them, from Father DeSmet, the great missionary who had spent a lifetime in the mountains, to casual strays from trading posts upriver. The Apostles learned what they could, made a census of Israel's resources, worked out minute calculations of what had to be done. The first fruits of this preparation — all that the faithful need know — were issued to a meeting of the Twelve at Heber Kimball's cabin on the afternoon of January 14.

This is the only formal revelation that Brigham Young ever issued, though of course he spoke by inspiration all his life long, as occasion might require. It is called "The Word and Will of the Lord," and it is a plan for the move west. The Lord did not require of the Saints more than they could accomplish. They were to maintain the organization of companies, hundreds, fifties, and tens, which had served them so far. Each company was to determine how many of its members could afford the journey this year and was to prepare all the vehicles and supplies it could. It was to take its share of the poor and those whose providers were with the Battalion. It was to build houses and provide supplies for those who could not cross this year. Five Apostles and Erastus Snow, who was soon to become an Apostle, were named to head various companies. The Saints were instructed to grow in virtue, stop drinking, pay back what they had borrowed from neighbors, maintain their "testimony," and humble themselves. God repeated the long, long history of their blessings and tribulations — and of their enemies, who would destroy them if their faith should fail. And, putting aside the pen, the Deity closed, "So no more at present." Brigham, the Lion of the Lord, could be trusted to attend to the rest.

As he starts west from Winter Quarters, we may remember that the Lion of the Lord was one of the nineteenth century's great men. The modern Church has lavished on Joseph Smith's birthplace at Sharon, Vermont, all the resources of pious commemoration. At Whitingham, sixty miles away, there is neither landscaping nor missionary service to do reverence to the man who saved the Mormon Church, brought the kingdom in, and gave the Great Basin to the United States. There is only, on a bare hillside, above the waters of Whitingham Dam, a barbed-wire inclosure round an apple tree and a marker of native marble about the size and appearance of a gravestone. "Brigham Young," the inscription reads. "Born on this spot. 1801. A man of much courage and superb equipment."

Nothing, Henry Thoreau wrote at Walden Pond, nothing is effected but by one man. Brigham Young saved his church when Joseph was lynched, brought it to Missouri, took it to Great Salt Lake, gave it safety, wealth, and power. The State of Utah is his monument — or, if you like, the lives of hundreds of thousands. He was not a large man in stature, this seeking Methodist who found his fulfillment in the chaos of Joseph Smith's vision. In January, 1846, he was five months short of forty-six, smooth-shaven, his eyes small but steady and severe, his body beginning to thicken. He grew fatter as the years passed, and raised a benignant "wreath" beard that set the style for patriarchs in Utah. He was a carpenter and glazier, a mechanic, a man who worked with his hands — and with his hands built the greater part of his own white cottage in Salt Lake City, just such a Yankee farmhouse as one might see in Vermont.

The pioneer party was almost ready to set out, but the timorous in Israel were shrinking back. Hearts that had been staunch so far began to falter, and half-dugouts in the Omaha bluffs, now sodden with the spring run-off, seemed preferable to the trail and the unknown mountains whither the Twelve were to journey. Panic showed itself, and for a while Brigham ordered the ferries to take no one to the Iowa shore who could not show a passport from the priesthood. In the Iowa camps the fear was stronger. They were composed mostly of those who had to stop there because they could go no farther. Weak, sick, impoverished, scared of what was to come, a great many refused to set out again. Some had private revelations, illiterate copies of semi-literate originals, with God telling the head of a family that the Twelve had departed from the true faith, and then neighbors gathering by night and finding after prayer that this new light was true. Others simply fell away, returning to the Westminster Confession or just letting religion slide while they made a new beginning in the prairies. For years there was a state-wide belt across Iowa of tiny schismatic sects and mere apostates. Their descendants are there still.

Apostasy remained a sharp, an incurable anxiety. Israel's notorious tendency to grow muddleheaded when the wise were absent might prove fatal now. Brigham spent the entire afternoon of March 26 admonishing the assembled Saints. After he had started west, he said, "men would rise up and complain that the Twelve were not right and they themselves were the ones to lead and govern the people, and that he knew who it was, and plainly pointed out some who were now trying to raise up a party to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves." The most sedulous dispatch of couriers between the pioneers and the Church could not relieve this fear, and on the way west Brigham's nightly meditation dwelt on the sheepfold, the wolves, and the silly sheep. He did not lose the fear till, leaving the pioneers beside Great Salt Lake, he hurried back over the trail and met Israel coming on.

Then they were off. Between April 7 and April 15 those who were to compose the pioneer party left Winter Quarters for the rendezvous at the Elkhorn River. They were to have made up the twelve times twelve chosen men of the Apocalypse, but the true Scriptural formation was impaired when one of them proved too feeble for the trip. None of the sisters in Israel was to have made the trip, but a wife of Lorenzo Young's was at last accepted in order to restore her health after the malaria of "Misery Bottoms." She took two children with her and, one exception having been made, Brigham permitted himself to take a wife and granted the same privilege to Heber Kimball, the Second in Israel. So the party which left the Elkhorn on April 16, 1847, numbered 143 men, three women, and two children. They had seventy-three wagons, ninety-three horses, fifty-two mules, nineteen cows, seventeen dogs, and some chickens. A stringent selection had been made, and most of the party were from the upper ranks of the priesthood: eight Apostles, eighteen high priests, and eighty Seventies.

The Mormons, numbering something more than 1800 all told, were less well equipped than most of the Gentile parties — they were migrating on a frayed shoestring — but they made the passage in less time and with less hardship. Naturally, to move an eighth of the Church west in one summer was a more difficult enterprise than to take over the same trail any other party we have studied. That so remarkable a job was done so well depended on three things: the shorter distance they traveled, the preparation that had been made after searching study, and the authority of God's vicar, Brigham Young.

After the pioneers reached the Platte (beyond the Loupe Fork) they traveled up the north bank, thus establishing what is called "the Mormon Trail." It was not a new trail, and in fact they repeatedly met parties coming down it from the west, but the usual trail was up the south bank. The Saints took their new course for two reasons: grass would be more plentiful north of the river, and they need not mingle with the Gentile emigration. They remained in deadly fear of persecution (as they still do in 1942) and preserved their illusion that innumerable mobbers, politicians, and especially Pukes were after them. There is not the slightest evidence that, by the summer of '47, anyone anywhere in the prairies or the far West intended them any harm whatever — but it was good sense to avoid the opportunities of friction.

These pioneers were preparing the way for the main body of the Church. So they made careful observations and recorded all the data they assembled. When the Apostle Parley Pratt was sent to the English mission late in the preceding summer, money for scientific instruments had been given him. They arrived in time and were turned over to Parley's brother, the Apostle Orson Pratt. Orson was the best-educated of the Saints and one of the principal intelligences, a remarkable man who had been the faculty of the putative Nauvoo University as he was to be the faculty of the University of Deseret (which did not get far beyond the paper stage). He determined the latitude and longitude of the camp whenever observation was possible, and examined the terrain for all conceivable information. He soon found that his observations were more precise than those of Frémont, whose map they were using. Therefore, in collaboration with Willard Richards and William Clayton, two other trained minds, he proposed to make a new map. Eventually the data they assembled were digested by Clayton in *The Latter-Day Saints Emigrant's Guide.* Published the next year, it was the most accurate study of the trail before Stansbury's.

At the very beginning they met Papin, the bourgeois of Fort Laramie, making his annual trip to St. Louis with robes and furs. They met others coming down the trail and pumped them all dry of information. They met a few Sioux and had an occasional Indian scare, though, as Norton Jacob said, "the Lord had turned the Indians aside." They lost an occasional horse. Last year's drouth was not repeated this year, and they understood that the Lord was going before them. After time and powder had been wasted, Brigham restricted the hunting privilege to the Twelve and a group of expert marksmen. They traveled by the Way and Will of the Lord and the counsel of Brigham Young: strict herd guard, strict corral, strict night guard, advance party, outriders.

But they began to enjoy themselves too much. Too many practical jokes, too many mock trials, too much (womanless) dancing, and too much frivolity of cards, dominoes, and checkers. A puritanism which was not typical of him and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably originated in his anxiety about the sheepfold at Winter Quarters suddenly afflicted the Lion of the Lord. Opposite Scott's Bluff he halted the train and gave them what-for. "My text will be the way I feel, as I do not feel like going any farther with all this company of men and with the spirit that now prevails in this camp." Expert vituperation loosed like thunder in the desert blew them into virtue, and we get the first hint of Brigham's realization that, hemmed in by the wilderness, there could be persuasions more pointed than oratory. "If anyone shall attempt to introduce anything that is unlawful, secretly, to carry their purpose into operation without permission, I swear they shall not return home."

He ordered them to renew their covenants. Separating into their priestly orders, they donned their priestly robes and went off into the hills for penitence and prayer. When they got back again a more seemly spirit prevailed.

On June 1 they camped opposite Fort Laramie, and two Saints who had brought up their families from Pueblo crossed the river to greet them. Their party numbered nine men, five women, and three children, with six wagons, richly outfitted, and a large herd. They reported four deaths and two births at Pueblo and said that the rest of their party and the Battalion's sick detachment were impatient to finish the pilgrimage. Brigham dispatched Apostle Lyman and three men to Pueblo to bring them in. They were the second Mormon train to reach the valley.

The Twelve got more information the next morning when they crossed over to Fort Laramie. Bordeau received them amiably in the room that had wrought on the imagination of Parkman, rented them his boat to cross their outfits, and told them all he knew about the conditions ahead of them. The blacksmiths set to work reconditioning the wagons. Other Gentile parties came in — from the west, from Santa Fe, and from the east. The year's emigration had caught up with them. The Saints were astonished, for the Gentiles, even the Pukes, showed no hostility whatever. Must be some diabolical plot.

Here they began to make money from their enemies — it has remained their principal mundane pleasure. At the Crossing of the Platte, near Casper, they occupied both fords, usurping one with what amounted to force. The rains (they were miracle) had swollen the river, and the fords had to be ferried. Gentile wagons were jammed up there, and the Saints made a good thing of ferrying them — for cash or, what was better, foodstuffs at Independence prices. So good a thing that they set up forges and did blacksmithing for the enemy as well and resolved to remain in business here. Brigham detached a party to run the ferries till the Church should come up. He gave it the proper sacerdotal organization, invoked the Lord's blessing, set the Lord's schedule of fees, and started the pioneers west again.

On June 26 Orson Pratt and several others, a few miles in advance, crossed the divide in South Pass and camped at Pacific Spring. When their fire blazed up, a party that had camped not far away paid a visit. At the head of them was Black Harris, fresh from Oregon on his way to meet the emigration and get his summer's employment. He had some Oregon newspapers and a copy of the *California Star* which, they were amazed to learn, Brother Samuel Brannan had founded at San Francisco, "beside the far Pacific sea." This also proved that the Lord was taking care of them. Harris stayed in camp the next day, when the rest of the pioneers came up, trading furs and telling Young all he knew about the Great Basin. They were getting close to Zion now, wherever Zion might prove to be, and they questioned him exhaustively. Great Salt Lake Valley, he thought, was not too good, chiefly because there was little timber. Bear River Valley was little better. His judgment was that Cache Valley would be best. But "we feel that we shall know best," William Clayton wrote, "by going ourselves, for the reports of travelers are so contradictory it is impossible to know which is the truth without going to see."

39

On Monday, June 28, they came down out of the corridor of South Pass and presently reached the fork where Sublette's or Greenwood's Cut-off left the rutted, iron-hard trail. On July 19, a year before, two trains traveling together had halted here for the last good-bye and Jessy Thornton had written in his diary that Tamsen Donner was "gloomy and dispirited" when her husband's wagons kept on down the California fork. The Mormons now took that same fork and some hours later made a nooning at the Little Sandy. Drab sagebrush, no timber, and the merciless Wyoming sun. After their rest they took the wagons across the little stream with a loss of two tar buckets. A mile farther on Apostle George A. Smith came riding back to the main party with a weatherworn gentleman whom he had met coming up the trail. They camped at once and held a "Council" with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apostle's find. Drums should have rolled and trumpets sounded, or the supernatural stage management of this millennial creed should have provided signs from on high, for the Mormons had now met the master of these regions, their final authority. Apostle Smith had brought in Old Gabe, Jim Bridger.

Old Gabe was one of the greatest of the great mountain men, already a legend then and still a legend in our day. While the fires blazed up and the sun sank behind the nondescript hills west of the Little Sandy, Old Gabe told these forerunners of Israel about the land they were to inherit. His memory was the map no one had had in the White House of President Polk or the Council House of President Young. Through his stripped speech ran thousands of miles with the wind and sun on them. His was the continental mind, like the mind of his messmate Jim Clyman, telling the Donners at Fort Bernard not to take the Hastings Cut-off. The pilgrims of eternity were children come a little way into the kingdom of Old Gabe. As a monarch he instructed them. (And had his pay, some years later, when they burned him out.)

They were bewildered, and why not? His monologue made marches of a thousand miles, the names of innumerable deserts, gulches, peaks, and rivers jeweling it. They report him differently, but all who report him at all say that he spoke favorably of Great Salt Lake Valley. Much of what he said was unintelligible to greenhorns, but all the information recorded is exact. Jim spoke as one having authority. He went on talking, sketching in the entire map from the Grand Canyon to the Snake, from the Little Sandy to the far Pacific sea, and all its minerals, trees, shrubs, roots, rainfall, vistas, local gods. "He said it was his paradise," Wilford Woodruff wrote. It was. His talk moved on to the resident Indians — Paiute, the Diggers. The Saints need not be afraid of them, could "drive the whole of them in twenty-four hours." But Jim, a formally adopted Shoshoni brave, would not kill the Diggers; his counsel was to make slaves of them. Finally, "Supper had been provided for Mr. Bridger and his men and the latter having eaten, the council was dismissed, Mr. Bridger going with President Young to supper, the remainder retiring to their wagons, conversing over the subject touched upon."

Observe that final, private conversation between Old Gabe and the Lion of the Lord. The hours of Bridger's exposition had cleared the obstructions from the channel of inspiration. Now, while Jim sat with Brigham in the patriarchal white-top and a candle burned in a bucket there, unquestionably the heavens opened. Whatever they talked about, Jim Bridger became the oracle of revelation, and when the time came Brigham would be able to speak the Lord's will and say, "This is the place."

At the camp on Green River mountain fever broke out. The Saints swelled, ached, and burned. Brigham sent back a party of five under Phineas Young to meet the oncoming Church with notes, statistics, counsel, and rebuke. The next day was July 4 and there was another reunion. Twelve outriders from the Battalion sick detachment, coming up from Pueblo, rode into the camp, to loud hosannas, almost exactly a year after Brigham had set up the flag and ordered them to volunteer.

On the way to Fort Bridger Apostle Woodruff's eye kindled, for some little white-water brooks must surely have trout in them. He got out the rod he had brought all the way from Liverpool, attached a fly (he thought it likely that he was the first to use one in these parts), and sure enough there were trout. The pioneers camped within a mile or two of the fort on May 7. There was a congregation of mountain men and Indians there, so that the Saints got more intimate details about the route of revelation. The trace of the Hastings Cut-off led west from here, a mere wagon track. As they heard more of its story, the myth grew. The Donners were now from the abhorred Clay County, "a mob company that threatened to drive out the Mormons who were in California, and started with that spirit in their hearts. But it seemed as though they were ripe for judgment." Woodruff thought that he remembered baptizing Mrs. Murphy in Tennessee. She had apostatized and joined the mob, he decided, and in God's loving-kindness had been punished by being killed and eaten.

Nevertheless, God had used the mobbers and apostates to prepare a way for His chosen, who took the trail they had made. Taking it, they struck the Bear River on July 10, the first part of Zion which they knew by name. Here they met Miles Goodyear, who was driving a herd of California horses toward the emigration. He had just traveled the whole stretch of the Hastings Cut-off — had passed the cabins at Donner Lake, crossed the Salt Desert, and followed the Donner trail through the Wasatch. Moreover, he was the sole proprietor of Zion, having built a cabin and corral and put in crops on the Weber River, some miles above its mouth. Once more they interviewed a veteran mountain man. This one had real estate to sell but he did not sell it now (he did a few months later), for Porter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rockwell rode back with him to examine the direct route to Goodyear's holdings. This was the Weber Canyon route down which Hastings had taken the Harlan-Young wagon train. Porter needed only a glance at those chasms: the Saints would not go that way. He reported and Orson Pratt was ordered out with an advance party "to find Mr. Reid's route across the mountains." Mr. Reid, of course, was James Frazier Reed of the Donner party.

Mountain fever now afflicted Brigham, who was so sick that, stopping beside the trail, the priesthood had to minister to him. From here on the pioneers traveled in three divisions. While some of the priesthood, in their Temple robes, went up into the high place to pray for the sick, forty-two men with twenty-three wagons, under Orson Pratt and Stephen Markham, led the advance. Pratt rode a few miles into Weber Canyon, determined that Porter Rockwell's judgment had been sound, and set his men to work improving the Donner road. He could understand what his predecessors had endured. In spite of their three weeks of agonizing labor in brush, along mountainsides, and down the beds of creeks, "we found the road almost impassable and requiring much labor." He had his party supply the labor. They hacked the brush away, pried boulders out, leveled, graded, felled trees. He kept riding ahead to reconnoiter and sent his data back to those who were following. Through most of this scouting his companion was John Brown, of the Mississippi Saints, and after a Sabbath rest on July 18 it was these two who caught the first glimpse of the promised land. On July 19 from the ridge beyond Big Mountain, which had thrown the Donners into their first panic, they "could see an extensive level prairie some few miles distant, which we thought must be near the Lake."

But it was Erastus Snow, from the second group, who was with Pratt on July 21. ("Now the time was the time of the first-ripe grapes.") That day they followed the Donner road up Little Mountain and "looked out on the full extent of the valley where the broad waters of the Great Salt Lake glistened in the sunbeams." Seeing that land, Pratt says, "we could not refrain from a shout of joy which almost involuntarily escaped from our lips." They made their way downhill to Emigration Canyon, down that winding, gentle gulch, and out at last to Zion. Young had sent instructions (unquestionably from the revelation unto Jim Bridger) for them to turn north for a few miles after reaching the valley. This brought them to the twinned creek where ground would first be broken. They rode carefully, examining the soil, thinking of dam sites and crops to come, noting an ominous profusion of black crickets. That night all the wagons except those which lingered with the sick Prophet camped in Canaan. The next day, July 23, they sent a report to Brigham and moved the whole camp to the divided creek. "Here we called the camp together," Pratt says, "and it fell to my lot to offer up prayer and thanksgiving in behalf of our company, all of whom had been preserved from the Missouri River to this point; and, after dedicating ourselves and the land unto the Lord and imploring His blessings upon our labors, we appointed various committees to attend to different branches of business, preparatory to putting in crops, and in about two hours after our arrival we began to plow, and the same afternoon built a dam to irrigate the soil, which at the spot where we were ploughing was exceedingly dry."

There had lately been some showers in the Wasatch, but they could not have greatly freshened the valley. In late July it is always a dry land weary with summer. When the Apostle Orson came over the ridge of Big Mountain he was in a zone where the ground whitened with frost at daybreak and the silver undersides of aspen had the first gilt tinge of winter. But he came down past the benches of the prehistoric lake to a plain of sage and stunted oakbrush smelling of dust under a brazen sun. Dust lay on the oak leaves, dust made a flour to the tops of their boots, the tar-and-turpentine stench of sage was in their nostrils, and the sky whitened with heat. They saw the valley as men coming from a far country to the promised land. It was the women whose hearts sank at sight of desolation — the empty plain, the line of the Wasatch stretching south with perhaps a few patches of snow left still like outcrops of chalk just below the ridge, to the south the more desolate Oquirrhs canting westward toward the end of the lake, and then those bright, amazing waters with peaks rising from them and the sun striking a white fire from them and from the whiter sand. Well enough for the Apostle Orson to fall on his knees and dedicate the land unto the Lord and give thanks. But to the women it was a stark and hideous land. The years of persecution and the long moving ended here — but in a desert. The ground crawled with crickets, a rattler slid into the sage, well out of rifle range a coyote loped and sat and stared and panted off into emptiness. A hard, resistant folk had found a hard, resistant land, and they would grow to fit one another.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

40

The day they venerate is the next day, July 24. At five in the afternoon the favor of God was manifested by a shower of rain, but the end of a long journey had come earlier than that. On the twenty-third they had planted grain and parsnips; today they were planting potatoes and bringing water to them from City Creek, on the site of the Temple of the Lord. At two o'clock, accompanied by some white-top wagons that had had much trouble getting over Little Mountain, — wagons held together by the expedients of the trail, wagons groaning and squealing with dry axles and shrunken hubs, their tires held on by wedges and rawhide, — the carriage of Wilford Woodruff came up to the camp at City Creek and, half-reclining in it, the convalescent prophet Brigham Young looked out at the site of Zion in the land of Canaan, toward the River Jordan flowing into the Dead Sea.

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, ye loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc, and Ireland king, defender of ye faith, etc. Haveing undertaken for ye glorie of God and advancemente of ye Christian faith . . .

No, that was a different covenant. The Apostle Wilford Woodruff: "Thoughts of pleasant meditation ran in rapid succession through our minds at the anticipation that not many years hence the House of God would be established in the mountains and exalted above the hills, while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards, fields, etc., planted with cities, and the standard of Zion be unfurled unto which the nations would gather."

The Prophet had less to say. What he wrote was an entry that gave the distance traveled, recorded the potatoes, and mentioned the shower. What he said from the carriage was that "we were on the spot where the city was to be built. He knew it as the place he had seen in vision. Said we might explore the mountains over and over again and each time return to this place as the best."

It was enough to say. But, though his mind focused sharply on those potatoes and the life-giving water that was flowing over them; though it was already ranging out to the mountains and valleys all about and on to the Pacific and back to Winter Quarters, nevertheless Brigham Young must have permitted himself a moment or two to taste and savor such triumph as few have known in all our history. *The thing was done!* Fayette, Kirtland, Jackson County, Clay County, Nauvoo, the frozen Mississippi, Sugar Creek, Pisgah, Winter Quarters — and now Zion. Seventeen years, the angel and the golden plates, the Prophet murdered, hundreds of Mormons dying in the passion of battle or the salt frenzy of flight or shaken by ague or starving at slackened breasts or just going down into the dark after too much strain at Misery Bottoms. He had saved his church, he had brought his people out of bondage, and the gates of hell had not prevailed against them. Danger was over, the kingdom would now come in. He would drive a stake of Zion in the desert soil. Nothing could stop him. God's people had reached their land.

He was not a man to spend much time in the unprofitable business of prophecy or cursing — in anything unprofitable. Be sure that he did not long indulge himself with triumph but began to correct mistakes and urge the Saints to greater effort. In a few days, more ground had been broken, explorers had been sent out, arrangements had been made to facilitate the coming of those who were on the trail.

A city had been plotted, a site for the Temple had been chosen, a company was ready to leave for California, and another one was ready to go back to Winter Quarters. The Prophet was already at work making his empire, his part of the American empire. It was named Deseret, a word which, we are told, means "land of the honey bee." You will not find it on maps. But it is there still, an empire within the domestic empire, the commonwealth that Israel built, the life and function of the Latter-Day Saints, a society of their own and like no other. Deseret began in July, 1847, and has gone on up to now, and Deseret is seen to be, as this narrative takes leave of it, what happens when Brook Farm comes into hands fit to build Brook Farm.

If a people had found their land, a land had found its people, a hard, fanatical people forcing a dead land to bring forth life. Deseret was not the deep soil of the Willamette Valley with great forests and abundant rain. It was not the eternal summer of the golden shore. It was a land poisoned with alkali and dead for want of water, a land which could be made to live only by the incessant labor of a people shaped to a fit instrument by suffering, faith, and the domination of a prophet who spoke with the authority of Almighty God. A mad prophet's visions turned by an American genius into the seed of life, in the memory of suffering and the expectation of eternal glory, while the angels hovered overhead and portents came in the sky.

(*The End*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT MAKES MY MOUTH WATER

by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

1

As I was saying to my son only yesterday, *Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit* — which means, It still makes my mouth water to think of McIntyre and Heath, the Georgia Minstrels, as their 1896 variety act was called. McIntyre, as Alexander, had been taken away from dat live'y stable by the glib Heath, to be a minstrel; they were stranded on a railway siding; Alexander was urged on by Heath, or Henry, with stories about a biscuit bush and a ham tree; he was further tortured by a description of "roast beef and mashed potatoes, with the gravy — not comin' out — no sir, dat gravy was just oozin' out, Alexander." That picture had such an effect upon my youthful salivary glands that I could hardly wait until I got home for supper — I never grew to the sophisticated point of speaking naturally of dinner in the evening — and if we had roast beef and mashed potatoes that night, life was heaven. It makes my mouth water to think of sitting there in the Olympic Theater, Chicago, listening to the famished McIntyre. (Ten minutes elapse.) I go downstairs to rummage in the icebox or, as the moderns who use these horseless-carriage contraptions call it, the refrigerator. Cold roast beef and raw peas, both wonderful.

A highly susceptible trencherman I. After McIntyre and Heath's roast beef, there was the *Belle of New York*. Well do I recall a scene in Huyler's, and after the matinee I went right over to Huyler's and got a ten-cent piece of Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy, which the red curtains said was Fresh Every Hour.

Never have I seen a play in which the actors were at table that I didn't vicariously sit with them. There was *The First Year*. And there were *Dinner at Eight* and *You Can't Take It with You*. And those breakfasts in *Life with Father!* After that opening night in 1939 when I first heard Mr. Day say, "Those kippers are *good!*" I had kippers the next morning for breakfast, and they were at least as good as the stage fish. And when Mr. Day complained about the coffee, I felt sorry for him, because it was a matter of years before I could convince a cook, although I paid her salary and I paid for the coffee, that I wanted one cup of coffee, and only one, and that one strong, using as much coffee as she would use for three cups of her idea of coffee.

Why, it made me hungry when Weber and Fields used to talk about breakfast, in the days when it was hokum humor to make fun of the uncooked cereal. "You eat dis shredded hay?" said Weber. "Sure," said Fields. "With plenty of sugar and cream, you could hardly notice it."

2

It is those who write about the glories of the table who make my mouth water; those whose literary boards groan beneath the weight of — to continue the rural press's description — many toothsome viands. I can't find that book of Favorite Recipes of Famous Authors, but I remember nothing except the ending of Montague Glass's bouillabaisse — "God, but I'm hungry!" Many a dinner I had at Glass's, all of them good.

It isn't by chance that certain writers like to describe comestibles. Ferberiana, from *Dawn O'Hara* to the New Orleans markets and restaurants of *Saratoga Trunk*, are full of goodies; Miss Ferber is just about the eatingest author there is. The autobiographical *A Peculiar Treasure* often

---

The extent of F. P. A.'s knowledge has been a source of surprise and delight to the thousands who have read his column, "The Conning Tower," and to the millions who have heard him on "Information, Please!" Chicago (where he was born in 1881) is responsible for that cubbyhole mind of his, a mind stored with pertinent and impertinent facts and the wit to make use of them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tells what's cooking. "The soup was served in a tureen. The meat was carved at the table, the vegetables dished. I have that old soup tureen, a creamy china with a tawny oakleaf pattern. I never see it that my mouth doesn't water. The soup was almost always chicken soup with noodles (hand-rolled, homemade, hair-fine) or beef soup with marrow balls, a clear strong golden brew. When the cover was removed a fragrant steam arose . . . 'Here comes the soup! Look at this roast stuffed chicken, brown and crisp. I can see the slices melting away from the glittering carving-knife.'" Why, her very titles are hunger-compelling — *Roast Beef Medium* and *Come and Get It.*

And today, if you get an invitation to lunch, dinner, or supper at Miss Ferber's, Upper Stepney, Connecticut, go, unless you prefer a drugstore sandwich, which usually is made of bread discarded by the blotter manufacturers. You get amazingly good stuff at Ferber's, and plenty, so that if you want three helpings of duck, you have it. You may get a scornful glance from the ethereal guests, whose stare seems to echo a framed motto on the wall of a boardinghouse in the Ann Arbor of the nineties. It was "God Hates a Glutton," which, if true, automatically endowed all the boarders ($3.50 a week) with heavenly grace.

3

There are some joys that I don't get enough of: clams; lobster stew as I once had it at Jake Powers's where his folks lived near East Sebago, Maine; the fish chowder brewed on Sutton Island, Maine, by the late Rachel Field, which I apostrophized with — sorry, "The Melancholy Lute" is out of print: —

> Loud is my praise, or even louder,
> For Mrs. Arthur Pederson's chowder.
> It had such qualities and traits
> I had to have three brimming plates.

And that reminds me that I have gone on record many times about my loves and hatreds of the table. As for instance: —

> For steak that's rare
> I deeply care.
>
> I yell and whisper
> For bacon crisper.
>
> To my trust I were false if I
> Said I liked salsify.
>
> And I must confess
> That I don't like cress.
>
> For starch of corn
> I have but scorn.
>
> An' boy, Ah sutton-
> Ly likes mah mutton.
>
> I always ask twice
> For Spanish rice.
>
> But I get sick
> At sauces thick.
>
> For goodness's sake,
> Why marble cake?
>
> But sauce caramel?
> Mamma! that's swell!
>
> Drinks with gin
> I hate like sin;
>
> But the lyre I strum
> For drinks with rum.
>
> For peanut butter
> My scorn is utter.
>
> When we have cold lamb
> I holler "Damn!"
>
> Nor would I beg
> For a hard-boiled egg.
>
> Pudding of rice
> Is not so nice;
>
> But pie of plum —
> Yum! yum! yum! yum!

Perhaps if or when starvation perching at the horseman's back will not be unseated, I shall be glad to have a drugstore sandwich and a cup of drugstore brown-colored hot water, with milk — only, however, if starving. How they assemble these sandwiches I don't know; or why they think that scalding heat is coffee's only requisite. Our cook, who long since has known that I like one cup of strong coffee, — and not three of weak, — sat next to me at a performance of *Life with Father.* When the elder Day asked how coffee beans and water can achieve the brew in his breakfast cup, Delia said, "Just like home, Mr. Adams." My son Anthony, then fourteen, sat next to me at an earlier performance. Towards the end of the play he finally said, after one of Mr. Day's outbursts, "Pop, he's just like you. And he's right, too."

There is a difference, of course, between liquids scalding and liquids tepid. I hate soup that is so hot that you can't taste it, or coffee so hot — the drugstore formula — that you can't taste it. Cf. the James Whitcomb Riley poem about the coffee "my mother used to make," ending,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yer coffee's mighty hot." Women! They're all alike, or worse. From the days when as a child I blew on the soup in my soupspoon, and was reprimanded for same, to yesterday morning when I almost missed the bus — and speaking of the old days, I still can recall when I drove a car to the station for the 7.39 train because I was trying to cool the coffee so as to be able to drink it — from then to now, these women — relations and cooks — have one sentence that puts me in my place. It is: —

"Food *should* be hot."

The soldiers of today have good cooks; and in World War I the army's cooks were good, too. But dozens of times, when I was billeted in some French town, and had to sit at the family table, the woman would always apologize for the paucity of the courses and the meagerness of the portions, not to say the quality. But always a wonderful soup, veal or beef so tender and so flavored that you can't get it at home like that, and about thirty-five dollars' worth of oil-drenched salad, not to say fruit and cheese. But apologies are the way of the cook. Alas! Where are those men and women at Neufchâteau and Meaux and Nancy and Boucq and Langres who told us that the Americans were saving France, little dreaming that it was being saved for enslavement.

I am no crank. We were taught to eat what was set before us; and we did, though it usually was excellent. I remember our Sunday breakfasts. One Sunday we had codfish balls — made of codfish, not of potatoes — and baked beans which had been put in the oven Saturday afternoon; and the next Sunday we had scraped beefsteak, with raw eggs on top. Those breakfasts alternated in our house for at least fifteen years. What we knew as Scraped Meat you may now get as Steak Tartare, which is garnished with a lot of lettuce, piccalilli, raw onion, anchovies, and what not. It's as hard to get it reft of these Persian pomps as it is to get a sandwich unencumbered by wilted lettuce and a fifth-rate pickle. And unless you or somebody who fears your scorn mixes the salad dressing it is too vinegary. It should be about 95 per cent oil. Don't argue with me.

Remind me sometime to tell you of the consternation, almost calling for a meeting of the board of directors, that it throws a restaurant into if you ask for an apple. Apple sauce, baked apple, apple cake, apple pie, yes. But you'd think the waiters had no knowledge of the fruit whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe. A waiter once confided the trouble, which it seems is terminological. An apple is a Table Apple.

SIRENS

by WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

Out of the night, that melancholy wailing
Carries no more to our instinctive fear
Its counterpoint of hope for human ailing.
Sirens no longer promise help is near.

Ambulance? Fire? Police? A grim collection
Of ills; yet, listening tense, we always knew
That mercy or assistance or protection
By man's design to man's misfortune flew.

Now as the blackout lowers and we grope
In woeful retrogression to the cave,
Our darkness must re-echo with a hope,
Which, all else lost, is still enough to save.

Sirens have told and yet shall tell of men
Speeding to help each other once again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Editor speaking

I WANT to speak to you about the magazine and those who write for it. I believe the *Atlantic* will mean more to you if you realize the stress under which creative writing is achieved today. In the First World War, London and Paris were sanctuaries for authors; Galsworthy and Shaw, Wells, Conrad, Lytton Strachey, Barbusse, and Proust did some of their best writing in the years 1914–1919. But there is no sanctuary for anyone in this global war, and writers having thinner skulls and more vivid imaginations than you and I feel the strain more keenly. Most of our young contributors are in or on their way into the service. Those in the middle distance find it hard to stay put. Many of them have laid aside the pen to devote themselves wholeheartedly to war work.

It takes men of fortitude, women of great intensity, to write with perspective and beauty in these distracting months. When I say this, I think immediately of the five poems by Laurence Binyon, the evocative pages by Thomas Barbour and Katharine Butler Hathaway, the essays of H. M. Tomlinson and Logan Pearsall Smith, which you will find in this and the next issue.

AMAZING FOR LIFE

Writing of quality will be hard to find in the immediate future. Yet the need of it is greater than ever. England has found this to be true. Living in a state of siege, with little fuel and on a thin diet, her people have turned increasingly for solace to their books. Don't tell me they are reading "for escape." I hate the phrase and it is not accurate. They are reading in England not to escape from life but to find it.

Now our turn has come. If the *Atlantic* has any reason for being, in this war economy, it is that today, as in past crises, the magazine's purpose is to restore your peace of mind. My promise to you is simply this: we will bring you the best that is being written in America, in England, and in the outposts.

Our 85th Anniversary is behind us. Now we point to our 100th, and as we move toward the future I believe you will enjoy the harvest of writing we have garnered for the winter ahead.

THE HARVEST

LATE in July an envelope came to Arlington Street containing four typewritten pages by Dr. Thomas Barbour, Director of the Agassiz Museum at Harvard. The manuscript bore no title, but the writing was so juicy, so full of humor and experience, that the editors accepted it within forty-eight hours. That was the beginning of a book — a book which we now know holds the fruition of Thomas Barbour's forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler. In "Naturalist at Large" we watch his exploration of some of the oldest and dankest caves in the world; we watch him handle snakes — boas and cobras for the museum, and the small reptiles for the snake serum farm which he established in Honduras. Here are his observations on whales, porpoises, flying fish, lizards, and albatross; here in a kind of chuckling understatement are the adventures he went through as he collected them; here are the men he worked with; here are the voyages he took to the distant forests and swamps; here is what Mrs. Barbour meant to his expeditions; here, and always modestly, is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

record of the museums at Cambridge, Cuba, Salem, and Panama which have flourished under his magnetic direction. When he uncorked the bottle of his reminiscences, Dr. Barbour gave the *Atlantic* enough Burgundy to last through this winter and spring.

POETS AND TEACHERS

WHILE much of our civilization is reverting to scorched earth, it is well to recall those poets and teachers whose spirit and poetry still give us strength. The *Atlantic* has deliberately brought together this series of Prose Portraits which will be published in successive issues this winter: —

A. E. HOUSMAN, *by Mark Holstein*
DR. ROLFE OF HILL SCHOOL, *by Edmund Wilson*
AE (Russell), AS SEEN BY HIS SON, *Diarmuid Russell*
BOYDEN OF DEERFIELD, *by Lewis Perry*
JOHN COLLIER, *by Laura Thompson*

"THIS IS WOOLLCOTT SPEAKING"

DECEMBER marks the 80th Anniversary of O. W. Holmes's famous paper, "My Hunt After 'The Captain.'" Mr. Woollcott now tells us the unpublished story of that famous search, and of the gracious Maryland lady who cared for the young wounded Yankee.

INDUSTRIAL MEDICINE

DR. ALICE HAMILTON is the most courageous American pioneer in the field of industrial medicine. Her Autobiography, which we shall begin to serialize in the December *Atlantic*, is a book qualified to stand beside Dr. Cushing's *Leaves from a Surgeon's Journal* and Hans Zinsser's *As I Remember Him*. Educated at Farmington, the University of Michigan, and then in the German medical schools, little Miss Hamilton became Jane Addams's right-hand man. From her headquarters at Hull House, Dr. Hamilton set out to investigate the lead industry, the steel mills, the foundries, and the match factories, — wherever men were suspected to have been poisoned by the work they were doing. She had to trace the sufferer to a hospital or to his home; she had to gain the confidence of our immigrant communities; she had to learn the factory processes from the inside; she had to devise safeguards and then overcome the hostility of the management and state officials. She investigated our great strikes and knew when they were traceable to inhuman conditions. The League of Nations found her work invaluable, and this story of her pioneering holds in it truths which we must apply in the peace to come. A book for reconstruction.

"QUIET, PLEASE"

QUIET for the musicians — for Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose series of musical interpretations will be resumed with a paper on Mendelssohn; for Nicolas Nabokov, the composer, who is writing about his contemporaries, Stravinsky and Shostakovitch; and for Elford Caughey, harpist in the Boston Symphony, whose poems are now being heard in the *Atlantic*.

DOWN EAST

NEW ENGLAND is still capable of producing a prose which the rest of the country can read with delight — and envy. Look at the work of these three: Katharine Butler Hathaway, a daughter of Salem, whose "Little Locksmith" you will long remember; Llewellyn Howland of New Bedford, whose next two papers, "Thumblings" and "Trafalgar," have a flavor all his own; and Austin Strong, playwright and Centurion, who was born in Samoa (his grandmother was Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson) and to whom Nantucket is now the center of the universe.

"BOSTON CALLING"

WE still await some word from Agnes Keith, author of *Land Below the Wind*, and last seen in North Borneo. Not for months have we heard from James Norman Hall, who is helping the Fighting French in the South Seas. Will Nora Waln's new manuscript come in this spring from England? What about Mr. and Mrs. Vogt on their white isle off the coast of Chile? These are our far contributors who give the *Atlantic* its unexpected color. They won't fail us.

Edward Weeks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What America Should Be Reading

★ ★ ★

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS ✓ By Douglas Southall Freeman ✓ $5.00

The distinguished biographer of R. E. Lee tells us the true and valiant story of the young officers — Pelham, Taylor, and others — who sparked the Army of Northern Virginia.

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN ✓ By LeGrand Cannon, jr. ✓ $2.75

A colonial novel of New Hampshire, warmly lit and affectionate. Native idiom and humor and the majestic spirit of Chocorua make this more than an entertaining romance.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE ✓ By W. L. White ✓ $2.00

The heroic story of the MTB's at Manila, narrated by Lieutenant Bulkeley and his Junior Grades, this tells as no other book what the young Americans experienced and thought during the fall of the Philippines. Terse, masculine, authentic.

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES ✓ By MacKinley Helm ✓ $2.75

Roland Hayes, whose parents were slaves, is today an American artist of international reputation. His friend, MacKinley Helm, has set down the artist's autobiography in prose of a singing quality.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTH ✓ By Virginia Woolf ✓ $3.00

Serene, sensitive, and beautifully selective, these essays written and revised over two decades are the work of a critic poetic and discriminating.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE ✓ By Franz Werfel ✓ $3.00

A historical novel depicting the miracle of Lourdes. Remarkable in its range of character and feeling, this story is refreshing for its faith in a doubtful hour.

ONE MAN'S MEAT ✓ By E. B. White ✓ $2.50

Humorous and quizzical, these forty-five essays are written "in celebration of life at a time of violent death." Mr. White, once of the *New Yorker*, has retired to a salt-water farm where his happiness is contagious.

THE PRINCIPLES OF POWER ✓ By Guglielmo Ferrero ✓ $3.50

Very thoughtful is this analysis of legitimate and illegitimate government as they have been developed in the era of democracy.

TACEY CROMWELL ✓ By Conrad Richter ✓ $2.00

If you remember *The Sea of Grass* and *The Trees*, you will know what to look for in this short novel of a mining, gambling town in the Southwest. Americana with a keen edge.

INNOCENT MERRIMENT ✓ An Anthology ✓ Edited by Franklin P. Adams ✓ $3.00

The cream of light verse whipped up most appetizingly by a master hand.

THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY ✓ By William B. Ziff ✓ $2.50

A trenchant analysis of the German blitz and the Allied retreats, this book emphasizes the enormous potential of air power compared with the ground strategy of the United Nations. The argument will make you think, though the case is sometimes overstated.

ON THE NAME AND NATURE OF POETRY ✓ By A. E. Housman ✓ $1.00

This should be perennial reading for those who have lost their palate for poetry — and those who have not.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIONEERING ON CHOCORUA

A Colonial Novel of Native Strength and Beauty

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN. *By LeGrand Cannon, Jr. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75*

" " "

"NOT overhead, but off in the midst of the sky, he saw the mountain come out. He saw it riding alone in the sky, just the gray granite top with a touch of the sun on it — and underneath it was the sky." So Whit Livingston saw Coruway Mountain — Chocorua — from his new lands in the heart of New Hampshire in the year 1769. "I seen Coruway Mountain settin' on top of the weather," he says to himself, and the sight of the granite mass somehow dominates him as it tacitly dominates *Look to the Mountain*, in which Mr. LeGrand Cannon, Jr., has fashioned one of the finest historical novels that this reviewer has ever read.

The story of Whitfield Livingston and Melissa Butler, whom he takes as a bride to the untouched lands above the headwaters of the Merrimac, is told with a stark simplicity, is told in a superb prose that often touches poetry, and is told with an utter naturalness which will leave the reader with the feeling: "*This* is the way it was."

New Hampshire as she was

With unlabored sureness Mr. Cannon has built an enduring colonial picture, solid, accurate. He knows how people of that time and place housed themselves, fed themselves, armed themselves. He knows what they drank, what they talked about, what they feared and hoped. He knows Chocorua and New Hampshire as a musician knows his instrument. And how Mr. Cannon makes those old names thunder through his pages! Coruway Mountain, Great Ossipy, Casumpy, Contoocook, Amoskeag, and Suncook. The whole countryside is a clavier on which he plays with rare skill.

The saga of Whit and Melissa is so simple that it might well have tripped a less able writer. Children of highly unadmirable fathers, they contrive to marry and then slip away to the land that Whit has staked out under the shadow of the mountain. They build a house. They clear land and crops come on. So do children. The holdings grow, slowly and painfully. Other pioneers settle as the years drift by, and to them Whit is known as a steady man.

Outside, the world rumbles on, almost unheeded. News of the Concord fight, there in the lee of the mountain, is less important than the death under a falling tree of neighbor Philbrick. Bunker Hill, dimly known and more dimly comprehended, is dwarfed by the question of who will wed Philbrick's widow, for then the rest of the settlers won't have to keep her in meat and wood. And fear of Burgoyne's Indians is overshadowed by Jonas Moore's mishap with a fishing spear. The book ends after Whit's return from Bennington, a battle which he attends logically, realistically, and casually. The pattern is set, universal, and timeless. The struggles of Whit and Melissa are cut from the same pattern as those of Gil Martin and Lana in *Drums Along the Mohawk*, as those of Wang Lung in *The Good Earth*.

Pioneers tough and simple

And in this simple frame are packed gorgeous characters, traced with never a blurred line. Portygee Joe; Reverend Gowan; Jonas and Ida Moore; Hackett, the trapper; shiftless Dutiful Jackman — they file through the pages, a source of delight for the reader. They speak in strong dialect, yet it never wearies. They have an old-time respect for the craftsman: "Matthew Patten — he makes a *good* paddle." There are salty twists of speech. The stew that "started with a pa'tridge and worked up from there." The question: "What ails you? You got one female to talk to." And the lonely woman's reply: "I know. But we need another to talk about."

And there is high drama, not contrived, but due to Mr. Cannon's skill. Bennington is vividly described, but it is no more gripping than the first weary trek to the mountain's shadow. Whit feels horror under fire, but it is less than the weight of the wilderness that lonely Melissa feels, winter-bound. The mere gift of a puppy is almost a turning point in the fight against the forest and the elements. Nor is any triumph greater than Whit's rising to the ownership of a pair of oxen.

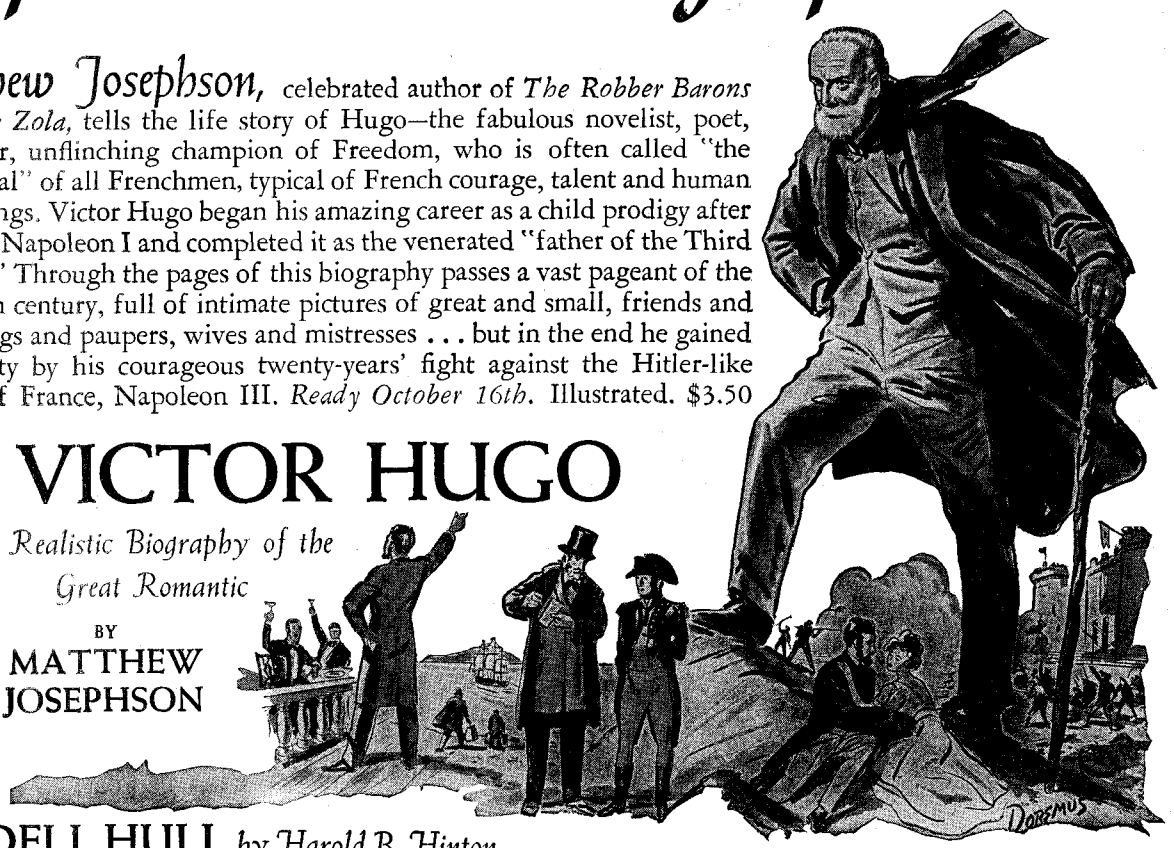
It's an exciting story. It's a moving one. And above all, it's a tough story, for it is hewn out of the very roots of this nation. Implicit on every page are thoughts that Americans of 1942 will do well to grip tightly. The book is timely as well as timeless.

BRUCE LANCASTER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Important new Biographies...

Matthew Josephson, celebrated author of *The Robber Barons* and *Emile Zola,* tells the life story of Hugo—the fabulous novelist, poet, great lover, unflinching champion of Freedom, who is often called "the most typical" of all Frenchmen, typical of French courage, talent and human shortcomings. Victor Hugo began his amazing career as a child prodigy after the fall of Napoleon I and completed it as the venerated "father of the Third Republic." Through the pages of this biography passes a vast pageant of the nineteenth century, full of intimate pictures of great and small, friends and rivals, kings and paupers, wives and mistresses . . . but in the end he gained immortality by his courageous twenty-years' fight against the Hitler-like dictator of France, Napoleon III. *Ready October 16th.* Illustrated. $3.50



VICTOR HUGO

A Realistic Biography of the Great Romantic

BY

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

CORDELL HULL *by Harold B. Hinton*

Don't miss this "full and friendly life history of the soft-spoken man who at this critical time holds a distinguished position as elder statesman in the nation."—New York *Sun.* With a foreword by Sumner Welles. $3.00

NAPOLEON AT THE CHANNEL

by Carola Oman. "As exciting a mustering of facts as has ever been crowded into 300 pages" says the New York *Times Book Review* of this colorful volume which presents Napoleon's elaborate plan to invade England—complete even to landing barges and victory medals—and which recaptures the entire atmosphere and action of the times. $2.50

JOHN THE GREAT

The Times and Life of a Great American

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

by Donald Barr Chidsey. A sparkling, nostalgic picture of the not-so-distant days when "shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan" was a password to social success! "Full of chuckles, information and a good deal of shrewd observation."—New York *Herald-Tribune BOOKS.* Introduction by J. P. Marquand. Illus. $3.00

Ready November 6th. **WILLARD GIBBS: American Genius,** *by Muriel Rukeyser.* The prize-winning poet and biographer brings a brilliant age into focus in the biography of a man from whose genius all modern technology has benefited. $3.50

and Autobiographies...

PAST IMPERFECT

by Ilka Chase. Blackouts are brighter and evenings are gayer as thousands of new readers are testing their "ILKA Q'S" and enjoying this tell-all tale by a lady who believes in sparing no one if it will spoil the fun and who takes delight in scalping the big-wigs of stage, screen and radio. Alice Dixon Bond calls it, "Streamlined as a racing car and at times as speedy"; and the *Providence Journal* says, "The best $2.00 worth of literate entertainment on the season's book counters." 11th large printing—163,600 copies already in print. $2.00

LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE

by H. Allen Smith. This rowdy, riotous, laugh-packed volume still makes its hilarious way on the nation's best-seller lists. DAMON RUNYON says: "It's required reading!" Introduction by FRED ALLEN. $2.00

UNDER MY ELM

by David Grayson. The famous author of *Adventures in Contentment* sums up his experiences along a road of life that is wholesome, simple and satisfying, and reveals much of the genial and perceptive personality that has endeared him to thousands of known and unknown friends. *Just published.* $2.00

Doubleday, Doran GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

REPRODUCED BY NYNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CITY OF MAN

Mr. Agar's Plea for World Citizenship

A TIME FOR GREATNESS. *By Herbert Agar. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50*

HERBERT AGAR is one of the new Americans who, in 1939, rose to the challenge of barbarism and gave themselves up wholeheartedly to the task of rousing our country from its puerile dream of successfully committing treason against the human race by deserting it. *A Time for Greatness* is a summary of his faith and his reasoned convictions: Mr. Agar wrote it just before joining the United States Navy as Lieutenant Commander. Because the nature of his duties will probably silence him till the war is over, these pages have a special significance. This book has the weight of a Last Testament.

The main thesis of *A Time for Greatness* is that the seeds of the war lay deep in our whole civilization. They were sown by the belief that economic operations were the automatic source of our moral values and our intellectual achievements. If we were industrious, we should be prosperous; if prosperous, we could be secure, provided we minded our own business; if we minded our own business, we should not suffer any evil consequences from our intellectual stupidity or our moral paralysis. By withdrawing to our isolationist hole and shamming dead we should escape the attention of the beasts of prey that were at large in the world.

This philosophy, Mr. Agar points out, denies the essential nature of civilization: first, that every man's fate is bound up with the life and death of all mankind; and second, that "civilization means rules and promises which are kept. It requires, not only the conquest of the material environment, but the discipline and the standards with which to judge the value of acts and thoughts and passions. Without such disciplines and standards, victories over the forces of nature may be more disastrous than defeats. We know now that a people can be heir to all the techniques and knowledge of the ages and still behave pathologically, like hordes of vicious and sadistic children."

The recovery of human values

Here, Mr. Agar points out, lies the ground for action in the present war. Our task is to rehabilitate civilization, not merely by opposing the poisonous barbarism of the Nazis on the battlefield, but by recovering possession of our own fundamental faith in human values. If we are in the present war as the result of an external attack alone, our actions are without moral value: the whole affair becomes a mere farce, as lacking in significance as would be a death that followed a fall from slipping on a banana peel. Actually the present crisis is not a farce but a tragedy: it is a fate we have brought on ourselves by our ignoble beliefs and our evasive cowardly actions. We can redeem ourselves only by dedicating our actions to the welfare of mankind. Our democracy must deliberately choose high politics or become the deserving victim of its own degradation.

No one else has painted the moral background of the war with surer strokes or greater eloquence; and no one else, on the basis of his tireless campaigning during the past two years, has a better right to be heard. Even at this late date, the lessons that Herbert Agar has been teaching up and down the country have not been learned. The fact that open apologists for our enemies' actions, like Hamilton Fish and Burton Wheeler, dare to ask for political support is a sign of this country's profound moral callousness.

Because of its sound ethical core, therefore, *A Time for Greatness* deserves earnest reading by every American. Unfortunately, Mr. Agar's practical devotion to the cause of democracy has not given him the leisure to establish any fresh lines of thought on the concrete political and economic issues opened up by the war. Hence the chapters on the role of business and labor after the war are both superficial in their analysis and a little highhanded in their dismissal of less traditional views than Mr. Agar holds.

As a loyal colleague of the City of Man group, Mr. Agar more than once cites statements from its Declaration on World Democracy; but the meagerness and conventionality of his own political and economic proposals demonstrate the wisdom of that group's original program — defeated by lack of funds — to devote a period of two years' study to a searching examination and restatement of the problems raised by capitalism, communism, and democratic coöperation in both the economic and the political spheres. Mr. Agar's moral intuitions remain most useful, therefore, as criticism rather than as construction.

LEWIS MUMFORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fellow-citizens,

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY.

We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Annual Message, December 1, 1862.*

WHAT DOES America hope to *gain* from this war? That question would utterly perplex a Nazi schoolboy, drilled in the principles of the *Herrenvolk* . . . or a young Japanese, who learns that "co-prosperity" means imperialism gone mad. By their definitions, we have no reason to fight. We seek no colonies, no extra-territorial power, no right to conquer, torture or loot our fellow men.

But every thoughtful American knows what we *must* gain from this war. We must have lasting peace.

Military victory alone will not give us peace. That was proved in 1918. Victory, however essential, is chiefly important for the privilege it gives of shaping an era of peace for the world. And we can prepare for it only by a full and free public discussion today.

IN A REMARKABLE BOOK, now a best-seller from coast to coast, a former President of the United States and a distinguished diplomat and public servant analyze the peace-making successes and failures of the past and the possibilities for the future. Their work is so lucid and highly important that it has received critical acclaim from reviewers, editors, statesmen and churchmen to a degree seldom before accorded any modern volume.

"NATIONS can blunder into war. They cannot blunder into peace," say Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson. In *The Problems of Lasting Peace* they show us the Seven Dynamic Forces which make for peace and war—how they will affect the coming peace as well as their effect on the past. Their approach is hard-headed and practical, but they do not discard new ideas merely because they are new. "There is no reason to scoff at Utopian ideas," they say, "for they stimulate thought, imagination and discussion."

That, in turn, is the purpose of *The Problems of Lasting Peace,* but many distinguished men and women have discovered much more in the book. William Phillip Simms, writing from Washington declares, "So objective and thorough is this work that it . . . *is nothing less than a state paper and will be so regarded here.*" Felix Morley writes: "This guide book is what men of good will in every country have been eagerly awaiting." Dr. Daniel A. Poling, editor of *The Christian Herald* calls it "a source library for the peace-makers."

* * * *

Today, *The Problems of Lasting Peace* is being read and discussed by thoughtful men and women everywhere, in their homes, in discussion groups, in forums and in religious organizations. It will continue to be studied for many years to come. In the words of Raymond Moley, "From here on, no thinking of the post-war world can ignore the job that Hoover and Gibson have done."

THE PROBLEMS OF Lasting Peace

by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson

8th Big Printing • $2.00 at booksellers' everywhere

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR CRISIS SEEN HISTORICALLY

A Thoughtful Analysis of "Legitimate" Government

THE PRINCIPLES OF POWER. *By Guglielmo Ferrero. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50*

The Principles of Power is a political analysis of the history of continental Europe during the last one hundred and fifty years in terms of the theory of "legitimacy."

In his previous book, *The Reconstruction of Europe*, Professor Ferrero described how the principle of legitimacy was applied by Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna. Whether the Minister of Louis XVIII was conscious of the possibility of transforming his somewhat opportunistic remarks on legitimacy into the elaborate and far-reaching system of political philosophy developed by Professor Ferrero may not be important. What is important is that the theory of legitimacy came as a portentous revelation to the Italian historian when he was forty-seven years old, and that he made it the clew to the past, present, and future history of the Western world, as well as the crowning achievement of a life of penetrating research and anxious political struggle.

"Fear," writes Professor Ferrero, "is the soul of the living universe." Animals and men are animated by the urge to avoid danger. "But man is not only afraid of real and imaginary danger; he is frightened of his own power to frighten others." This is why, in an organized society, the primary function of government is to protect people against "the two greatest fears of mankind — anarchy and war."

But government implies authority, and authority means the possible use of force. Thus a government "frightens its subjects and is afraid of them," because rebellion against authority is always possible. There is reciprocal fear between government and the governed, and the whole process of civilization has been an attempt either to minimize this fear or to eliminate it.

How can this be done? According to Professor Ferrero, there is only one way: through a "legitimate" government — that is, one the authority of which is freely recognized by the people, because time, custom, and general consent have sanctioned its principles. A government which must use force to maintain itself is "illegitimate." It is dominated by dread, however strong it may appear. Such was the case of Napoleon, prototype of all modern dictators, who had to crush opposition in France because he was afraid of it, and who had to attack all the nations of Europe, however strong or however weak, because he saw in each of them a potential enemy.

Monarchy or democracy

Professor Ferrero has chosen the history of France from 1789 to the present day to show the dramatic struggle between the two principles of government which have found application in Western Europe: Monarchy and Democracy. The various regimes which succeeded one another in France during the nineteenth century, he believes, furnish an exhaustive illustration of his complex theory. The American reader, not thoroughly familiar with this period of French history, may find some difficulty in accepting blindfolded, so to speak, Professor Ferrero's judgments of men and events.

The main deficiency of this very important book is that it lacks the universality which this "global" war renders more and more imperative as a guide to those who think in terms of the future. It requires a good deal of effort to project Professor Ferrero's brilliant and stimulating ideas beyond the limits of the Old World.

His conclusions, however, are without restrictions in their application, and the way he presents them is impressive and thoroughly original. Although Democracy has not become "legitimate" everywhere (far from it!), says Professor Ferrero, there is no doubt as to its ultimate triumph. The Russian Revolution appears to him as a consequence and also as a counterpart of the French Revolution. "As for the other revolutions that shook Europe after the Russian Revolution," concludes Professor Ferrero — and I presume he alludes to the Fascist and Nazi Revolutions — "there is nothing to expect from them. They are the consequence of the decay of the monarchic legitimacy. . . . They will only result in interminable wars."

May Professor Ferrero be right in his Olympian scorn for Hitler and Mussolini, and wrong in his prophecy concerning the result of their insignificance. But whether one agrees or not with Professor Ferrero's basic theory, *The Principles of Power* is an exceptional book which throws new light on the most obscure aspects of the present historical crisis.

RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO DAY OF TRIUMPH

By J. Saunders Redding

The exciting story of what happens to a young Negro who, at the invitation of the University of South Carolina, explored the lives of Negroes living in the South. "Fine writing, poignant, compelling."—*Dorothy Canfield.* $3.00

I Write from Washington

By MARQUIS W. CHILDS

You've read dozens of correspondents' books from all over the world; now you can get a personal, inside view of the capital of that world, by one of its ace reporters. Mr. Childs has covered the Washington scene during nine of the most revolutionary and significant years of its history. The experience proved literally to be a political education for him. In an intimate, exciting, honest, "first-names" portrayal he shows you the people and politics that have shaped our dynamic era. $3.00

SABOTAGE!

THE SECRET WAR AGAINST AMERICA

By SAYERS & KAHN

"It's your patriotic duty to read it."
—*Philadelphia Record*

A RUNAWAY BEST-SELLER

...because it tells the whole appalling story of Axis sabotage in the U.S.A.—physical sabotage, economic sabotage, psychological sabotage—what has happened, what is still going on, what *you* can do about it. "It names names from the smallest fry to the biggest of the Quislings."—*Walter Winchell.* Over fifty pages of documents and photos to prove its amazing story. $2.50

USAGE AND ABUSAGE

By Eric Partridge

Annotated for American Usage by Professor W. Cabell Greet

A sparkling word book of modern English, with helpful sense discriminations and usages that are alive as well as correct. $3.00

BENEFIT STREET

By David Cornel de Jong

The new novel by the author of *Day of the Trumpet, Old Haven,* etc. Around the lives of the boarders in a Providence roominghouse, he has created one of the most memorable stories of the year. $2.50

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF SARAH BERNHARDT

By Louis Verneuil

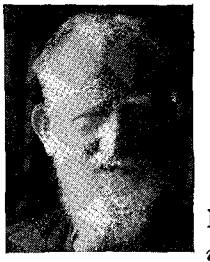
The real story of one of the most glamorous artists the world has ever known, intimately told in its entirety. $3.50

I Remember, I Remember

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS

His own life story

"He can look back, with a poised and astute candor, to make a fascinating book from memories which 'read like a novel.' It is a 'novel' of inner decision and quest and growth. And it is a 'novel' too with scene and character, brilliant or beautiful or subtly incisive, as the need may be. It is the noblest French spirit which speaks. And it concludes in dauntless hope."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.00



G. B. S.

By HESKETH PEARSON

In a front-page review, in the *N. Y. Times Book Review,* Peter Monro Jack calls this: "Great biography, inspired biography . . . Mr. Pearson is as like Shaw in wit and humor as anyone will be able to be. Since Mr. Pearson is also witty, good humored, personable and sensible, and has a natural gift for writing, he has without the slightest doubt or hesitation written the best biography of one of the best men who ever lived." 175,000 words. Illustrated. $3.75

HARPER & BROTHERS • N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECRET OF EMILY DICKINSON

A Novel with Poetic License

COME SLOWLY, EDEN. *By Laura Benét. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50*

THIS novel presenting scenes and episodes from the girlhood and young womanhood of Emily Dickinson was begun by the late Winifred Welles, who lived to write only the first two chapters. Miss Benét, who also has a flair for writing about childhood, has completed her friend's work. The story begins with Emily as a little girl playing with the future Helen Hunt Jackson under the syringa bushes in the Dickinson yard; it leaves her a poet and confirmed recluse dressed symbolically in white. A part of the novel, though not a disproportionate part, is devoted to her affairs of the heart. Miss Benét has handled this material, which fortunately includes no new revelations, with tact and good judgment. She may fairly claim to have portrayed the poet and her circle without seriously distorting any of the personalities involved. In this respect her fiction is truer than some professed biographies.

It was to heighten and make more graphic the incidents she chose to picture, not to take liberties with Emily Dickinson's story, that Miss Benét resorted to the novel. Miss Benét has taken considerable pains also to master the idiom of time and place and to describe the New England life of a century ago with reasonable accuracy. Her book succeeds in this respect perhaps as well as *Ivanhoe* succeeds in being truly medieval. Only readers thoroughly conversant with the region and period will notice her inconsequential slips. Others may perhaps be bothered by inability to picture Emily during a game of blindman's buff mounting to a mantelpiece above the heads of the company in "one squirrel-like leap." But it is not by such trifling lapses that this work should be judged. The one test of a book about Emily Dickinson, be it novel or biography, is whether the writer has imaginatively grasped the essential character of the poet. If she has not succeeded in that, no amount of picturesque archaeologizing will save the book.

Miss Benét has been handicapped from the start by her outsider's view of New England Puritanism, which she sees only as hard, bitter, and uncompromising. It was that, no doubt, but it was likewise incandescent at the core with mystical affirmations, and these Miss Benét ignores. She fails to realize that even those New Englanders who in the first half of the nineteenth century were in the act of escaping from the austerities of orthodoxy were fleeing on the wings of the Puritan spirit. Emily Dickinson's individuality and wit were not at variance with her background; they were the fine flower of it. Nothing could be more mistaken than to read into her mind the attitudes of a later generation which has become rootless and footless. If she was the poet who wrote:—

> Some keep the Sabbath going to church,
> I keep it staying at home,

she was also the girl who felt an almost pentecostal exaltation while listening to a sermon by Professor Park. As Samuel G. Ward put it once for all: "She is the quintessence of that element we all have who are of Puritan descent, *pur sang*."

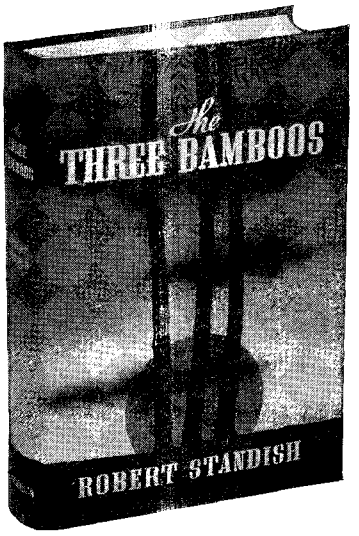
The secret

Furthermore Miss Benét does not fully grasp how inward and visionary was the drama of Emily Dickinson's life. Perhaps only a born New Englander would fully realize it. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who better than any other author has interpreted the character of women bred in the Puritan tradition, likens one of these still natures to a grapevine planted near a well, which sends its roots silently underground to weave themselves in a network around the clear, cold waters.

With uncanny accuracy this image expresses the relation of Emily and her "dearest earthly friend," the preacher Charles Wadsworth. When she tried to tell the import of her story in her poems, she was driven to the clumsy expedient of dramatizing it as a lovers' parting. Miss Benét follows her with less excuse. To externalize the story, to create an ostensible renunciation scene in which Wadsworth is even momentarily and mentally unfaithful, is to thrust it toward the commonplace, to miss the high integrity of it all, the gradualness, the inwardness, the deep intensity. Miss Benét draws a pleasant picture of Emily Dickinson in her relaxed moments, but when it comes to the psychic crisis that made Emily a total poet the novelist's intuition is not powerful enough. Lifeblood was Emily Dickinson's element. Miss Benét gives us something consonant with teacups.

GEORGE F. WHICHER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Three Bamboos

By Robert Standish

Here in fiction form is the *true* story of the most momentous intrigue the world has ever experienced—a plot so incredible in scope and in its initial success that our present life-and-death struggle is its deliberate, planned culmination! The story follows, historical step by step, the plan of one Japanese family to turn their nation to world brigandage and conquest. Told with a restraint that builds to an almost overpowering climax, it follows this program from Perry to Pearl Harbor. $2.75

Stella:

An 18th Century Gentlewoman

By Herbert Davis

A well-known authority on Dean Swift and his period presents Swift's view of Stella as a portrayal of the reaction against the romantic conception of woman. $1.50*

Shakespeare

And The Nature of Man

By Theodore Spencer

Here is a new presentation of Shakespeare's plays from both a historical and a philosophical point of view. The material included is from the Lowell Lectures for 1942. $2.75*

The Music Goes Round

By F. W. Gaisberg A sound musical taste and a lifelong devotion to recorded music permeate these memoirs of a man whose name has been prominent in the gramophone industry for more than fifty years. $3.00*

America and the Axis War

By Denys Smith Expert, frank and pungent, this book is an invaluable contribution to contemporary history and to an understanding of future problems. It traces in detail the shift in American foreign policy since Versailles. $3.00*

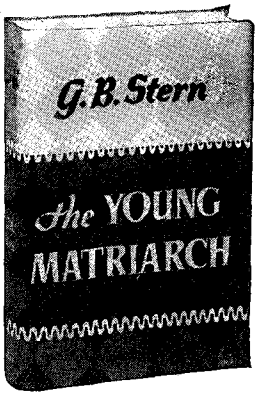
Europe, Russia and the Future

By G. D. H. Cole Every conception of international relationship with Russia has been nullified by the war, says Mr. Cole. He sets out to provide tolerant and sound suggestions for future cooperation between the principal Allied Nations. $2.00

The Young Matriarch

By G. B. Stern

In as vivid and appealing a story as any of its famed predecessors, Miss Stern returns to the material of her greatest triumphs, the *Matriarch Series*. Again we meet the fascinating members of the Rakonitz clan in a story told with the charm which won Miss Stern such a devoted following. $3.00



60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

by EDWARD WEEKS

THERE are three speeds of reading. A novel like *Gone With the Wind* you read in high speed, *Don Juan* and *The Pickwick Papers* in second speed; Shakespeare, the fine essayists, and novelists like Conrad, James, and Virginia Woolf you must read in low speed if you are to get the most out of them.

In ***The Death of the Moth*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) we have what may be the last volume of essays by **Virginia Woolf.** She worked on the collection up to the time of her death, and we know that in some cases there were eight or nine revisions before she sent the essay to press. This fastidiousness, this placing of the perfect word in the smoothest context, is part, though not the most important part, of Mrs. Woolf's art. Prose needs more than precision and balance if it is to live. Mrs. Woolf's sentences are luminous; they are alight with feeling, with eager curiosity, and with that sensitive identification which enables her to speak of Gibbon and Walpole and Shelley as if she had lived next door to them when she was a girl. Her writing is a fabric of detail. When the detail is perceptive and plentiful, as it is in the essay which establishes the mood and title of this new book, writing is transcendental. When the detail is skimpy, as in her essay on "The Art of Biography" or too admonitory, as in her "Letter to a Young Poet," the result is less successful. Thus we find her at her best and second best in this farewell volume: there are the lovely descriptive papers like "The Three Pictures" and "Street Haunting," kindling prose portraits of literary neighbors, and feminine outbursts like "Middlebrow" and "Professions for Women," over which one lingers for a friendly final converse with Virginia Woolf.

* * *

In ***My Heart for Hostage*** (Random House, $2.50) **Robert Hillyer** has written a novel of Paris in the spring after the First World War. Here is the story of a young American army officer, detached, lonely, and fastidious to the point of disdain, who falls in love with a charming (and willing) French girl. Their love is tempestuous, partly because Germaine must use artifice in holding the foreigner, and partly because Edward Reynolds, with his innate Puritanism, can never bring himself to trust either the girl or their happiness together. The situation is a poignant one and, I am sure, finds its parallel today in Ulster, in Australia, and in London. But a love story must be judged not only by the nostalgia but also by the fresh emotion which it invokes. For me, as much as I see of Germaine is attractive. I wish I saw more. I wish I had a clearer idea of what she looked like and of her tenderness. I like her spirit, I like her effect on other men, and I am most taken when she is plaintively honest. What keeps me at arm's length is her quicksilver temperament — that and her affection for a man who seems to me rather petty. I wish Mr. Hillyer had made young Reynolds more likable: Edward's distrust and his inhibitions cool off the romance too early, and incidentally cool off our sympathy. The exceptional quality of this book is to be found in individual scenes, in the swiftness with which it translates the feminine moods of Paris and Germaine, and in phrases well polished.

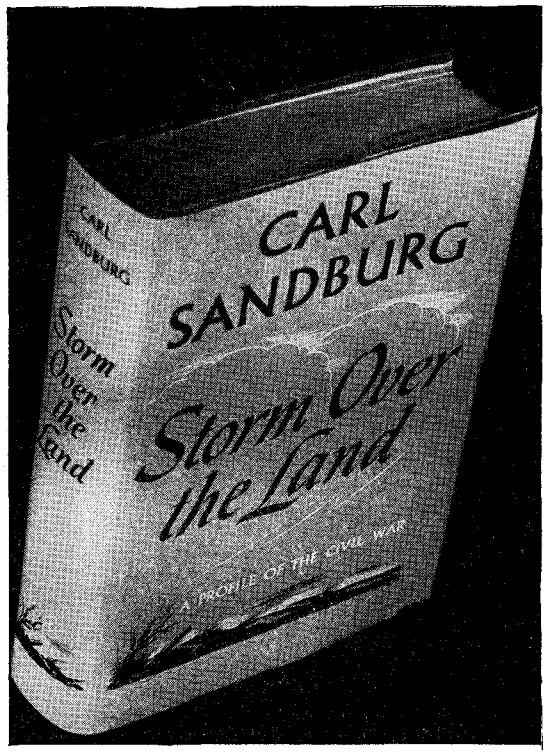
* * *

With quiet, uncompromising skill **Conrad Richter** is carving out a niche for himself in American letters. The short novel is his love. Like Conrad, he would rather work within the limits of 60,000 words than write a thousand-page romance. In *The Sea of Grass*, his first book, Mr. Richter caught the sweep of the biggest state in the Union. In his second, *The Trees*, he moved north to those huge, silent forests which once lay west of the Alleghenies and north of the Ohio. In both of those stories he was blending his knowledge of American character and his all-absorbing interest in our frontier. In his new book, ***Tacey Cromwell*** (Knopf, $2.00), Mr. Richter has saturated himself in the atmosphere of a mining town in the Southwest, and he has chosen for his people a professional gambler, a fancy woman and the orphans she adopts, and a little runaway boy, through whose eyes and with whose emphasis we see the town of Bisbee and what goes on behind its doors. Nugget Oldaker is a good kid who covers up his loneliness behind a poker face. The theme of loneliness sounds through this novel from start to finish. Tacey never gets through to her lover Gaye, the gambler. And the good ladies of Bisbee keep her away from the youngsters she took in so gladly. This then is the story of the eager heart rejected. It is the story of a rough town in which there are more poker faces and less of that human kindliness and humor than seem to me characteristic of most American communities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Publishing Event! This Book by

CARL SANDBURG



The story of the four tremendous years of the Civil War, when the United States of America had its national unity hammered out in storm.

To reveal in one volume a picture of those years, Carl Sandburg has drawn mainly on his great biography ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS. It is a narrative unmatched in dramatic suspense because it is our own drama, the storm over our own land.

Storm Over the Land

Mr. Sandburg has collected especially for this volume the materials for the photographs, drawings, and maps that generously illustrate it. $3.50.

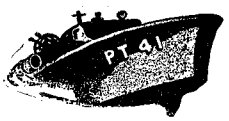
You have heard about

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

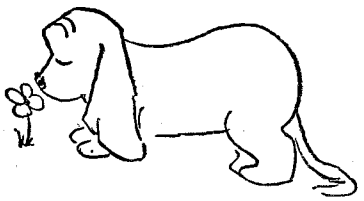
the story of our PT Boats in the Philippines, as told by Bulkeley, Kelly, Akers and Cox to

W. L. WHITE

Have you read it yet?



$2.00



the new book by

JAMES THURBER

about Life, Letters, poodle dogs, colored maids, sex, cities, husbands and wives, wives and husbands, and the truth behind the murder of King Duncan.

MY WORLD - AND WELCOME TO IT

310 pages — 30 articles and an appendix — many drawings by the author. $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN *$3.00*
By Nancy Hale SCRIBNER

THIS brilliant novel is a picture of one kind of hell, what one might call the Gulf of the Self-tormentors. Location and story are realistic enough and the telling is almost scientifically calm, without malice or extenuation; but the characters — all but one or two — are damned. As the title suggests, they are all guilty of waste. They waste feelings, energy, time, life. Ostensibly they are victims of a bad period and environment, for they are would-be sophisticates of the decade of gin, license, and prohibition; but actually they are a selected group of weaklings, fools, queer folk, degenerates, or the defeated. To say this is, however, not to say that they are not interesting, their plight pathetic, their histories instructive. The trouble is that, of the three women most fully portrayed, Maisie is clearly a moron, Betsy very much like a lovable dog and not much more intelligent; and of the men, at least three impress one as nearly or quite psychopathic. This accumulation of exceptional people results in an appearance of the sensational, which is regrettable because it is not really accurate.

For the key to the book is Leda March, and one cannot entirely judge Leda until the last chapter. She perhaps states the theme when she quotes Schiller's line, "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth," and states it again in the long reverie at the end, when she realizes that no one can bring order into the chaos of her life but herself, and that to do so demands renunciation and loneliness. We see then that the somewhat lurid main story really *is* a kind of Hades through which she has passed, a traitress to her genuine vocation of poet — a vocation requiring self-discipline and solitude.

For the rest, how Miss Hale can write! From the first page, one is caught by the push and tide of her style. There appears to be nothing she cannot do. Her sense of dialogue is unerring; her psychological insight is at times profound; her feeling for beauty is constant in spite of the sordidness of much of the life she portrays. R. M. G.

VAN LOON'S LIVES *$3.95*
By Hendrik Willem van Loon SIMON & SCHUSTER

THE title enters no claim to the multiplicity of existences that a reader may easily credit to the protean Mr. van Loon himself, who is by this time not so much a writer as an institution. Rather, it is but a glancing reference, for purposes of condensed description only, to that classic of biography, Plutarch's Lives — a reference at once amplified in this bulging subtitle: "Being a true and faithful account of a number of highly interesting meetings with certain historical personages, from Confucius and Plato to Voltaire and Thomas Jefferson, about whom we had always felt a great deal of curiosity and who came to us as our dinner guests in a bygone year." Even the "from . . . to" of this formula understates the span measured by these nearly nine hundred pages, which include at one extreme an introduction to that pre-Confucian Greatest Inventor who bequeathed us the knife, and at the other extreme a portrait of Nansen, whose death occurred more than a century after Jefferson's.

Mr. van Loon's assortment of dinner guests from the bourne of the unreturning is often less obviously congruous than Plutarch's parallels. His pursuit of the higher congruity brings together such biographical subjects as Beethoven and Napoleon, Emily Dickinson and Chopin, Torquemada and Robespierre (whom he finds to be startlingly prototypical of Adolf Hitler), not to speak of Saint Francis of Assisi as table companion to Hans Christian Andersen and Mozart. The scheme adopted is one that makes it natural, even inevitable, for its inventor to pour forth about everything that is in his heart and everything that pops into his head.

Mr. van Loon, in these twenty-one chapters ranging from two pages to seventy-odd, gets at the miscellany in his mind exactly as a small boy gets at the contents of his pocket: that is, by turning it inside out. The result is not so much a book as a biographical-historical-philosophical-literary vaudeville entertainment, with room in it for all manner of generosity and wisdom, occasional touches of cheap-jackery, some downright silliness, the warmest devotion to a native land and to an adoptive one, a passion for the spirit of liberty, and a sometimes eloquent insistence on matters that are timely today because they are universal in their appeal. W. F.

MY FATHER IN CHINA *$3.00*
By James Burke FARRAR & RINEHART

FED on war books as we are, the full flavor and meaning of this biography of Old Burke and his fifty-five years of village life in China dawn on us rather slowly. And yet this is very far indeed from being a slow book.

The pietistic Methodists of Georgia had gathered the pennies to send him out and then to keep him at his job of converting the heathen. It is to their credit (and very much to his) that it mattered not a bit to them when his methods were the reverse of pietistic, though always pious, and that some of his Chinese fellow servants of God would have been regarded with justifiable suspicion on the streets of Macon, Georgia. There came a day, however, when those undesirables joined with the Governor, the Magistrate, and local gentry and peasants of the countryside to set up a pavilion in his honor. It stands on a hill above Big Horse Road where all can see. It is six-sided, approached by stone steps, and is set on a stone platform with a bronze phoenix on top, stone lions on either side, and a long chiseled inscription setting forth the virtues of Burke the citizen of Sungkiang.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coalition warfare—**THE REAL STRATEGY FOR VICTORY!**

MAX WERNER, the only analyst who has foretold the nature of each phase of the war as it developed, now gives the first clear insight into the grand strategy of victory. Where to fight and how to fight—offensively—how to use *all* our weapons—how the war has gone, how it must go: campaign by campaign, battlefield by battlefield. $3.00

"A great book and by a wide margin the best thing in its field yet published."—*Prof. Frederick L. Schuman*

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE

THE MIRACLE OF GUNFIRE

This war will be won by the side that can shoot farthest, hardest and most often. Yet few of us know how a modern gun actually works or the difference between various types. Willy Ley traces the development of modern arms, illustrates them and their operation with his own diagrams, and enlivens his text with anecdotes from his wide historic knowledge. *Illus.* $2.00

SHELLS and SHOOTING

by WILLY LEY

Author of BOMBS AND BOMBING. $1.25

THE "FOX HUNTING MAN"!

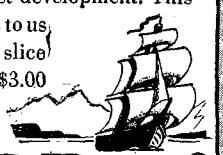
Siegfried Sassoon

A well-loved man of letters, remembering his past, makes live again the England that one war uprooted and a second war destroyed forever. A nostalgic and charming idyll for this day, it tells with intimate warmth of the beginnings of Sassoon's literary career, and of the great figures he met. $2.75

The Weald of Youth

The world thought him mad!

Almost lost in the mists of history is the story of Baranov, who tamed Alaska, and built an American empire for Russia. He was lord of 3000 miles of earth, subjugated Indians, outwitted his own countrymen, and laid the steps for our great northwest development. This account comes to us all as a rich slice of Americana. $3.00



LORD of ALASKA

by HECTOR CHEVIGNY

THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK

Now in its 402nd thousand, this novel is uplifting a nation's spirit. A best-seller of 1942 and a classic of all times, this glowing story of a simple girl's amazing adventure 80 years ago in Lourdes will become a part of your living experience.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION. $3.00

The Song of Bernadette

by FRANZ WERFEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the early days he had been despised and ignored. After years the townsfolk came to know by slow degrees that he was indeed their first citizen. The orphanage funds were trusted only to him, and only he could seem to beg from the opium millionaires the pitiful small change for its upkeep. To his mission all the women and children of a village eight miles away trooped in their hundreds for safety from rioting soldiery; and defaulting magistrates, at dead of night, hammered on his gate with the hungry mob at their heels.

Fiction about China and the true tales of correspondents just returned from the Orient have been familiar best-sellers in the past five years. And yet to comprehend them, and catch their full value, we American readers should perhaps add to their testimony this son's biography of Old Burke of Sungkiang.

The grime, the ignoble politics of a rotten empire, opium suicides, murder and loot seem, when the last page is turned, merely passing incidents compared to the tall, bearded figure of the Southern Baptist missionary alone in a hostile village and his more than half-century of unwearied service. He went there in 1887 when it was Old China. Stoned in the streets, threatened by greedy magistrates, laboring up and on, first to build, then to rebuild, his blitzed hospitals and churches and his orphanage, he, an old man, unwearied, came finally back from retirement in America to face down the Japanese troops who were squatting like vultures among the rubble heaps of his dear town.

Later chapters of the book find Old Burke at home in Georgia, somewhat restless, and not quite understanding why a man should ever leave his work and his people. News of the Japanese invasion and the bombing of his house and mission and hospital and the beloved orphanage came over the radio and was published in the paper. Old Burke stirred uneasily and, with the connivance of the Bishop, was off again. But in Shanghai it was not so simple. Still, after literally months of battering against evasive Japanese officialdom, he boarded a train with his permit for residence in Sungkiang. That was in 1938. The man was seventy-six. A blasted town and mission with the Japanese army holding them, residence permits revoked and ignored, officialdom suspicious and openly antagonistic, it meant beginning from the foundation at seventy-six.

If this were a novel instead of a rather literal transcript of actual happenings, the last pages of the book would have recorded a noble and pathetic death at his post. But, superseding all drama, better than any fiction, more up to date than today's newspaper comes a letter smuggled out from Shanghai last April: —

Old Boo Sien-sang (Burke, the Master) *is still in his home in Sungkiang. He is getting the best of treatment. He looks thin and old.* L. W.

BLOOD FOR A STRANGER *$2.00*
By Randall Jarrell HARCOURT, BRACE

> Along the advertisements the blisses flicker,
> Partial as morphine, the terminal moraine
> Of sheeted continents, a calendar of woe.

THESE lines are typical of Mr. Jarrell's vision. In verse full of careful phrasing, startling and evocative images, and complex pattern, he pictures a world of pain and evil, shadowed by "mortality distending like a flower." Dying individuals, dying cultures, dying worlds haunt his poems, all crying for life but trapped in death: "I stand here among the graves." It is not that he does not see magnificence in man's willingness to die for a faith, but he sees a world in which it is man's choice to create circumstances in which he is forced to this sacrifice; nor does he think that those "heroic endings" in any way influence the designs of those who have power over man's earthly destinies. In a poem called "Not There," Mr. Jarrell states very clearly that salvation is not to be found in material things, but there is little in his poems to suggest that he has himself much hope in any solution of any sort for man's predicament, and in spite of their frequent brilliance of technique they make gloomy reading. E. D.

* * *

ARGENTINA *$3.75*
By John W. White VIKING

THE past season has yielded a full crop of books about Latin America, each crowding twenty-one republics between two covers. Usually they have been done with maddening superficiality by gadders who have flown their 20,000 miles and sat down to tell all. With relief we welcome books which stick to single countries, especially those most important lands, Brazil and Argentina.

John White's *Argentina, The Life Story of a Nation* gives much informal history of the sort gained from living with a country for years. Perhaps the best part of his book (also that which will be most warmly debated) is his description of the people. "The Argentine," he says, "is so concerned with maintaining his dignity that he forgets to be gay." The people of Argentina have a long-standing grudge against the North Americans. Mr. White finds the explanation in the fact that the Argentine and the North American are so startlingly alike: both, he suggests, are "materialistic, imperialistic, hypocritical, overbearing, and insincere." Both "talk too loudly in public places, as though afraid that they will not be seen unless heard." To which one would like to remark, "Some do, some don't." Mr. White is pretty rough on the Argentines. "Serves them right," some may counter; "the Argentines are pretty rough on us." Mr. White's analysis of the historic and economic reasons for Argentina's edginess in the world situation is useful. His account deserves careful reading, for he has lived with the people longer than any other outside writer.

The importance of Argentina in the all-American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many of these Borzoi Books have you read?

THOMAS MANN

ORDER OF THE DAY
A selection especially made for American readers of Dr. Mann's essays. $2.75

CONRAD RICHTER

TACEY CROMWELL
Another beautiful novel of a woman in the old Southwest, by the author of *The Trees* and *The Sea of Grass.* $2.00

SIGRID UNDSET

HAPPY TIMES IN NORWAY
A moving and delightful recreation of the childhood of Madame Undset's children. An affectionate picture of a Norway that is past. $2.00

HANS ZINSSER

SPRING, SUMMER AND AUTUMN
Poems by the author of *Rats, Lice and History* and *As I Remember Him.* $2.00

ANGELA THIRKELL

MARLING HALL
Delicious doings of Mrs. Thirkell's inimitable Britishers with a bishop who could out-drink a dowager—and did! $2.50

HOWARD HUNT

EAST OF FAREWELL
A dramatic and authentic novel of the men who man the destroyers on convoy duty in the North Atlantic, by an American who has been there and can write! $2.50

HENRY J. HASKELL

THIS WAS CICERO
The life of the great Roman, full, readable, and curiously timely. By the editor of the *Kansas City Star* and author of *The New Deal in Old Rome.* Illustrated. $3.50

EINAR HAUGEN

VOYAGES TO VINLAND
The old Norse sagas in simple, vigorous American, with copious notes and comment. Illustrated by Frederick Trench Chapman. $3.50

HOWARD K. SMITH

LAST TRAIN FROM BERLIN
What Russia has done to Germany spectacularly set forth by the famous CBS correspondent. $2.75

DAVID EWEN

THE BOOK OF MODERN COMPOSERS
Essays on leading composers of the various modern schools, with a statement by each composer of his artistic aims. Illustrated. $5.00

KATE L. MITCHELL

INDIA WITHOUT FABLE
"Explains India today, what India is, and why Indians are behaving as they are."—PEARL S. BUCK. $2.50

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DUNDERHEADS
Out of their own mouths illustrious senators and representatives reveal themselves for what they are. Read it before you vote. Edited by Rex Stout. Illustrated by William Gropper. $1.75

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 501 Madison Avenue · New York

BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture is so great that we should work overtime trying to understand this people. Mr. White helps, but I am not convinced that he likes his Argentines as much as they deserve. They are brusque, often overbearing — but they are direct, energetic, able. Let us have more helps to finding out how they think, why they think what they do. The Western Hemisphere will find no unity until we establish a firmer accord with them. H. H.

, , ,

BRAZIL UNDER VARGAS *$2.75*
By Karl Loewenstein MACMILLAN

KARL LOEWENSTEIN, ex-German with the German scholar's capacity for piling up facts, has given us the first sound interpretation of current Brazilian politics. Liberals have kept busy damning Getulio Vargas for his fascism, and sloppy good-willers with praising his good neighborliness; no one until now has bothered to find out what Getulio is about. Loewenstein plays fair with the Brazilian president. Vargas is no villain, his "energy, good will, circumspection, and moderation" are notable. Of course, he is no democrat; he holds no elections; he picks all officials, from top to bottom; he has a "ghost constitution . . . born, yet it never has lived." Nor is Vargas a fascist in any European sense; the Brazilian still has room in which to move around; no totalitarianism there. Furthermore Vargas deserves credit for appointing unusually sound men to office, for permitting considerable debate in high circles, and for making substantial contributions to the lot of the common man. As a guide to the understanding of Brazil's probable course in the present war, the book is indispensable. On the whole, it stiffens our hope that Brazil will be able to make a substantial contribution towards policing South America against possible thrusts from Africa.

This book, like Mr. White's study of the Argentine, will help the reader to ponder two of the chief questions about the role of South America in the war. Will Argentina, under its present rather fascist-minded administration, furnish aid and comfort to the Axis? Will Brazil, because of its size and poverty, prove the exposed heel to outside attack? No one can answer these questions, but Mr. White and Mr. Loewenstein give us plenty to chew on. H. H.

, , ,

THE GUILT OF THE GERMAN ARMY *$3.50*
By Hans Ernest Fried MACMILLAN

IN the flood of books on National Socialism, this study of the relation between the old and the new German militarism stands out by its qualities of seriousness, thoroughness, and good documentation. Mr. Fried's principal thesis is that the Nazi Party and the Army in Germany are tools, each of the other, neither being master of the other. He shows with a good deal of concrete illustration how the methods and psychology of National Socialism are directly derived from the period of disorderly sporadic civil war which followed the end of the First World War. The typical tough, hard-bitten Nazi Gauleiter had his schooling in the trenches of the western front, with a postgraduate course in assorted mayhem and assault and battery in one of the "free corps" that roamed about the country in the uneasy first years of the Weimar Republic, smashing real or alleged "Reds." It was a tragedy of the Republic that the majority of good citizens who wanted neither a Red nor a White dictatorship were inclined to pull down their shutters and let the extremists fight it out.

Mr. Fried believes that the salvation of Germany after the fall of the Nazis is to be looked for, not in foreign armies of occupation, but in the arming of the country's democrats. Most German political refugees would probably subscribe to this idea, although only the future can show whether Germany possesses enough militant democrats to make such a scheme work. W. H. C.

, , ,

NEARER THE EARTH *$2.50*
By Beatrice Borst RANDOM HOUSE

THIS novel received the Avery Hopwood Award this year, and may therefore be viewed as a sample of what the young novelist is doing. One must be impressed by both the honesty and articulateness of young women nowadays, as well as by their proficiency in writing; and this remark applies to many novels that have received no prizes. *Nearer the Earth* is the life of a girl from her eleventh to her twenty-fourth year, during those 1920's which are at present so fascinating to the younger writers — a good-looking, sensitive, romantic girl, whose gradual reconciliation of the worlds of imagination and reality forms the theme of the story. The traits of growth from childhood to maturity are presented with frankness and subtlety, and Karen and her friends are representative of a vast number of young men and women of her age. One can commend the fresh naturalness of the scenes from Karen's childhood, and the restraint and insight of the account of her love affairs. Altogether it is a promising first novel, at times very touching to an older reader who has had much to do with young people. R. M. G.

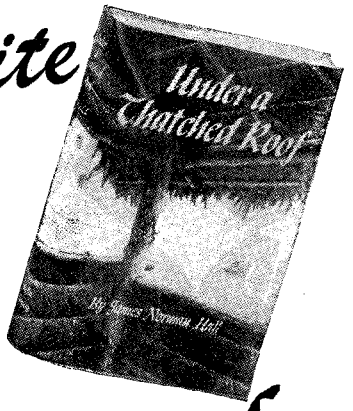
, , ,

GET THEE BEHIND ME *$2.75*
By Hartzell Spence WHITTLESEY HOUSE

HARTZELL SPENCE, late of the United Press, now a captain in the United States Army and an editor of *Yank*, has provided in this volume an uncommonly entertaining version of the book that every articulate American not an orphan has in him in one shape or another: to wit, *Life with Father*. Throughout an en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic Favorite



Under a Thatched Roof

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

Long known for his popular Bounty trilogy and other books of high adventure, this time Hall takes time off from his novel-writing to catch up on his thinking. He invites you to enjoy his favorite experiences with him in the South Seas and in Paris, in literature and in life.

IN UNDER A THATCHED ROOF, the author has loafed and invited his soul, and watched the world go by on the distant horizon.

$2.50

The Best American Short Stories, 1942

EDITED BY MARTHA FOLEY

A selection of the best in this important year. "An unusually interesting collection."—*The New Yorker*

$2.75

But You'll Be Back

BY MARGUERITE STEEDMAN

The story of a spinster with a taste for good food, an eye for antiques, and an instinct for match-making.

$2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gagingly resourceful, indeed brilliant, Middle Western career as schoolboy, newsboy, adolescent businessman and reporter, collegian at the University of Iowa, bandsman, and journalist, Mr. Spence appears to have felt a kind of wry, slightly self-pitying wistfulness about the barrier interposed between himself and his associates by the fact that he was the piously reared son of a Methodist minister. This was his mood at twenty-four, when his family chronicle ends; it seems still to be his mood at thirty-four, when he publishes it. The posture is one that reasonably detached readers will find it difficult to share, though few can fail to comprehend it. The ordinary sympathetic bystander will say, on the strength of the facts and of the outcome, that the three children of the Reverend Will Spence were exceptionally fortunate in their family relationships, that the manner of their bringing-up was a consistent incentive to make the most and the best of themselves, and that what they construed as a set of chronic inhibitions was actually the best of guarantees against their frittering themselves away in the futilities of the average young — in short, that they were given, by both heredity and early environment, an enviable head start in the cardinal matter of character. W. F.

* * *

LOST CHORDS *$3.50*
By Douglas Gilbert DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

It is true, as Mr. Gilbert remarks, that the popular song is a valuable index to manners and social history. Mr. Gilbert, with his unstable combination of sentiment and big-town flippancy, might have been the perfect reporter of pop tunes if his glib, mannered, and often inaccurate journalese were not a little wearing.

Someone should induce Mr. Gilbert to look up the word "rune," which to him apparently means a folk ballad. Someone should tell him that we do not say "a media." Someone should speak to him quietly about purple rhetoric. But stylistic slips, even aggravated by pretension, cannot spoil a book. They only hurt it. Anyone wanting to get a history of America from the 1860's to the present through the popular song will find much in *Lost Chords*. It is all there in the reprinted songs, hundreds of them, though the conclusions a reader draws may differ considerably from Mr. Gilbert's.

For one thing, Mr. Gilbert's tendency is to assume always that New York equals America. Perhaps in New York, nowadays, people don't sing. I can assure him that they do elsewhere — in Vermont and Iowa and Wisconsin and Utah. His feeling that America now swings where it used to sing is true partially; what he forgets is that many of his old-time melodies were dance tunes, and that many modern dance tunes are widely sung. And his inadequate knowledge of American history leads him to quick and superficial summaries of periods.

With all its superficiality, *Lost Chords* is amusing and informative. If Mr. Gilbert knew as much about history as he does about songs, it would be a valuable book indeed. W. S.

* * *

LONG VIEW *$2.00*
By Genevieve Taggard HARPER

Miss Taggard speaks in one of her poems of a revolutionary "having theory at heart like a passion," and she is a little like that herself. The majority of these poems are a reminder to us that the race *is* to the swift and the battle to the strong; that we must hurry, "drop the life personal," and

> Work to infuse
> The imperfect, the moribund
> With energy and delight.

She has an inextinguishable assurance that, if we take the long view, "Somewhere in the Future" there are happy laughter and love and well-being for all. With this she combines a profound pity for all those "lost in the shuffle," for aliens not welcome in America, and for the unemployed. There is a group of poems to the Negro people, voicing an impassioned sympathy for their sufferings and an impassioned belief in a better future which shall be theirs. These are among the best poems in the book; and in contrast Miss Taggard can write with charming deftness of touch of animals and flowers; of the "Disney silhouette" of a squirrel on a branch, the bird which "scribbles on air the notes of a lark," and

> The spatter-petal, the spangle, the sprint
> The sprigs, tassels, twirls

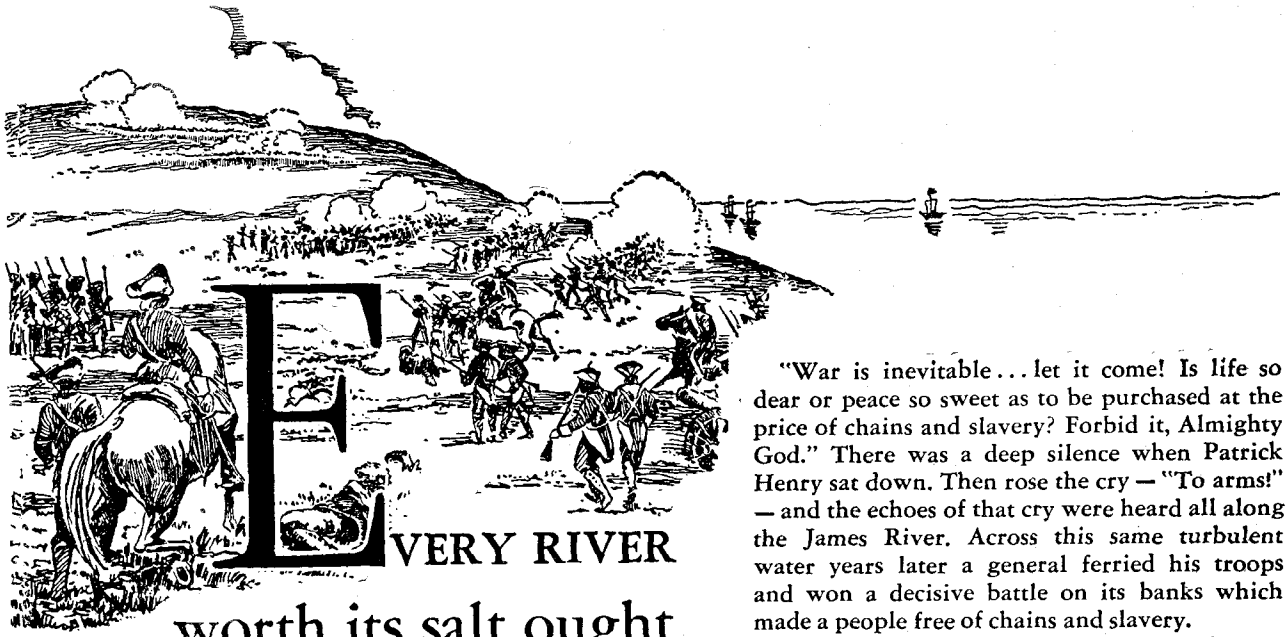
of spring flowers. There are also songs for music, and an essay on this form of writing. E. D.

* * *

MARLING HALL *$2.50*
By Angela Thirkell KNOPF

No book by Angela Thirkell needs a long review nowadays. Her place as the most entertaining English novelist of today is secure. She has created a comedy world of her own which is as much an entity as the world of Jane Austen or of P. G. Wodehouse. It stands somewhere between these two, lacking the solidity of the social satire of the one, but possessing far more human reality and a wit much less purely verbal than the other. Her setting is always the same — the world of rural England with its "county" families and their dependents, its well-to-do gentry, its clergy, its villagers, and its animals. *Marling Hall* is "the mixture as before." There is the usual group of varied young people, now all engaged in various kinds of war work; the usual group of slightly fatuous older people; and rather too many small children. These are looked after by Nannies and governesses, who approve of the social system as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVERY RIVER worth its salt ought to have at least one good fight."

— ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

FATES OF NATIONS have been decided on their rivers. Alexander won an empire on the Euphrates, Napoleon lost one at the Nile. The Battle of the Marne turned the tide in the first World War, while today the furious battle of the Don and the Volga still rages.

America is no exception. Recorded in the *Rivers of America* series are the battles for freedom and the tasks heroic men and women undertook to keep that freedom. James Franklin fought his battle for the freedom of the press on the bank of the Charles River. Fifty-four years later, sweeping over discarded guns and cannons, the Charles rolled past old Sam Whittemore as he waited on its bank, a one-man army out to meet the retreating Gage. Old Sam disposed of a couple of Gage's men before they discovered him and left him for dead with a dozen bayonet wounds. But Sam didn't get around to dying until after that war was won and the republic established.

"War is inevitable . . . let it come! Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God." There was a deep silence when Patrick Henry sat down. Then rose the cry — "To arms!" — and the echoes of that cry were heard all along the James River. Across this same turbulent water years later a general ferried his troops and won a decisive battle on its banks which made a people free of chains and slavery.

But wars and scenes of violence are only part of the life stories of the rivers. The building of great cities, the quest for gold and iron, timber and grazing lands, the migration of whole communities to new fields in which unique social or religious tenets might grow freely; the emergence of poets speaking with the flavor of the people — these are all part of the great, ever-flowing, never-ceasing pageant of the rivers. The Kaw, the Charles, the Wabash, the Allegheny, the Hudson, all saw the valiant struggles which forged American freedom.

. . . And today along these same rivers loaded barges are again floating, ship yards are filled with the din of riveting in a new battle. The meaning of the America for which we fight can be found in this great series of books, as perhaps in no others.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The publishers of Rivers of America *invite you to send for a free illustrated brochure, listing the titles in this growing series, the famous writers who are writing and the noted artists who are illustrating them . . . and containing significant excerpts from the volumes — highlights and facets from the history of the American people. At the same time we will be glad to tell you how you can have — without charge — a handsome wall map in six colors (size 45 x 28 inches) showing in relief all the rivers of America. Address: FARRAR & RINEHART, Dept. Z, 232 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

Rivers of America

To be published this autumn: **LOWER MISSISSIPPI** by Hodding Carter, illustrated by John McCrady; **THE WISCONSIN** by August Derleth, illustrated by John Steuart Curry; **THE CHICAGO** by Harry Hansen, illustrated by Harry Timmins; and **THE ST. LAWRENCE** by Henry Beston, illustrated by A. Y. Jackson, bringing the total to 21 titles (each, $2.50 net).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devoutly as their employers, and appear, in this book at least, to be as untouched by any vision of a new world as the children they so efficiently keep in order. The book is full of amusing episodes and clearly sketched characters, with just enough plot to ruffle the course of true love, without for a moment endangering a happy solution for everyone concerned. E. D.

* * *

EUROPE, RUSSIA AND THE FUTURE *$2.00*
By G. D. H. Cole MACMILLAN

As a guidebook to what is being thought on the Left in England, this forecast of the contours of Europe's future by a leading Labor Party publicist is illuminating and valuable. The Labor Party parliamentarians are sometimes accused of being stodgy and unimaginative; no such accusation could reasonably be lodged against Mr. Cole. He thinks Germany may well prefer a soviet to a parliamentary system after the war; that Eastern Europe will be absorbed into the Soviet Union; that there will be a Sino-Japanese Soviet Republic; while India is to be the "centre of a great supra-national state covering the whole of the Middle East" and presumably not ruled by a British viceroy. All of which gives Conservative backbenchers in England and Babbitts in the United States much material for meditation. Mr. Cole is convinced (and on this point many who do not share his left-wing economic views will agree with him) that the day of the unlimited sovereignty of the small state is over. He believes that the part of Europe which is not sovietized after the war must be unified on a socialist basis and, although he is certainly no friend of Hitler, he suggests that unification under the Nazis might be preferable to the old anarchy of numerous small states. Notwithstanding some discouraging experiments in the past, he is convinced that rapprochement between West European and Russian socialists is not only possible but imperatively desirable. W. H. C.

* * *

POEMS OF THIS WAR BY YOUNGER POETS MACMILLAN
Edited by Patricia Ledward and Colin Strang *$1.75*

THIS is a very moving and interesting collection of verse by a number of young English poets. It is revealing to find from this, and other collections, how many of the young people who are fighting this war for us write poetry about it, and to know what they are thinking and feeling. It is characteristic that no one in this book thinks of Hitler as the enemy. There is bitterness at the humbugs of religion and politics, there is despair about the social system in which we are enmeshed, there is fresh realization that the laziness and selfishness and greed of men are our real foes, but there is no hate anywhere. Naturally there is great variety of experience in the poems. There are poems of bombed cities, of air raids, of hospitals, of the heroic poor, of the terrible monotony and mental confinement of camp life; there are many elegies, and there are some excellent nature poems and love poems. But in spite of the variety, there is a certain singleness of outlook. Every one of the writers feels himself to be living under the imminence of death, "waiting daily for the skies to fall," and this creates an urgent, quickened sense of the present, of living in the moment, which gives the volume a peculiar vividness. E. D.

* * *

EVEN MY OWN BROTHER *$2.50*
By John Burgan BOBBS-MERRILL

A STURDY and creditable first novel about an American fascist in the making. Lang Taylor is by turns garage mechanic, freight handler, ward heeler, and, finally, organizer for a national society concerned with breeding interracial hatreds. But, whatever his activities, his sole design is to get ahead, preferably without effort. He lets no silly loyalties or affections stand in his way, and, having been a traitor to individuals, he finds the step towards treason against the nation an easy one. He loses his friends and is deserted by his family, but his egotism remains impervious to any sense of loss or shame. He is a recognizable type and a dangerous one. Of the many other characters, — laborers, politicians, businessmen, and members of his family, — several have liveliness and truth, his wife Marcy and his old uncle Purdy being particularly appealing. The chapters about the American Equality Society are of course timely, but the basic contrast between the opportunist without morals and his victims who are true to some code of loyalty would be valuable and true without them. R. M. G.

* * *

WE'RE IN THIS WITH RUSSIA *$2.00*
By Wallace Carroll HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

MR. CARROLL, who spent several months in Russia shortly after the outbreak of the war with Germany, gives a lively journalistic description of life in Moscow, with its air-raid precautions, diplomatic banquets, ballets, ration cards, and censors. He also includes the glimpses of the Red Army which he caught during a brief visit to the front. After completing his narrative of Russian impressions he sets down the arguments for coöperation between the United States and the Soviet Union after the war. He is a good reporter and his picture of the courage and stoical endurance of the Russian people at war is lit up with personal close-ups and amusing anecdotes. The Russian people, he believes, are "on their way" and have made great progress under the Soviet regime, although he does not conceal the evidences of hardship, squalor, and administrative arbitrariness which he encountered. The future is a dangerous

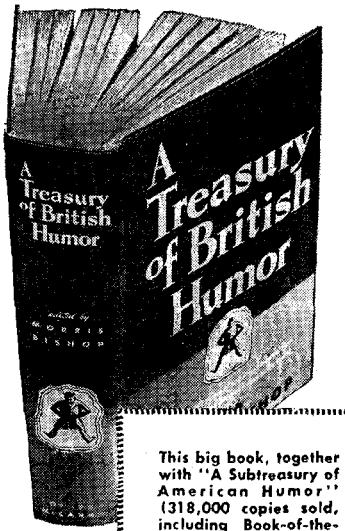
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another tremendous package of wit and fun

A TREASURY OF BRITISH HUMOR

Edited by Morris Bishop

Over 800 pages of smiles, chuckles and laughter from the richest mine of humor in the world—the pick of 14 centuries of Britain's best and funniest. It's a timely tonic of laughter for yourself and for your friends, whether at home or in the Services. Illus. $3.00



This big book, together with "A Subtreasury of American Humor" (318,000 copies sold, including Book-of-the-Month Club), present the choicest humor written in the English language.

Here she is

A Really Frightening Female Child

VIOLET

"POISON IVY" BY ANY OTHER NAME

By WHITFIELD COOK

Mothers will shudder, fathers will shiver, children will be envious, uncles will wink wickedly—but the whole family will roar with laughter at this twelve-year-old and her irrepressible precocity. "Ultra is the word for VIOLET."—CHARLES LEE, *Philadelphia Record.* $2.50

"Imaginative handling of a simple, eloquent story makes this book memorable ...authenticity makes it fascinating."
—*ELIZABETH WATTS, Boston Globe*

"An epic novel of Nantucket in the early years . . . far-sweeping, deep-searching, full-charged."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

"Earthy, racy, beautiful ...there are episodes of powerful drama."—*Atlantic Monthly.* $2.75

THIS SIDE OF LAND

An Island Epic

By Elizabeth Hollister Frost

COWARD-McCANN, Inc. • 2 W. 45 St., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject for speculation in times like these. But the author is probably on solid ground when he predicts that it will be a long time before the Soviet standard of living will be an inducement to revolution in Western countries, and that post-war upheavals will be an outgrowth of the war and its sufferings, rather than of Moscow propaganda. There are occasional slips; Stalin's patronymic is Vissarionovitch, not Ilarionovitch; the Soviet dictator does not frequently employ Biblical language; and the statement that he had no choice except to conclude the pact with Hitler in 1939 is a sweeping exaggeration. W. H. C.

JOHN THE GREAT *$3.00*
By Donald Barr Chidsey DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRIZEFIGHTERS may come and prizefighters may go, but the name of "John L." goes on forever. John P. Marquand, who has written a pert introduction to the biography of Boston's Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan, seems perplexed as to the reasons of his popularity. And yet there is no real mystery here. John L. was a great man with his fists; he knocked down all and sundry. In his early days, so sure was he of knocking the other man down that he made it his custom to offer fifty dollars to any man in a theater audience who could stand up to him a mere four rounds. This was in a day when it was nothing out of the ordinary for fights to last as many as seventy-five rounds. He shone in melodrama too, and he had no need of a loud-speaker: "his sigh was a hullabaloo, his whisper a horrible yell." He made a million dollars, very little of it by fighting. Easy come, easy go; in the end he had little to show for it. He was as generous with his money as with his fists; if you were in trouble (or not in trouble) all you had to do was to ask for it. Of course, he was popular. His meeting with the then Prince of Wales (Edward VII to be) proved a great sensation; he was friends with Teddy Roosevelt, whom he used to vist at the White House. After young James Corbett had danced round him and worn him down, bringing the great man to his knees, men wept and refused to talk or shake hands with the winner. John L. in some measure reflected his times; hence this book is even more absorbing as a social history than as a biography. J. C.

THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRIAL MAN *$2.50*
By Peter F. Drucker JOHN DAY

IT IS obviously easier to analyze a past that is historically finished than to describe a future that is still in a very embryonic stage of development. So one naturally finds less concrete exposition and more general reflection in this new book than in the author's keen and penetrating study of the totalitarian state, *The End of Economic Man*. However, Mr. Drucker, an Austrian economist now resident in this country, reveals in his present work the qualities that won the applause of a discriminating audience for its predecessor. He possesses a fund of historical and economic knowledge; his mind does not follow conventional grooves; his style eschews the cliché and achieves frequent paradoxes and occasional profundity. Mr. Drucker addresses himself to what is certainly one of the most permanent and most fundamental problems of our time: the adjustment of the human being to an increasingly mechanized age. He believes that the answer lies neither in a return to nineteenth-century *laissez faire* nor in all-out planning by an omnipotent state, but in "the organization of industry on the basis of local and decentralized self-government." And he makes a plausible point when he suggests that the new order is being formed now, under the pressure of war, that it cannot be postponed until the dim and uncertain date when the world will again be at peace. W. H. C.

PARTS OF A WORLD *$2.00*
By Wallace Stevens KNOPF

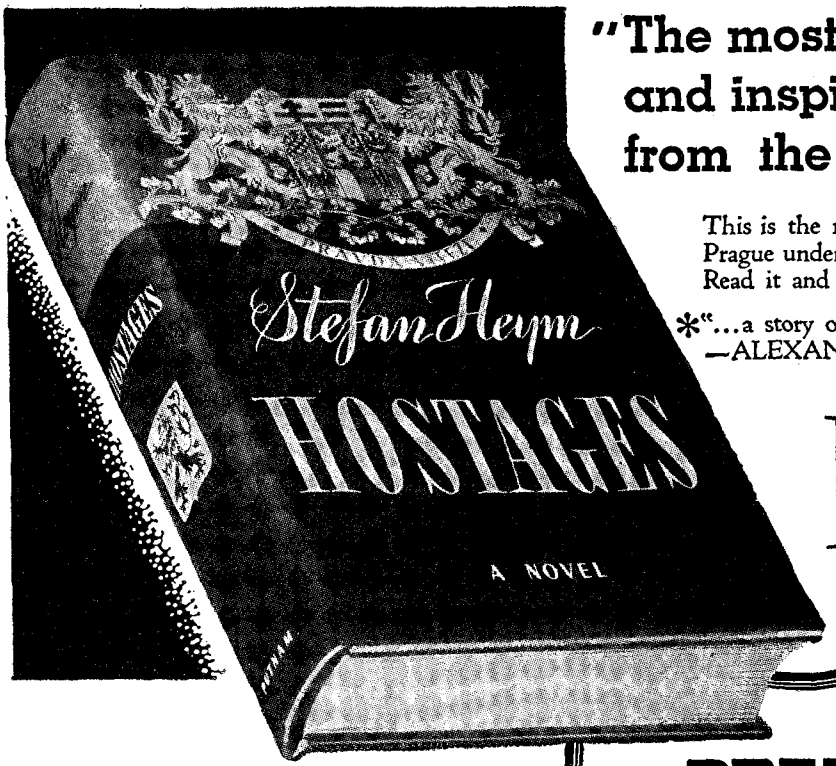
"THERE is no such thing as life," says Wallace Stevens in one of these poems; and in another, "There is no such thing as truth." Again, he sees no hope that the chaos of living will ever be ended, because the chaos of the nature of man will never be mended. His only certitude is "being without description" and without doctrine; experience in itself. There is the process we call life, and there is art: —

> You arrange, the thing is posed
> Which in nature merely grows.

Springing from this are innumerable problems concerned with the nature of the poser and of the thing posed, the relationship between them, and the relationship of each to the world of external natural objects. Those problems have always haunted Stevens, and from them he fashions the poems in this book, sometimes in patterns of grave formal grace, sometimes in an iridescence of colorful symbols. His intricately subtle mind spins his webs of verbal tracery round and round the central puzzle of reality and illusion, but the result is a poetry so objective and elusive, and so removed from the experience of the average reader, that the majority of the poems remain, as perhaps Mr. Stevens intended that they should, beautifully phrased and cadenced enigmas. E. D.

W. H. C.	WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
J. C.	JOHN COURNOS
E. D.	ELIZABETH DREW
W. F.	WILSON FOLLETT
R. M. G.	ROBERT M. GAY
H. H.	HUBERT HERRING
W. S.	WALLACE STEGNER
L. W.	LANGDON WARNER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The most powerful, courageous, and inspiring novel yet to come from the occupied countries."*

This is the novel that appears once in a decade—a story of Prague under the Nazi terror—a novel you will never forget. Read it and you will be absolutely sure why we are at war.

*"...a story of breathless action...tense and wildly exciting." —ALEXANDER KENDRICK, *Philadelphia Inquirer.* $2.50

HOSTAGES

By STEFAN HEYM

THIS IS AMERICA

By Eleanor Roosevelt and Frances Cooke Macgregor

Brilliant photographs of widely different American scenes by Mrs. Macgregor, illuminated by the comment and interpretation of Mrs. Roosevelt. A heartening affirmation of the American system—a book that conveys a deep understanding of our precious heritage. $3.00

THE SPLENDOR STAYS

By Marguerite Allis
Author of "Not Without Peril"

A novel of dramatic intensity that follows closely the true histories of the seven extraordinary daughters of Captain Elisha Hart. One of them loved Simon Bolivar, another married a hero of the war of 1812—but all lived lives that make thrilling reading. $2.75

PREACHER'S KID

By LADD HAYSTEAD

The heart-warming story of a young boy's growing pains in a northwest mining town parsonage. You'll laugh out loud—and feel a lump in your throat—as you read it. Illustrated. $2.00

The SELF-BETRAYED

Glory and Doom of the German Generals

By CURT RIESS

The author of "Total Espionage" and "High Stakes" now spotlights the little-known men who enslaved Europe—*and themselves.* $3.00

THIS IS MY LIFE

By DAME AGNES HUNT

One of the most remarkable women of her time writes a life story that will delight everyone who enjoys high comedy, good spirits and a charmingly wholesome and high-minded personality. Illus. $2.50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS • 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

In your September issue I read what seemed to me a terrifying article by Igor Sikorsky on The Coming Air Age. In the article, he threatens that over the earth by the year 1955 there will descend a scourge infinitely worse than anything which has ever been known in the past.

It is to be worse because, unlike pestilences of other years, which wreaked their brief but terrible vengeance and went on, it is to be with us until the end of the coming age. It will not only carry on but increase in violence. It is to be called, in fact is already born, the helicopter. Like model T Fords, they are to be made on the assembly line. Also like model T in its heyday, no back-country district, no matter how remote, is to be free of them. They are to be placed within easy reach of every man who holds a steady job. So numerous will they become that even the air near the cities will be marked for one-way traffic. Does this present to anyone a desirable picture? It doesn't to me.

Mr. Sikorsky asks us to imagine "a lovely meadow surrounded by deep woods on a hilltop overlooking a beautiful lake . . . 120 miles from New York." Which sounds very nice until the helicopter bus drops into the picture. It can only carry twenty passengers, so there will probably be another one along every few minutes. The lovely meadow becomes about as private as a railroad station.

When the motorcar took over the rural districts surrounding the cities and poked its chromium-plated nose into every farmer's barn lot, the man who wanted to get away from it all was driven farther afield. He packed up his fishing rods and tackle, and with the aid of a boat or mountain guide and train of pack horses attained the solitude he craved. Maybe it was several days' journey, but when he got there he knew he was safe from his neighbor's radio and his own telephone. No friends would drive out to spend the week-end with him, because he had carefully chosen a spot far from any highway able to support balloon tires. According to the forecast, this man might just as well give up the idea of the whole trip and stay at home. No matter how much trouble he takes to get himself into inaccessible regions, he is going to have to pitch camp beside a four-, six-, or eight-lane highway of the air. He could amuse himself, instead of fishing, by watching the world go by through a pair of binoculars. Maybe helicopters will wear their license plates on their underside, so that those on the ground can guess what state they are from by the color of the plate. — *Mrs. Dorothy F. Lawnin, St. Louis, Mo.*

Roland Hayes

Your September *Atlantic* came "near home" to some Madison readers, to this one in particular. In the first place, your two poets represented were both Wisconsin and near-Madison products. In the second place, we have a Donner family here from Illinois, related by descent to the Donner group whose privations in crossing the Rockies, as related by Bernard DeVoto, form one of our chief epics of horror. I have visited the old Donner scenes in the neighborhood of Peru, Illinois, and have read other books on the Donner tragedy.

Thirdly, MacKinley Helm's moving story on Roland Hayes and Angel Mo' might include Madison associations. Just outside Madison, on the shores of one of its lakes, is one of its most historic farm homes, begun in 1855, and surrounded by many decaying mementos of past elegance. Its eight fireplaces — four downstairs and four upstairs, no two alike — give some hint of its importance in its day. Many families of local prominence have occupied it, and for five years it was the childhood home of Sarah Cleghorn, noted teacher and writer, as set forth in her autobiography. At present it is a high-class eating house kept by a colored woman, Mrs. Oliver Davis. When Roland Hayes visits Madison he puts up at this historic house where, under immense grape arbors, a Pullman dining service can be had. In appreciation of all this, the distinguished singer recently presented to the house a fine set of French parlor chairs. Rather interesting that a black boy from the far deeps of Georgia woods — and who practically had no shoes until he was fourteen — should in a comparatively few years rise to artistic fame and leave these souvenirs to our northern city. — *Albert O. Barton, Madison, Wis.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dial Press

The ideal library or bed-side book

This Is My Best

Edited by WHIT BURNETT

THIS eleven-hundred page collection, in which ninety-three of America's foremost authors choose their own best work and tell why they made their selections, is the first publication of its kind in America. Three Nobel and twenty-five Pulitzer prize winners are represented. Stories, essays, drama, humor, poetry, history, biography, reportage, and profiles, cross indexed, with complete biographies and bibliographies of each author. This is a treasury of entertainment and a permanent acquisition to one's library. $3.50

300,000 COPIES IN PRINT

You have never read a more astonishing novel!

THE Chinese Room

By VIVIAN CONNELL

LIKE all good books, THE CHINESE ROOM will be many things to many readers. Some will see in it a new kind of psychological thriller; others will see in it a deeply satisfying story of love and marriage; still others will find in it the deep and vital truths about the relations between men and women that only men like D. H. Lawrence, Havelock Ellis, and Richard Aldington have dared to explore. But, though this is a book about the secret places of the mind and body, it is first and foremost a story about people. And as a story, with its full measure of action and revelation, it is sheer entertainment of a high quality. 400 pages. $2.50

TAP ROOTS

By JAMES STREET
author of OH, PROMISED LAND

JAMES STREET has taken a little-known aspect of American history and built around it a romantic narrative so lush and exciting that you won't even want to stop for a transfer on the fast trip through its 600 pages. TAP ROOTS is first-rate fiction by any standard. $2.75

145,000 COPIES SOLD

Burton C. Hoffman **THE DIAL PRESS, INC.** 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic Repartee

I was deeply delighted at the wholeness of Roland Hayes that came through Dr. Helm's beautiful articulation. The way he has managed to give the oral and reflective quality fills me with wonder. Altogether a masterly piece of work. — *Ben Lehman, Berkeley, Cal.*

I have just read with enthusiasm the first Roland Hayes article in the August *Atlantic*. It is really amazing and delightful how Dr. Helm has caught the exact feeling of his subject. It is a first-rate job. — *Edward C. Aswell, New York City*

As you can imagine, I have been tremendously interested in the *Atlantic* autobiographical stories about Roland Hayes. His career has been both extraordinary and spectacular, growing up as he has from those early restricted surroundings to a position in the artistic world which has made him foremost among all artists and accorded him, of course, the place of dean among Negro singers.

It especially interests me that a Brookline neighbor of Roland's should assist in this autobiography. I negotiated the purchase of his home in Brookline, and at that time there were difficulties which do not exist today.

In the October article, Roland speaks of his mother's death while he was in Europe, and the tribute to her at the funeral. I attended that funeral; was the only white person there. It was tremendously impressive, especially the reproduction of Roland's recordings of spirituals. — *Henry H. Putnam, Jamaica Plain, Mass.*

The Battle of Patents

Thurman Arnold has recently stated his belief that a patent is not actual property, but merely a franchise, license, or privilege which the government grants to the inventor for a limited time. This revolutionary and strange doctrine runs counter to the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, which has ruled that the government of the United States, in granting letters patent for a new invention or discovery in the arts, confers upon the patentee an exclusive *property* in the patented invention which cannot be appropriated or used even by the government itself without just compensation, any more than it could appropriate or use land which has been patented to a private purchaser.

Perhaps we have too many other monopolies — of the "odious" variety. If that is so, the thing to do is to enforce the existing antitrust laws directed against that kind of monopoly. These laws are adequate to curb any abuses of the patent system without the enactment of hastily considered and ill-advised laws under the pretext of war necessity, which would injure or destroy the beneficial working of our patent system.

It is proposed to cure the alleged abuses by: (1) making patents subject to compulsory licenses, and (2) prohibiting patent owners from granting *effective* licenses. These suggestions are like performing a skillful operation while killing the patient.

Compulsory licenses are nothing new; in fact, they have been suggested to Congress many times in the past, but have always been rejected as undesirable on the evidence of thousands of small businessmen that such licenses would favor the large corporations. In my opinion, it is impossible to write a compulsory license law without hurting small enterprises and, what is more important, without damaging the patent system as a whole. If the unprogressive manufacturer, who does not invest in research, is permitted to benefit from the research of the progressive manufacturer (who usually pays for nine failures before he achieves one success) a premium is put on laziness and a penalty on progress. One reason American industry has outstripped that of other countries is the very fact that the patent systems of most foreign countries are burdened with compulsory licensing, while our own liberal patent system is free from such provisions.

The second proposal to prohibit restrictions in licenses is equally impractical. It would simply have the effect of preventing the patent holder from sharing the benefits of his patent with others and would thus limit the production of his invention to his own factory — an absurd result for a law which is intended to promote the progress of the useful arts.

The United States has the best and most liberal patent system in the world as shown by its results; but naturally, like every human institution, it is capable of improvement.

I believe we can safely await the report of the Patent Planning Commission, headed by Dr. Charles Kettering, which was recently appointed by President Roosevelt for the specific purpose of studying the patent system and making plans for its permanent improvement.

Giving due credit to Mr. Arnold for his attack on illegal business and monopoly, for which we already have an adequate remedy in the antitrust laws, we should not "kill the goose that laid the golden egg." — *Harold G. Manning, Waterbury, Conn.*

Few inventors are going through the work and expense of developing an invention, marketing it, and litigating it if at the end the Department of Justice may force them to license all of their competitors who have been supine during their efforts. Nor are many inventors going through with all of these undertakings if, when they undertake to suppress infringers, they are obliged to fight an antitrust suit in addition to a patent suit.

Conceded that there is a fly in the patent ointment and that sometimes the public may have to pay more than Mr. Arnold or others think should be paid.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOBBS-MERRILL *Fall* LIST

THE BURNING WHEEL

By Slater Brown

Scorching in style, original in content is this novel of a Connecticut valley and the curse it inflicts on the natives and the new-comers. $2.50

GRANT OF APPOMATTOX

By William E. Brooks

An inspiring biography of the great soldier who never made the same mistake twice and never learned to accept defeat. By the author of *Lee of Virginia*. Battle maps. $3.00

ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY'S MIND

By Joseph Bornstein and Paul Milton

Psychological war, as effective as a poison-gas attack, is being continuously waged against us. The authors analyze its form and effect and outline methods of defense and counter attack. $2.50

By the author of RALEIGH'S EDEN

Men of Albemarle

By INGLIS FLETCHER

Inglis Fletcher has again dipped her pen into the rich colorful past of North Carolina and created a novel that will quicken the blood of every American. An enthralling tale of the men of Albemarle, the women they loved and the freedom they died for in the early 1700's. $2.75

Instant Success 5th big printing

The CUP *and the* SWORD

By ALICE TISDALE HOBART

"This is a first-rate example of the family chronicle novel . . . tenderly and brilliantly painted . . . fine, full . . . redolent of the earth."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.75

BOBBS-MERRILL

Indianapolis • New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nevertheless, there are many more cases when the public pays less than it has agreed to pay. Mr. Arnold complains of about a dozen cases, but there are more than seven hundred thousand patents current. Even if everything he says about the few is true, that would hardly justify action which would be disastrous, if not fatal, to the many and to the system itself.

Nor can we take the example which Mr. Arnold cites about ethyl gasoline on its face. What the average citizen is buying is not gasoline but horsepower. Assuming that he pays $25.00 a year to buy the advantages of ethyl gasoline, he gets, in return, more horsepower than with the old gasoline and the engines capable of using it. If he uses the same horsepower during the year, his gasoline bill is not $25.00 more, but substantially less than it would have been except for the ethyl invention. If he buys the same number of gallons, he can use the increased power either as additional mileage or improved performance, but the cost of the increased power obtained from ethyl fluid is only half the cost of the same amount of power obtained from gasoline alone.

If we are going to launch on a campaign to discourage invention it ought to be postponed until the war and the dire need of the men in our armed forces for better weapons than those of their adversaries are over. — *F. C. Richey, Cleveland, Ohio*

Because I have been rather deeply disturbed by this current debate over patents, I should like to offer an idea or two regarding it. Both parties, it seems to me, are avoiding in one way or another the real point of the matter, and I am unable to resist the impulse to tell them about it. At least the attempt will make *me* feel better.

First of all, Mr. Arnold has not emphasized sufficiently the one point he made with which no one, not even Mr. Langner, will dare to disagree. Arnold says: "The fundamental principle of protecting independent enterprise against aggression, and consumers against exploitation, should be applied to any patent law, reformed or unreformed." The public-be-damned attitude, in other words, is no longer extant, at least in public. But certainly, unless Mr. Arnold has invented these documents from which he quotes, the consumer and his rights have been kicked around in a most royal fashion, and Mr. Langner, in neither of his rebuttals, has even approached a denial of Arnold's evidence, except to warn us that it has not as yet been proved in court.

This is the strongest point that Mr. Arnold has; yet he obscures it by attempting to drag our patriotism into the case, hoping, I suppose, to generate popular approval and support. No one who is not entirely blinded by war hysteria will believe for a moment that any of these companies conspired years ago with Germany to enrich themselves at the expense of our war effort. These cartel agreements have not hindered our war effort a fraction as much as we ourselves by our natural desire for peace and isolation in the pre-Pearl Harbor days. One might as well similarly accuse Congress of sabotage for not raising an army at the same time that Hitler began his own preparations. One might better attack the men who sold scrap iron to Japan up until the last possible moment. Standard Oil and the others did business as best they could and they remained within the existing laws. The war was not their responsibility.

Mr. Langner, and others of Mr. Arnold's critics whom I have heard, tend to confuse Arnold's personality and methods with his objectives. He may, as Langner points out, fumble the issue, shift his attitude, suggest a dozen remedies; but he has demonstrated, to my satisfaction at least, that there is something wrong with the patent system, and he is trying to do something about it.

It does not become me to offer suggestions to men who know a great deal about a subject on which I am ignorant; but I cannot help wondering why, when it is clear that something, right or wrong, is going to be done about the patent law, men like Mr. Langner cannot work with, rather than against, men like Mr. Arnold. It should be clear to everyone — I know it is in my own industry of mining — that our government is going to take an ever-increasing part in our affairs from now on; and that, for the most part, the government's efforts will be directed toward increased social gains. Whether we like it or not, that's the way it is going to be unless we can figure out some way of outvoting a hundred million people. — *Robert H. Ramsey, New York City*

Will the Church Survive?

Bernard Iddings Bell, author of "Will the Christian Church Survive?" in the October *Atlantic*, deplores the state of the Christian Church and declares that "the future of the Church, under God, lies in no other hands than its own." These declarations are undoubtedly true. It also seems at least demonstrable that the Church guides men less vitally than in the past and that its influence has notably declined, especially in the last three years.

Possibly one cause is that many churchgoers and non-churchgoers were astounded and overwhelmed because some priests and some laymen ignored and glossed over the wickedness of the Nazis on the specious ground that we Americans are also not without sin and that Christian belief demands "complete pacifism, utter non-resistance." In other words, the Christian must remain magisterially aloof, indifferent, and inactive while women and children in many European states were being conquered, enslaved, starved, robbed, and murdered and while the well-being of their own children and neighbors was endangered. They seemed utterly callous to human suffering. And, contrary to the teachings of Jesus,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they advocated compromise with sin — appeasement of the Nazis. They would betray the brethren of the Church, not protect and aid them.

When irreligious persons have pointed out to me this repudiation of the Master, I have been at a loss for an answer. Over against this, place the words of the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church Diocese of New York, August 23: "Any church or any leader of any church who is halfhearted or neutral in this conflict or who fails to speak openly and clearly against the wickedness, the inhuman principles, and the atrocious crimes of Nazism is untrue to the eternal principles of right and justice for which the Church stands." Truly, "the future of the Church, under God, lies in no other hands than its own." — *Ernest S. Quimby, New York City*

I have had the opportunity in years past to hear Canon Bell several times, and I admire him greatly. But in his article, "Will the Christian Church Survive?" he says: "In respect to every one of them, modern man had become used to ignore what might be the will of God for him, to substitute a desired self-expression for an attempt to do that will. . . ."

Canon Bell is careful to use the word "might" in the sentence which I have quoted; and I realize that he is speaking of individuals and nations that have lived selfishly. But is there not a sincere desire on the part of many of us to know what God's will for us is? To how great a degree should we exercise the free will that evidently has been given us, and are we ever certain of what God's will for any one of us is? To how great a degree is prayer answered? Is faith knowledge? What is to be done with the individual who apparently has no conscience? — *Frances H. Wanner, Littleton, N. H.*

One of the best pieces of self-criticism of the Church to be published anywhere in the secular press in many a year is Bernard Iddings Bell's searching article, "Will the Christian Church Survive?" which appears in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Dr. Bell is an "insider," being preaching canon of St. John's Cathedral (Episcopal), Providence, R. I. For a number of years his books of profound insight have stabbed many a preacher and layman "broad awake" to the deep realities of the Christian religion. In "Will the Christian Church Survive?" he is at his best. The article will be widely read. The writer's honest facing of the present predicament of the Church, and his fervent desire, reinforced by a profound understanding of the issue, to find a real road to recovery for organized Christianity, will commend the contribution to all open-minded readers. — *Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass.*

Life in the Maine Woods

Let me express my appreciation of the Rich article in the September issue. Such a dissertation with its expression of the simple, peaceful, contented, and happy life has morale-building values for the present-day social upheaval. — *George H. Wetmore, Lynn, Mass.*

Mother of 4 Earns $1,000 on Her Writing

"Without jeopardizing our home life a bit, I have been able to earn $1,000, since graduating from N.I.A. If I had not the responsibility of four small children, home duties, haphazard health and war work, I am sure I could have made much more. After only two lessons, I sold a garden series to Baltimore American. The N.I.A. way makes writing child's play." — GLADYS CARR, Annapolis, Md.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, news items, human interest stories, civilian defense activities, war work, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism — a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

WAR MAKES WRITERS

Every war has launched or marked the turning point in the careers of innumerable great authors, such as Laurence Stallings, Willa Cather, Ernest Hemingway, Edna Ferber, Irvin S. Cobb, Fannie Hurst. This war may be YOUR golden opportunity to express YOURSELF. Send TODAY for your N.I.A. Writing Aptitude Test. Special terms and privileges for U. S. Service Men.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in The Atlantic, November.

Miss / Mrs. / Mr. .....

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) **28T592**

Copyright 1941 Newspaper Institute of America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New FORM OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE—
A SEA-VIEW OF HISTORY

Emil Ludwig

"Emil Ludwig writes his greatest book . . . unforgettable . . . his masterpiece. The fascinated layman will abandon himself to the intense delight of viewing in one breathtaking sweep the pageant of life in the Mediterranean basin since prehistoric times." — *Sterling North, Chicago Daily News.* Illus. $3.75

THE Mediterranean
SAGA OF A SEA

People of Poros
Portrait of a Greek Fishing Village
By PETER GRAY
Readers are comparing this book excitedly — and favorably — with *Life and Death of a Spanish Town.* Illus. $3.00

Franklin P. Adams'
Anthology of Light Verse
Innocent Merriment
390 selections of the very lightest of classical and contemporary verse. "It's swell! Wonderful! Hilarious!" — JOHN KIERAN. "A frolic volume." — CLIFTON FADIMAN. 523 pages. $3.00

Texas: A WORLD IN ITSELF
By GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY
Author of "Hold Autumn in Your Hand"
An intimate, lively story of Texas and Texans, written by a Texan with an eye for humor, a keen nose for pomposity, and a warm American viewpoint. Illus. $2.75

WHITTLESEY HOUSE McGraw-Hill Bldg., N.Y.

I wish the *Atlantic* editors and Mrs. Rich to know how I enjoy her "We Took to the Woods" articles. Her clever humor is a relaxation and enjoyment, as a spring amongst the drier reading. The natural setting appeals very much to me.

Articles of scientific facts and current issues are very well and good, and the *Atlantic* holds a very prominent place because of them; but the tales with a bit of wit hold a place as a comedy number on a serious lecture program — something needed. — *Mrs. Jane D. MacDonald, Erie, Penn.*

Are we to go through the whole argument over again? I thought the contention of Anonymous in "I Had a Baby" had been pretty well squashed by the famous Symposium that followed it. The contention, I mean, that having a baby is fun and that those who don't take it so are necessarily morbid from being exposed to "maiden aunts and married women." I *like* Louise Dickinson Rich and her racy descriptions of life in the woods. Yet here we are, in a different phase of that life, being assured that "most women need not suffer" and that "I felt swell. . . . Result: I had a delightful pregnancy."

I don't mean to belittle the quite moving description of her son's father taking a hand in delivering his own baby, with only the experience of a practical mechanic and fisherman behind him. But after we have granted this, and added the further concession that many a timid young wife may take courage from the assurance that she need not suffer, what are we to do by way of needed caution to those young wives who refuse to diet or have periodic checkups, and end by dying in the convulsions of eclampsia, or have hemorrhage, or breech birth, or absolutely need a Caesarean? But there I go, for all the world like a "maiden aunt or married woman."

My objection is based, no doubt, on resentment against the unusually lucky for their sneers in the direction of us who are ordinary women and begin our suffering, as a rule, before any "maiden aunt or married woman" has had a chance to tell us all her morbid memoirs.

I went through four pregnancies and went to a hospital at the culmination of each. And I was not the only woman who screamed, nor the only one who had started on her pregnancy with a persistent nausea, nor the only one who finished with several weeks of false labor. It is Mrs. Rich, not the rest of us, who is imagining things. But do tell her to give us more of "We Took to the Woods." What with children and skunks and hardships, it is a slice of human life different enough from the lives of other people, and yet like enough to them, to be always absorbing. — *Mrs. Gertrude W. Scott, San Pedro, Cal.*

A special thank you for "Aren't Your Children a Problem?" in the August issue. Mrs. Rich knows how to give a child security, and her children will know a confidence, wherever they go, that thousands of others unfortunately never gain — all because the adults around them don't bother with homey things like popcorn balls, and taking time to know and become a part of one's environment. How else does one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

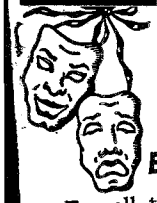
Outstanding DODD, MEAD Books for Fall

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY?

FOR 14 YEARS CHIEF OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IN BERLIN

For 14 years Chief of the Associated Press in Berlin, Mr. Lochner has known and closely observed the Nazi regime and its leaders from the beginning until his internment in a concentration camp last December. Based on his detailed diary, smuggled out of Germany, and on an extensive correspondence with friends in America, his book is a vivid and carefully authentic picture of how Germany looks today to a trained reporter—an answer to the question every American is asking—What About Germany. *With 16 full page pictures.* $3.00

By Louis P. Lochner



THE BEST PLAYS 1941 1942

Edited by BURNS MANTLE

For all theatre lovers—ten Broadway successes, by excerpt and summary, with interesting facts about actors, casts, etc. Includes *Angel Street, The Moon is Down, Junior Miss, Uncle Harry* and others. Illustrated. $3.00

FIFTY YEARS BELOW ZERO

By CHARLES D. BROWER

A unique picture of arctic adventure and Eskimo life by a man who has spent fifty-seven years north of the Arctic circle. Illustrated. $3.00

Coming on November 10th

INSIDES OUT

By JOHN MASON BROWN

For everyone who has had or is going to have an operation—the account of how a well-known drama critic attended his own opening. *Hirschfeld pictures.* $2.00

NEAR HORIZONS

By EDWIN WAY TEALE

The author of "Grassroot Jungles," "The Golden Throng," etc., tells the story of his insect garden in which he has studied butterflies, ants, crickets, bees, and a host of strange creatures. Illustrated with more than 100 remarkable photographs. $3.75

THIS GREEN WORLD

By RUTHERFORD PLATT

A book about trees and flowers, not as fixtures of the landscape but active units in a great moving drama. With 135 photographs, 27 in full color, and 110 drawings. Size 7 by 10 inches. $3.75

Coming on November 10th

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY

By CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER and EMILY KIMBROUGH

An irresistibly funny book about a trip to Europe in happier days before the war. *Alajalov pictures.* $2.50

TWO BOOKS BY THE NEWBERY AWARD WINNER

The Matchlock Gun

The story of a courageous boy during an Indian raid on a little Hudson valley settlement. With beautiful color pictures by Paul Lantz. *Ages 10-14.* $2.00

Newbery Award Winner (as outstanding juvenile of 1941

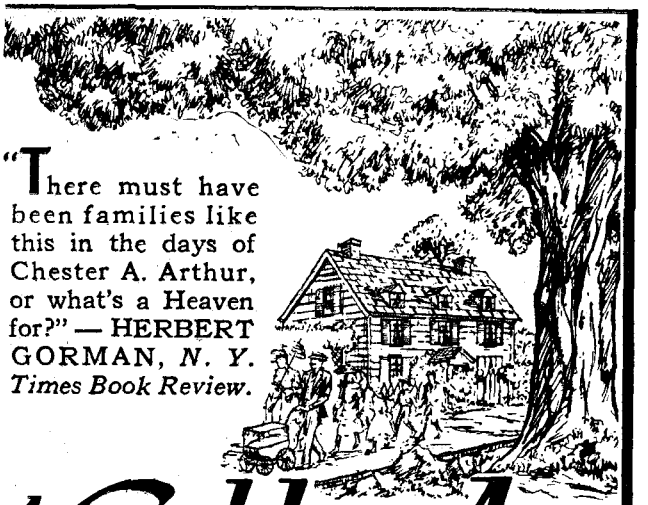
WALTER D. EDMONDS

Tom Whipple

The lively and amusing story of an American boy who, wanting to see the world, went to visit the Czar to discuss how to beat Napoleon and also to talk about prize cattle, etc. *Many color drawings by Paul Lantz. Ages 10-14.* $2.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, N. Y.



"There must have been families like this in the days of Chester A. Arthur, or what's a Heaven for?" — HERBERT GORMAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review.*

A Golden Age

The new novel by

CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

Author of As the Seed is Sown, etc.

◆ The delightful, life-with-father story of a New England newspaper editor and his family, who live American life at its old-fashioned best. $2.50

One of the most distinguished fiction discoveries of the year

River Bottom Boy

By HAROLD MATTHEWS

◆ The epic of a strange black hero who fought off evil with all the laughter and courage of his people. $2.50

THIS IS

EDWARD W. BEATTIE, Jr.

◆ He is in charge of the London Office of United Press. Read what these noted newsmen say about his incisive new book on the human side of the war. ◆ "The bone and sinew of front-line journalism." — *Raymond Clapper.* "Excellent reporting, full of good humor, understanding, and common sense." — *William L. Shirer.* "Far and away the best book of its kind I've read." — *Hallett Abend.* $3.00

"Freely to pass"

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, N. Y.

come to value his soil enough to fight for it? — *Elizabeth Mason, Bedford, N. H.*

Certain spots in such articles as "Aren't Your Children a Problem?" by Louise Dickinson Rich in the August *Atlantic* make me furious to the bursting point! I have two children, both normal births, and I believe all women should know that childbirth can always be counted on as terrific, except for those rare and fortunate women who have been born with the physical "delivery" structures of guinea pigs, white mice, rabbits, cats, or other creatures for whom "childbearing" has no terrors. "They say" modern methods have done much to relieve the situation, but most of the best obstetricians seem to wait to apply "modern methods" until the worst is over, or until you perhaps let out a bloodcurdling shriek in the hope of convincing them you have reached the limit of endurance. You can always have the comfort that women since Eve have gone through the same thing or worse, and that quite likely within twenty-four hours you and your child will still be alive.

We wanted both our children; but I honestly believe that, if it were possible for a woman really to remember the pains of childbirth, she would never have a second child. Fortunately, we only remember that it was awful, and did not last forever. So I always feel like choking any woman who happens to be so constructed that her children are born with the ease and simplicity of a hen laying an egg, and then proceeds to cackle about it as though she were responsible for the whole business! (That type of woman should go ahead and have ten, but she never does!) I have just as malicious a feeling toward that woman who will not have a child for fear of the suffering involved. — *Mrs. S. Vernon McCasland, Charlottesville, Va.*

As long as there are wives and mothers (and stepmothers!) like Louise Dickinson Rich, this country is going to be safe. Her mention of Rumford reminds me of the winter of 1882–1883 when my parents, my brother, and I boarded all winter with my uncle and his family at Rumford Falls. They agreed to board and room us for $5.00 per week — not $5.00 each, but $5.00 for the four of us; and in the spring they told us they had made money on us! — *A. E. Bruce, Claremont, Cal.*

We Can Pay the War Bill

May I express violent disapproval of your printing that article "We Can Pay the War Bill," in which the author blithely conveys the idea that we can borrow huge sums of money, spend or waste it, and that it makes no difference whether the debt is ever paid or not, or whether it amounts to 200, 300, or 400 billion dollars.

And what may be said about this sentence which occurs on page 66: "Thus a large public debt in conjunction with a highly progressive tax structure may actually result in a better distribution of income than we have had in the past."

Is it possible that the teachings of Benjamin Frank-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A magnificent book — a military classic of the first water." — STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Lee's Lieutenants

A STUDY IN COMMAND

Vol. I Manassas to Malvern Hill

by Douglas Southall Freeman

author of the Pulitzer Prize Biography "R. E. Lee"

This is the story of the generals who fought under Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia. It is a *multiple biography* against a flame-shot backdrop of history, a tremendous, sweeping narrative, the portrait gallery of a great army.

This volume is the book of Beauregard, Johnson, Magruder, Garnett, Ewell, Jeb Stuart and "Stonewall" Jackson, among others. It presents the great figures of Lee's army as they come forward on the stage of war, and follows them through the first years of fighting. It is the story of Manassas, of Garnett's West Virginia campaign, Williamsburg and Seven Pines.

"Lee's Lieutenants" is the decade's most important work in the field of American military history and military biography. More than that — it has an urgent message for every American, especially every soldier, today. Conditions described in "Manassas to Malvern Hill" approach an uncanny historical parallel to those we face now. Besides the superb sweep of its narrative "Lee's Lieutenants" has in its pages an historical lesson of the greatest importance. 773 *pages, with eight portrait photographs and 28 specially drawn military maps.*

$5.00

Douglas Southall Freeman

"Lee's Lieutenants" will be complete in three volumes. Vol. 2 will be published in the spring of 1943

Important New Novels

A TIME TO BE BORN

by Dawn Powell

The story of an egocentric Manhattan "career woman" and her ultimate undoing. "Sharp, shrewd and biting . . . Miss Powell has done a fine piece of satiric writing." — N. Y. Times. Fourth Printing.

$2.75

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

by Nancy Hale

"With perception and sensitivity, with knowledge and authority and a deep poetic insight, she has painted an unforgettable picture of the untrammeled twenties in Boston and New York."—Boston Herald.

$3.00

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

by Marcia Davenport

author of "Of Lena Geyer", etc.

A novel of love and loyalty against a background of three generations of American social and business life.

$3.00

at all bookstores **Charles Scribner's Sons, New York**

PRODUCED BY UNCLASSIFIED
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW DID THE ANIMALS GET THEIR NAMES?

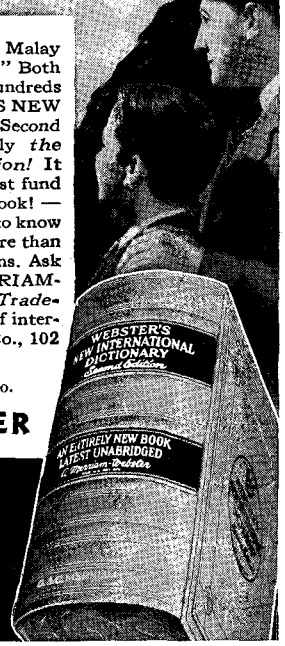
ORANGUTAN means literally WILDMAN!

THE name *orangutan* comes from the Malay words *orán*, "man," and *utan*, "wild." Both you *and your children* will enjoy the hundreds of fascinating word origins in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. Its completeness makes it truly *the Foundation Book for Home Education!* It seems almost unbelievable that such a vast fund of knowledge could be packed into one book! — a book that tells you everything you want to know about words, 600,000 of them, 122,000 more than in any other dictionary. 12,000 illustrations. Ask any bookdealer to show you the MERRIAM-Webster, *identified by the Circular Trade-Mark*. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Co., 102 Federal St., Springfield, Mass.

Advt. Copyright, 1942, by G. & C. Merriam Co.

THE GENUINE WEBSTER

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition



"LANGUAGE IS A WEAPON"

■ ■ ■ In global war every branch of our combat service stationed in foreign countries or at home needs men for special duty who speak a foreign language.

SPEAK ANOTHER LANGUAGE *quickly, easily, correctly* by LINGUAPHONE

In the ultimate peace, men and women in many occupations will find special opportunities here and abroad if they command a foreign language.

For a thorough and sound practical knowledge thousands of forward-looking people are finding the world-famous Linguaphone Ear-Eye *Conversational Method the rational and modern* way to learn to speak and read a new language. They save time, work and money, pursuing this simple training at leisure in the PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN HOMES.

A faculty of 250 famous language teachers made *Linguaphone Home-Study Courses* in 29 languages:

RUSSIAN, PORTUGUESE, ITALIAN, JAPANESE, FRENCH, CHINESE, SPANISH, GERMAN, NORWEGIAN and 20 others.

Send for FREE Book
Call for FREE Demonstration

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
68 RCA Bldg., New York • Tel. Circle 7-0830

lin, for whom I happen to have been named, have become of no value and gone into the discard? — *B. F. A., Chicago, Ill.*

Passing a newsstand a few days ago, I decided to renew an old, but recently neglected, acquaintanceship with the *Atlantic Monthly*. My decision was crystalized by reading on the cover: "We Can Pay the War Bill," by Alvin H. Hansen.

As a number of my friends and I have had some discussions on the possible methods of servicing the national debt after the war, I hurriedly paid my forty cents and took myself off to a quiet spot to be informed on how "We Can Pay the War Bill." Here, thought I, is my chance first to absorb, and then to impart, the solution to my friends' questionings and wonderings.

I read Mr. Hansen's article and was convinced that the spot I had selected for the reading could not have been quiet enough. I must have been distracted. So I waited until quiet descended in the evening and then read it again. Well, perhaps I was too sleepy to absorb it. So next day I read it again.

After the third reading, I became finally convinced that the copy of the *Atlantic* I had bought must have been defective. Although the pages were numbered in the proper sequence, I could find on none of them from 58 to 66 a single reference, intimation, or statement as to how "We Can Pay the War Bill." Indeed, Mr. Hansen's principal suggestion seems to be an increase in the debt.

Or am I wrong? — *Joseph H. Dulles, Haverford, Penn.*

Indians Come Alive

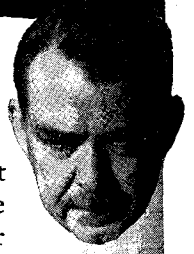
John Collier's fellow enthusiasts for "the magical and animistic world-view" doubtless enjoyed his eloquent panegyric in the September *Atlantic*. Thoughtful readers, however, are bound to question its relevance to present-day fact.

To begin with, statistics indicating an Indian population in this country of 400,000, as claimed by the Commissioner, are "obviously fictitious," as we are told in a recent semi-official symposium of experts, entitled *The Changing Indian*. We note further that persons of mixed heredity — many of them predominantly non-Indian — not only constitute "a very significant portion of the total" but "they will, in the near future, form the numerically overwhelming part of it." Add that most of this group, plus many pure-blooded or nearly pure-blooded Indians, have willingly adopted the customs, habits, and ideas of the great majority of Americans.

Who, then, are these profoundly, these irrevocably peculiar people who "consciously guard and feed an ancient but renewed sacred fire"? Surely not the numerous nearly white and well-assimilated descendants of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma! Nor the heterogeneous tribal remnants of dark folk in certain Southern states, by Southerners not unnaturally classed as Negroes. Nor the once proud nations of the prairie, the Chippewas and the Sioux.

PRODUCED BY UMZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlighting
LIPPINCOTT LEADERS



WILLIAM
Seabrook

tells the story of his life in a book that rivals Rousseau's *Confessions*. More sensational than *Jungle Ways*, stranger than *The Magic Island*, more intimate than *Asylum*, a book that is certain to be one of the most hotly discussed of the season. $3.00

NO HIDING PLACE

MARIAN
Sims

A Confederate major returns home to peace and reconstruction more devastating than war. Vibrant with color and action, this book will stand securely in the forefront of historical novels of America in times of crisis. $2.75

BEYOND SURRENDER

SUSAN
Glaspell

has written her most memorable novel

NORMA ASHE

This is the story of the spiritual triumph of a woman trapped between the love of a man and the love of an ideal. A distinguished successor to the author's widely popular *The Morning is Near Us*. $2.50

HOW TO WIN THE PEACE
By C. J. Hambro

The exiled President of the Norwegian Parliament covers every aspect of a great problem with the brilliant insight and clarity born of experience. $3.00

THE TIME OF MY LIFE
By Harry Carlos de Vighne

A frontier doctor in Alaska—"It is a lively, constantly interesting chronicle of an underprivileged life, which knew exciting and variegated experience and won through to high usefulness and recognition."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News* $3.00

OUR AGE OF UNREASON
By Franz Alexander, M. D.

A study of the irrational forces in social life. Why is it that brains alone cannot rule the world? Questions like this lie at the root of the troubles of our time. Dr. Alexander answers them brilliantly. $3.00

DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD
By Zora Neale Hurston

The exuberant autobiography of a young Negro girl—covering her family life in Eatonville, Fla., full of humor, gusto, and vitality, and her distinguished career as a writer and anthropologist. $3.00

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia • New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neighbors, vote Democratic or Republican as seems best to them, and profess a common Christianity.

Mr. Collier's lyrical passages would seem to apply solely — in so far as they apply at all — to fewer than a hundred thousand Navajos, Pueblos, and Apaches in the remote Southwest — isolated desert-dwellers still inadequately reached by modern influences, hence remaining the chief tourist attraction of that region. Even so, their situation is nearly comparable to that of Indians in those Latin-American countries where they greatly outnumber the whites.

Mr. Collier mistakes when he assumes the reform policies of the late nineteenth century to have been based on a belief in the essential inferiority of the red man. Reversing the earlier program of permanent segregation, the offer of free public education, American property rights, and United States citizenship, the franchise included, plainly implied full faith in his innate ability to measure up to these opportunities. Rapidly increasing amalgamation by marriage conveys the same implication, in terms impossible to misunderstand. The whole movement, in a word, though admittedly authoritarian, was vital and constructive. Children were not sent to school "in order to break up the Indian heritage," but to prepare them, in all kindness, for the future that inevitably awaited them. Knowing that a natural development along strictly racial lines was forever inhibited, we gave them a more intelligent and more satisfying religion, along with the latest fruits of science. They were welcome to keep as much as they chose from the past, or as much as could be harmoniously integrated with the new. There was some loss, to be sure, as always in the painful process of growing up.

It is hardly accurate to state that "Indian religions were made penal offenses," although cruel and immoral practices in the name of religion have from time to time been banned by the government. It was not this order of "persecution," and not even the faithful labors of Christian missionaries, that spelled the doom of the ancient barbaric ritual on the prairies so much as it was the annihilation of the buffalo herds.

To return to the present, most observers and many of the Indians themselves are satisfied that Peyotism, a drug ceremony introduced from Mexico in comparatively recent years, while permitted or encouraged by the Indian Office in the guise of a "Native American Church," is doing them grave physical and mental harm. One perceives with regret a strong resemblance to Nazi ideology in the renewed emphasis upon ethnic origin and the officially sanctioned revival of primitive paganism among our Indians.

The truth is that Mr. Collier's mystical theories are out of harmony with the deepest desires and aspirations of the contemporary young man or woman possessed of one or more aboriginal ancestors. These normal young folks are plain American citizens, and wish to be treated as such. They crave a thoroughly modern education and training. They care little for our opinion, as foreigners, of their largely forgotten ancestral cultures, but they do demand full political, economic, and social equality, as competent fellow Americans. The position of an artificially protected, patronized, and isolated racial minority is hardly tolerable to their self-respect, and it is one which the developments of the past fifty years have clearly shown to be unnecessary. — *Mrs. Charles A. Eastman, Northampton, Mass.*

I Personally —

I was just reading in the back of the August *Atlantic* Mr. Ashbey's letter and the reply of Mr. Wilson Follett in regard to files.

Several years ago, when I was in Modesto, I bought a small file to file a small circular saw. When the man asked 35 cents I felt I was being robbed, but the man said these were very superior files. I thought it was a very superior price too, but I was in a hurry and took it. After using it a year or so it dawned on me that this really was a superior file, and I began to take care of it. I have bought a good many 15-cent files at the 10-cent and 15-cent stores, some of them pretty good too; but it would take a good many of them in a bunch to trade me out of this one file.

Tonight after reading these letters I became curious to know the name of my file; so I took the flashlight and went out to my shop and got the file. It is stamped "Nicholson — Made in U.S.A." — *N. H. Morton, Turlock, Cal.*

I have read with interest Mr. Denny's article "Town Meetin' Tonight," particularly his reference to the men who will not listen to the President of the United States, because I happen to be one of them. The description of us, however, is not entirely correct. The real reason that we will not listen to the President is that we think he never listens to us — *that is, to our spokesmen who can command a* national hearing.

I have read many of the President's speeches and state papers and I have found in them plenty of appeal, assertion, and denunciation but very little reasoning. He does not seem to have very much desire to reason together with his opponents "honestly and objectively about their common problems," and there is not much satisfaction for me in listening to anyone who will not do that. — *Walter F. Haskell, Westbrook, Me.*

After twenty-five years of steady reading of my wife's *Atlantic*, may I make a few comments, mostly about the September issue?

1. I like the new format, particularly the type, which is gentle to aging eyes.

2. There is a good balance between war and non-war subjects, and both groups have high spots.

3. Elizabeth Sayre's "Submarine from Corregi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

Atlantic Monthly Press

PRESENTS

for November ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES by *MACKINLEY HELM.*

This is the autobiography of Roland Hayes always in truth and feeling, often in actual expression, but the writing was done by *MACKINLEY HELM,* a close friend skillful in interpretation. Mr. Helm transforms objective biography into a personal history told with naturalness and completeness.

Booker Washington fought for the Negro's right to live in a white world. Roland Hayes carries the victory further. His entire life is an insistent demand that a black skin shall deter no man from the highest reaches of human endeavor. In the face of difficulties a white man cannot know, he has reached his goal and more than that, infinitely more important for his race, he has forced a sceptical and grudging world to acknowledge that he is a great artist.

A LONG JOURNEY

Roland Hayes has travelled a longer journey than any man of our time. His mother was once a slave. He was born into a community shiftless as only Negroes can be shiftless. Luck was sometimes with him but oftener hard against him. Indeed, everything was against him, but his mother proved stronger than all the rest. A wise and shrewd realist with a natural pungency of expression, she made Hayes what he was and is. Rightly the book is named ANGEL MO' AND HER SON.

It might be truly said that Roland Hayes was taught to sing by the birds. His ne'er-do-well father was just the Negro in whom Hollywood delights. So long as the sun shone and the corn pone and fried chicken lay uneaten on the shelf, he was gay as he was irresponsible. There was a strain of Indian in him which accentuated his love of roving. He could split white oak for chair bottoms to a nicety, but he preferred to roam the woods and there it was he taught the boy to listen to the birds. There were the "true songs" of male birds in Spring and the lonely tune of the female. Roland could imitate the warbler without missing a note, and the delicious hours in the woodland were to him a lifelong source of inspiration.

Roland's mother taught him duty and the passionate search for perfection. From his father came his love for effortless art, from the birds the pure tones of song. A more complex education would have profited him less.

Pennies were scarce in that household and dollars almost non-existent. Roland apprenticed to a steel mill, learned to suffer from the deadening routine and scarcely more from a hideous accident which nearly proved the end of him. But genius is a persistent thing and Hayes, passing through a thousand vicissitudes, finally found a precarious foothold at Fisk University. As butler and furnace boy, he paid his way, but the music in his soul kept him going. Then, of a sudden, he was expelled from college and the world turned black. But his singing saved him. He sang for pennies at street corners and then with the Jubilee Chorus which brought him to Boston.

He was in a white man's country now. Prejudices ran strong against him and the tale of how he overcame them represents, perhaps, the most enduring triumph of his career. Contemptuous pride of race is the bitter root of the world's troubles and no one who reads this book can free his mind of all that a right solution means to our destiny.

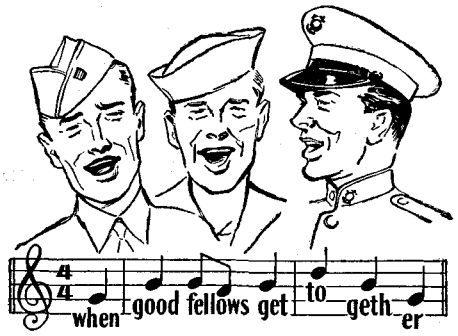
WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY

Hayes' task was now to express the full genius of his people and sing his race out of bondage. Negro spirituals gave him the key, but he never could have succeeded but for his "Angel Mo'" who, living and dead, was ever his good genius.

Judged solely as a story ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES reads like romance. What novelist would dare write the tale of a little black boy who worked his way up and up till he sang to kings and queens and fraternized with the great of the world. Yet the book is a record of fact.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS
Published by LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



they sing the praises of

DOPP-KIT . . *for men or women*

IN the Army, Navy and Marine Corps — the VICTORY Model DOPP-KIT is contributing to the comfort and convenience of the boys in service. This compact, large-capacity toilet-kit holds all necessary shaving and toilet articles — a space-saver, easy to pack and carry. It opens wide — stays open for ready use — and flap fastener holds it securely closed. Exclusive. Patented. Priced from $3.25 up and for sale at better stores everywhere. Send for illustrated folder.

CHARLES DOPPELT & CO.
412 N. Orleans Street • Dept. A-112 • Chicago

There are special models for the ladies, too — with or without fittings, as desired.

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with bath from $4.50.

A 25% Reduction on Room Rates to Service Men

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*
MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

dor" is excellent — a really moving document.

4. Please ask Mary Elizabeth Plummer for more about the delightful Mrs. Willoughby.

5. I tried to read Edward Weismiller's "Not in My Country" but got stalled on the second line: "The hollowing bells still burning in the air." What can the man be talking about? Can it perchance be an error for "The burning bells still hollering in the air"? If so, I'll try a few lines more. — *K. D. Battle, Rocky Mount, N. C.*

The *Atlantic*, in its new format, has helped to fortify my mind and spirit for the adjustments, constantly recurring, which are necessary for any constructive contribution to the world in which we live. I was very skeptical about this new format *before* I received the July issue. Then all my doubts were removed. I am delighted with the changes wherewith the eighty-fifth anniversary is celebrated. The 11-point Scotch type makes reading much easier; the slightly larger format (the change I most dreaded) is attractive, and the Atlantic Report on the World Today is an outstanding contribution to the enlightenment of the reader. My congratulations to the entire staff on this auspicious beginning of a new year. More power to you! — *Mrs. Theresa L. Wilson, St. John's School, Mountain Lakes, N. J.*

For a long time my wife and I have looked forward each month to the arrival of the *Atlantic* with an eager hope that we should find in it much meat and a cessation of the flood of twaddle. We have been disappointed till we were despairing. The September number is the fruition of our hope. In our opinion it is by far the most worth-while number in years. *Please* keep it up. — *Henry W. Gillett, New York City*

At the beginning of the Atlantic Report, for August, credit is given to Germany for the development, early in this war, of the magnetic mine, and for the double-action land mine first used this summer on the Russian front.

I beg to advise that magnetic mines, detonated by the attraction of a steel hull, were under experiment at the United States Naval Torpedo Station in the spring of 1918, and at the time of the Armistice there was every reason to believe in their ultimate success. As a member of the experimental staff, I clearly recall that the major problem was not so much to assure their operation as to render them innocuous during mine-laying operations.

The double-action land mine was tried out by the Germans in 1915, on the western front, the first being somewhat crude affairs, locally constructed of a piece of iron sewer pipe, buried end up in the soft ground and containing a canister filled with powder and slugs. When fired, a small supplemental propelling charge in the bottom of the pipe blew the canister up in the air. The canister in turn was detonated by a length of chain. A year later, a United States patent was granted the writer for the adaptation of this general idea to a two-part shrapnel shell, to be fired from field howitzers. The objectives were the same: to get the point of burst clear of the ground, where it would have maximum destructive effect. — *Lieutenant Desmond Sprague, North Adams, Mass.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thank you and congratulations to you for printing the poem "Seagulls" by Robert Francis.

I heard Mr. Francis read it when he was awarded the Golden Rose of the New England Poetry Club last June. Chills still skitter up my spine at the last line: "Freedom that flows in form and still is free."
— *Louise Dyer Harris, Newtonville, Mass.*

I really cannot allow Francis Vivian Drake to get away with it. Mr. Reburn took him up on one amazing sentence in his article "Victory Is in the Air" (March *Atlantic*), and in his reply Mr. Drake ignores the point of this criticism and makes more surprising statements. I do not pretend to be an expert on aeronautical matters, but I can make a few elementary comments: —

(1) The RAF cannot have been dumbfounded in 1941 by one bomb which "leveled an entire city block." Both the RAF and the Luftwaffe were using missiles capable of doing this amount of damage at that time, and their effect was known not only to the authorities in Great Britain and Germany, but also to the public in both countries, who had seen their action. I cannot believe Mr. Drake meant that the RAF were dumbfounded that America would produce heavy bombers and big bombs.

(2) Mr. Drake criticizes the British authorities for not ordering quantities of Flying Fortresses in 1940, and states that it was not until the "United States forced the issue that they were even induced to raise their own production." Even Mr. Drake has not contradicted Mr. Reburn that Stirlings were in operation in February, 1941, and so were Lancaster and Manchester heavy bombers — if not then, very shortly afterwards. A year later the RAF were in a position to start thousand-bomber raids with British-built machines. Yet he claims it was only sometime after the summer of 1940 that the RAF was converted to faith in heavy bombers. If he is correct, Mr. Kaiser will have to take a back seat as a quick production expert. Designs drawn out, prototypes made, factories built, ground and air crews trained, aerodromes constructed and all in operation in twelve months. No. Not even the British could do that! The RAF has been wedded to heavy bombers since before the war, and the program for their production was under way long before the legend of the dumbfounded RAF.

(3) Where Mr. Drake learned that the British no longer want the pursuit planes ordered in 1940 I know not, nor whether it is true. That there is now a shortage of shipping to transport them to the fighting fronts is possible, but can it be doubted that they were wanted in Malaya and Burma, or that they are wanted in Egypt, Australia, and India today? Will they not be wanted to support our armies in Western Europe when the second front is opened?

(4) It seems to me that what probably happened in the summer of 1940 was something like this. After the fall of France, when the most generous and farsighted Lend-Lease Act came into force, the British authorities had to decide how best to take advantage of it. Heavy bombers we had in production on a large scale, and plans were well advanced to provide the necessary crews and ground establish-

THE PRIVATE SPA AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

The ever-changing scene of one of the world's great hotels... the invigorating mountain air... the enchanting location in the Alleghanies... all these conspire to lift the spirits of the patrons of our Private Spa. Unexcelled facilities for thermal mineral baths, massage, and related treatments.

For booklets and complete information, address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or our New York office in the Waldorf.

catch up with a new lease on life...in SUNNY, DRY

TUCSON

• TAKE TIME OUT TO RELAX in the soothing warmth of Tucson — America's healthiest winter resort. Its tonic, *dry* desert air works marvels. Come to rest or play — refresh yourself in Tucson! *Write now. We urge advance reservations.*

• Excellent private schools • The University of Arizona • 500 miles inland • Nearby Old Mexico • Guest ranches • Outdoor sports • Modern sanatoria

TUCSON *Sunshine* CLIMATE CLUB

4203-B Rialto, TUCSON, Arizona

☆ *Please send me your free descriptive booklet.*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PRODUCED BY UNCORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments. Any great increase in the number of bombers which might be available in, say, 1942 would be an embarrassment in that there would be neither the personnel nor the flying fields from which to operate them, because of the inescapable shortage of manpower and material. The campaign in Flanders and France had shown the paramount need for pursuit planes in land warfare to support the ground forces, to escort day bombers, and to destroy enemy precision and dive bombers. The British aircraft industry had not been designed to produce pursuit planes in the quantity which experience had shown was necessary, so America's unrivaled powers of production were called in to make good the deficiency.

Possibly, and this is still but an expression of my personal opinion, the British experts came to the conclusion that the heavy bombers we had in production, descendants of a proved generation of Hampdens, Wellingtons, and Whitleys, would be better suited to our purpose than the Flying Fortresses whose antecedents, I believe I am correct in saying, were commercial.

Finally, spare some sympathy for those responsible for the production plans of the RAF. In Great Britain they are subject to criticism for concentrating on heavy bombers to the detriment of the production of all other types of aircraft. In America Mr. Drake pillories them for not doing this very thing. — *J. W. Booth, Booth Steamship Company, Ltd., Liverpool, England*

Concerning Mr. Strong's story, "She Shall Have Music," in the October *Atlantic* — he will not find *Whereas* or *Resolved* in Quaker minutes of the period he is essaying to write about. Nor will he find the quarterly meeting considering the kind of discipline involved. That comes in the province of the monthly meeting. He will undoubtedly find many instances of singing in Friends' meetings, which was probably the point from which he started to spin the story. — *Marjorie Allee, Chicago, Ill.*

In your note on Lord Moulton's article, "Law and Manners," in the July *Atlantic*, you say that "Obedience to the Unenforceable is the great unwritten law in any democracy." Isn't that true for any form of government? A king, if his government is to be a good one, must more than anyone in a democracy refrain from taking full advantage of his position: he must be obedient to the unenforceable. The more power a ruler has, the more he must restrain himself.

The main thing in government is to reduce unchecked power to a manageable minimum. That is something the democracies have never done. They have all mistakenly adopted the principle of majority rule. This has left them a large body of unchecked power to worry about. All sorts of ingenious schemes have been devised to check this power. They have failed. They must all fail, for all laws passed checking this power must be passed by the very same majority that is to be checked. It is unreasonable to expect a majority forever to refrain from taking advantage of the unchecked power placed in their hands.

The fact is that majority rule is not a sound principle for any kind of government. We shall not make a genuine success of our government until we realize this. We shall surely waste another victory unless we discard this faulty principle in the political reconstruction of the world's governments that must follow the war. Permanent peace is not possible without this change.

Compromise rule is the only true principle of government. In this principle all parts mutually check one another. In no place is there any unchecked power. The majority-rule principle is expressed by majority voting. The compromise-rule principle is expressed by compromise voting. For example, the method of selecting the twelve jurymen from the panel of twenty-four men is a compromise system of voting. Another compromise method is, where one is to be elected, to vote for the least majority of candidates running. For example, if three are running, vote for two; if four, vote for three; if five, vote for three. This way we are forced to compromise on some one candidate. This way an official is not subject to the will of any particular part; he, in his own self-interest, will be forced to be impartial to all. The compromise system is in use a billion times every day in carrying on the business of the world. The bidding and rejecting in commercial transactions is in principle the same as compromise voting. It is a natural way of conducting affairs. — *William Crocker, Rimrock, Ariz.*

In clearly setting forth the urgency for "global thinking in a time of global warfare," Mr. Howard Mumford Jones, in his article entitled "Tribalism," in your October issue, has mirrored fatally the tremendous proportions of the weakness attending the Allies' hope for lasting peace which lies in Western civilization's profound and willful uncomprehendings of the needs of the rest of the world.

It is in itself deeply gratifying that Mr. Jones is able to write with such lucidity during the unthinking time of war. But surely it is a bitterly thankless vision in our generation to see that a revolution of thought and education is necessary as a foundation for what we are fighting to achieve. — *Mildred H. Reynolds, New Haven, Conn.*

I have secured funds in sufficient amount to send annual subscriptions to six magazines to six remote Atlantic Bases. The *Atlantic* was one of the six magazines sent. These magazines have been greatly appreciated, and I have received many letters from post librarians telling me how much pleasure they have given to the enlisted men. May I congratulate you on the increasing strength and influence of the *Atlantic* and also on the beauty of the new cover (July). — *Mrs. William H. Hubbard, Geneva, Ill.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED